Ulrich Middeldorf

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TRAVELS

THROUGH

SPAIN,

IN THE YEARS 1775 AND 1776.

IN WHICH SEVERAL

MONUMENTS OF ROMAN AND MOORISH

ARCHITECTURE

ARE ILLUSTRATED BY

ACCURATE DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

By *HENRY SWINBURNE*, Esq.

RIEN N'EST BEAU QUE LE VRAI; LE VRAI SEUL EST AIMABLE.

BOILEAU.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR P. ELMSLY, IN THE STRAND.

M.DCC.LXXIX.

TRAVELS

THROUGH

SPAIN,

IN THE YEARS 1775 AND 1776.

BY WILLIAM BOURKE,

MONUMENTS OF ROMAN AND MOORISH

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PREFACE.

MOST travellers that favour the world with their obſervations on foreign countries, endeavour to ſoften the edge of criticiſm by declaring, that they had orginally no intentions of appearing in print, but were betrayed into the preſs by the importunities of their friends. This excuſe ſeldom anſwers the end; for when any eſſential defect raiſes the indignation of the reader, as ſevere a ſentence is paſſed upon the ſtraggler decoyed into the literary walk, as upon the moſt avowed voluntary treſpaſſer. I ſhall therefore be very ingenuous, and acknowledge, that when I ſet out upon my Spaniſh journey, I had thoughts of publiſhing my remarks on that country. I had an earneſt deſire of purſuing a track almoſt un-

trodden by travellers, that I might know how great a degree of credit was due to the accounts already given. In my plan of enquiry, an exact inveſtigation of the ſoil, cultivation, government, commerce, and manners of that kingdom, was to be the grand primary object; but what I was more confident of my ſtrength in, and what I own I found more ſuitable to my inclinations, was the ſtudy of its antiquities, eſpecially the Mooriſh: in that line, my own eye and labour were ſufficient helps to enable me to collect intereſting materials for a publication.

The travels through Spain that have appeared in print, are either old and obſolete, conſequently in many reſpects unfit to convey a proper idea of its preſent ſtate; or only relations of a paſſage through particular provinces, where the authors had neither time nor opportunity to procure much information.

Not being under any reſtraint in point of time; being furniſhed with letters, and every thing neceſſary for rendering the tour eaſy, and my ſtay in the towns agreeable and inſtructive, with a ſufficient knowledge of the language, I had ſome reaſon to hope I might

accompliſh

accompliſh my purpoſe, with ſatisfaction to myſelf, and utility to the public. How far I have ſucceeded, is ſubmitted to the judgment of the candid reader; at leaſt ſome little indulgence is due to me for having contributed my mite, however inſignificant, to the common ſtock of topographical knowledge; which of late years has been ſo prodigiouſly increaſed by accumulated imports from all parts of the globe. There is but one merit I inſiſt upon, that of a ſteady adherence to Veracity, as far as I was able to diſcern Truth from Falſehood. I may be detected in many miſtakes; becauſe a foreigner muſt often be expoſed to receive partial accounts of things from the natives, who have an intereſt in hiding the nakedneſs of their country, and in exaggerating its advantages; but I ſhall never be detected in a wilful perverſion of the truth, being as free from prejudices of all kinds as moſt men.

Many things in my private letters, of which the following ſheets are almoſt exact copies, were not deemed proper for the public inſpection; as there are many trifling occurrences that fill up a letter very agreeably,

agreeably, but when printed become ridiculous. The additions made to the correſpondence conſiſt chiefly of the hiſtorical, commercial, and literary parts; which I drew from the moſt eſteemed Spaniſh authors, from ſome manuſcripts, and from books in the public libraries. In theſe reſearches I was much aſſiſted by the Reverend Mr. R. Waddilove, chaplain to the Britiſh embaſſy; who, I hope, will excuſe my making him this ſlight acknowledgment.

I have been very particular in whatever regards the hiſtory and architecture of the Moors, as thoſe are ſubjects not yet worn thread-bare: with the help of the prints, I hope to give the curious a ſatisfactory idea of their manner of building, diſtributing and adorning public edifices. The Alhambra of Granada is an *unique*, and its excellent preſervation affords an opportunity of ſtudying all the detail of their deſigns and ornaments.

I can anſwer for the exactneſs of the drawings; as I never took the liberty of adding or retrenching a ſingle object, for the ſake of improving the beauty or harmony of the landſcape.

Not

Not to multiply notes and references in the body of the work, I thought proper to give at the beginning, a Chronological Table of the Kings of Spain; Tables of weights, coins, and meaſures; and an Itinerary of our route, with the number of hours it requires to perform each ſtage.

A CHRO-

A CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE *of the* KINGS *of* SPAIN.

Invaded by the Carthaginians	——	239 before Chriſt.
Conquered by the Romans	——	206 before Chriſt.
Conquered by the Goths	——	409 after Chriſt.
Invaded by the Saracens	——	712 after Chriſt.

KINGS OF

Aſturias and Leon.	Caſtille.	Aragon.	Navarre.	Portugal.	Saracens.
Began to reign.					
718 Pelayo					
737 Favita					
739 Alfonſo					
758 Froila					755 Abdoulrahman
768 Aurelio					
774 Silo					
783 Mauregat					
788 Bermudo					788 Hiſſem
791 Alfonſo II.					795 Hachem
					822 Abdoulrahman
					853 Mahomet
845 Ramiro					886 Almundar
851 Ordoño			Garcias Ximenes		888 Abdallah
862 Alfonſo III.			880 Fortun		
910 Garcias			905 Sancho		912 Abdoulrahman
913 Ordoño II.			925 Garcias II.		961 Alhacan
923 Froila II.			970 Sancho Abarca		976 Hiſſem
923 Alfonſo IV.			994 Garcias III.		
927 Ramiro II.					
952 Ordoño III.					
956 Sancho					
967 Ramiro III.					
985 Bermudo II.					
999 Alfonſo V.					

TABLE *of the* KINGS *of* SPAIN *continued.*

Leon.	Caſtille.	Aragon.	Navarre.	Portugal.	Saracens.
1027 Bermudo III. 1037 Sancho Ferdinand I. of Caſtille 1067 Sancho II. 1073 Alfonſo VI.	1037 Ferdinand 1067 Sancho II. 1073 Alfonſo VI.	1035 Ramiro 1063 Sancho 1094 Peter	1000 Sancho III. 1035 Garcias IV. 1054 Sancho IV. 1076 Sancho V. 1094 Peter		1014 Deſtruction of the kingdom of Cordova
1109 Urraca Alfonſo VII. 1126 Alfonſo VIII. 1157 Ferdinand II. 1188 Alfonſo IX.	1109 Alfonſo VII. 1126 Alfonſo VIII. 1157 Sancho III. 1158 Alfonſo IX.	1104 Alfonſo 1134 Ramiro II. 1137 Petronilla Raymund of Barcelona 1162 Alfonſo II. 1196 Peter II.	1104 Alfonſo 1134 Garcias V. 1150 Sancho VI. 1194 Sancho VII.	1109 Henry 1112 Tereſa 1128 Alfonſo 1182 Sancho	
	1214 Henry 1217 Berengela 1217 St. Ferdinand III. 1252 Alfonſo X. 1284 Sancho IV. 1295 Ferdinand IV.	1213 James 1276 Peter III. 1285 Alfonſo III. 1291 James II.	1234 Thibault 1253 Thibault II. 1270 Henry 1274 Joanna	1212 Alfonſo II. 1223 Sancho II. 1248 Alfonſo III. 1279 Denis	1236 Mahomet 1273 Muley
	1312 Alfonſo XI. 1350 Peter 1369 Henry II. 1379 John 1390 Henry III.	1327 Alfonſo IV. 1336 Peter IV. 1387 John 1395 Martin	1304 Lewis 1316 Philip 1322 Charles 1328 Joanna II. 1349 Charles II. 1387 Charles III.	1325 Alfonſo IV. 1357 Peter 1367 Ferdinand 1383 John	1302 Mahomet 1310 Nazer 1315 Iſmael 1326 Mahomet 1333 Juzaf 1354 Lago 1374 Mahomet 1379 Mahomet 1392 Juzaf 1396 Balba
	1404 John II. 1460 Henry IV. 1474 Iſabella Ferdinand V.	1412 Ferdinand 1416 Alfonſo V. 1458 John II. 1459 Ferdinand II.	1425 Blanche 1441 John 1479 Eleonora 1479 Francis 1483 Catherine John	1423 Edward 1438 Alfonſo V. 1481 John II. 1495 Emmanuel	1408 Juzaf 1423 Elaziri 1427 Zagair 1432 Juzaf 1445 Ben Oſmin 1453 Iſmael 1475 Abilhuſſan 1485 Abouabdallah 1492 Ferdinand and Iſabella
	1504 Joan Philip 1506 Charles 1556 Philip II. 1598 Philip III.		1516 Henry 1555 Joan III. Anthony 1572 Henry	1521 John III. 1557 Sebaſtian 1578 Henry 1580 Philip 1598 Philip II.	
	1621 Philip IV. 1665 Charles II.			1621 Philip 1640 John IV. 1646 Alfonſo VI. 1683 Peter II.	
	1700 Philip V. 1724 Lewis 1726 Philip V. 1746 Ferdinand VI. 1759 Charles III.			1706 John V. 1750 Joſeph 1777 Mary Peter	

A TABLE

A TABLE *of* WEIGHTS, MEASURES, *and* COINS.

WEIGHTS OF CATALONIA.

12 Ounces	make	1 Pound
26 Pounds		1 Arroba
4 Arrobas		1 Quintal
120 Pounds		100 ℔ of Amſterdam
125 Pounds		1 hundred weight Engliſh

WEIGHTS OF CASTILLE.

1 Quintal	contains	100 Libras, or
		4 Arrobas
1 Arroba		25 lb.
1 Media Arroba		12 lb. 8 oz.
1 Quarto de Arroba		6 lb. 4 oz.
1 Media quarto de Arroba		3 lb. 2 oz.
1 Libra	contains	16 Onzas
1 Mediatt		8 oz.
1 Quarteron		4 oz.
1 Medio quarteron		2 oz.
1 Onza		4 quartas
1 Quarta	contains	2 Medios quartas
1 Media quarta		2 Adarmes
1 Adarmes		2 Medios Adarmes

N.B. The Valencian and Catalan lb. contains only 12 oz. but the oz. are larger.

LONG MEASURE.

12 Inches	make	1 Caſtillian foot
3 Caſtillian feet		1 Vara
1648 Varas		1 Mile
7680 Varas		1 League

The Vara is about 33 Inches Engliſh. 1920 Varas make an Engliſh Mile of 1760 Yards.

COINS.

IMAGINARY.

Real de Vellon { equal to half a real de plata or eight quartos 2 maravidis

Eſcudo de Vellon	—	—	10 reals de Vel.
Ducado de Vellon	—	—	11 r. V. 1 mar.
Ducato de Plata nuevo	—	—	16 r. V. 17 mar.
Ducato de Plata Antiguo	—	—	20 — — 25 15/17
Dobla de oro Decabua, Peſo		—	14 — — 9

BRASS.

Maravadi, the leaſt coin in Spain

Ochavo	—	—	— 2	
Quarto	—	—	— 4	maravidis
Doſquartos	—	—	— 8	

N. B. A Real de Vellon is worth 8 Quartos 2 Maravidis, or 17 Ochavos.

SILVER.

Medio real de Plata	—	—	1 r. de Vellon.
Real de Plata	—	—	2
Real de 2, peſetta, piſtreen	—	—	4
Real de 4 Sevillano	—	—	8
Real de 8 Sevillano	—	—	16
Medio real columnario	—	—	1 — 8
Real de Plata colum.	—	—	2 — 17
Real de a 2 colum.	—	—	5
Real de a 4	—	—	10
Real de a 8	—	—	20

GOLD.

Veintino, peſo duro, hard dollar	—	20 r. de Vellon.	
Eſcudo de oro nuevo	—	—	37 — 17
Eſcudo de oro Antiguo	—	—	37 — 22
Doblon de a 2 nuevo, piſtola	—	—	75
Doblon de a 2 Antiguo	—	—	75 — 10
Doblon de a 4 nuevo	—	—	150
Doblon de a 4 Antiguo	—	—	150 — 20
Doblon de a 8 nuevo, quadruple	—	380	
Doblon de a 8 Antiguo	—	—	301 — 6

ITINERARY.

Name.	Inns.	Hours in going.
Perpignan	Notre dame; bad.	
Boulou	Dolphin; tolerable	4
Junquiera	Town-houſe	3
Figuera	S. Joſeph; bad; French houſe	3½
Coldoriol	Single houſe; bad	3½
Girona	Fontana d'Oro; good	4
Mayorquien	Bad	4¼
Sanſalony	Bad	6½
Rincon	Single houſe	6
Barcelona	Fontana d'Oro	4½
Cipreret	Single houſe; clean	4½
Villa Franca	Bad	5
Figuereta	Single	5½
Tarragona	Bad	3½
Reus		3
Hoſpitalet	Single; no lodging	5
Venta del Platero	Single; as bad as any in Spain	3¾
Venta Don Ramon	Tolerable; new	4½
Torloſa	S. Joſeph; new inn	3
Ildecona	Poor	5
Benecarlo		3
Torreblanca		6½
Caſtillon	S. Franciſco; good	7
Nule	Good	3½
Morviedro	Clean	4
Valencia	S. Andrea; not the beſt	4½
Alzira	French; clean	6½
San Felipe	French; new	3¾
Mojente		4½

Name.	Inns.	Hours in going.
Fuente de la Xiguera	Good	3
Villena	—	4
Monforte	—	6¼
Alicant	S. Franciſco; pleaſant	4
Elche	Bad	4½
Orihucla	Tolerable	5¾
Murcia	Tolerable	4½
Venta San Pedro	Nothing	5¾
Carthagena	Aquila d'Oro; excellent	2½
Fuente del Alamo	Bad	4¼
Totana	Clean	6
Lorca	Tolerable	4
Puerto Horniera	Very bad	3¾
Velez el Rubio	—	6
Xirivel	—	3½
Cuellar	—	5
Baca	—	4¼
Venta del Golpe	Wretched	6¼
Guadix	—	3¼
Iſnallos	Tolerable	11¾
Granada	Al Sol; there is a better	6¾
Loja	—	10
Antequera	Corona; clean	11
Venta de Almoyna	—	3
Malaga	Coffee-houſe	3
Venta de la Compania	—	3
Antequera	—	3
Pedrera	—	11
Oſſuna	Good	3¾
Puebla	—	3¾
Arajal	Good	4¾
Molares	Very bad	4¼
Cabecas	—	6
Venta del Biſcayno	Good	3
Xeres	Arroyo; good	6¾
Puerto S. Maria	Three Emperors; Italian	3¼
Cadiz	Cavallo Blanco; Italian	2
Chielana	Baudry; good	4
Cortijos	—	14
San Roque	—	12
Gibraltar	—	1½
San Roque	—	1½
Cara del Duque	—	12

Name.	Inns.	Hours in going.
Chielana	—	1¼
Cadiz	—	4
Puerto	—	0¾
Xeres	—	3
V. Biſcayno	—	7
V. Alcantirella	—	6¾
V. Oran	Clean	2
Sevilla	La Reyna; Italian	5¾
Carmona	Good	7½
V. Monclova	—	5½
Eccija	S. Agoſtino	4
Carlotta	New; good	4
Cordova	Fonda; Italian	5
Carpio	—	6
Aldea	—	5
Anduxar	—	5
V. Rombla	—	4
Carolina	New; excellent	7¼
V. Miranda	—	3
Viſo	—	6
Santa Cruz	—	3¼
Valdepeñas	Good; new. Good wine	3½
Mancanares	—	5
Villaharta	—	5¾
Puerto Lapiche	—	2½
Conſuegra	—	3½
Mora	Good	6
Toledo	Sangre de Chriſto; clean	6¾
Illeſcas	—	6¾
Getafe	—	4¾
Madrid	S. Sebaſtian; Italian	3
Aranjuez	Italian; good	4
Madrid	—	4
Eſcurial	—	4½
V. S. Catalina	—	4
S. Ildefonſo	—	9
Segovia	Good	2
S. Maria	—	5¾
Villa S. Cruz	—	5½
Hornillo	—	4¼
Valladolid	Good	5¼
V. Trigeros	—	4
Torquemada	—	7

Name.	Inns.	Hours in going.
Villa Rodrigo	—	5
Burgos	Good	$9\frac{1}{4}$
Torres	Poor place	$3\frac{1}{2}$
Birvieſca	—	$5\frac{1}{2}$
Pancorvo	Tolerable	$5\frac{1}{2}$
V. S. Gaetan	Excellent	7
Victoria	Good	2
Montdragon	Dirty	$6\frac{1}{2}$
Vergara	Good	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Toloſa	—	$9\frac{1}{4}$
Hernani	Good	$3\frac{3}{4}$
Paſſage	—	6
S. Jean de Luz	Good	4
Bayonne	S. Etienne.	

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Ville Santa Cruz, 410.
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ERRATA.

ERRATA.

Page ix for *Favita*, read *Favila*.
xi. for *Maravadi*, read *Maravedi*.
44. for *of ſuch vermine*, read *of vermine*.
45. for *by an hollow*, read *by a hollow*.
65. for *Mataw*, read *Mataro*.
73. for *loweſt trees*, read *locuſt trees*.
91. for *military architecture: a wall*, read *military architecture are; a wall*.
106. for *it is very ſhallow*, read *which is very ſhallow*.
113. for *las huertas; the gardens of Alicant lying*, read *las huertas, the gardens of Alicant, lying*.
119. for *Peric pepper*, read *Peru pepper*.
135. for *Lorea*, read *Lorca*.
135. for *metals*, read *medals*.
225. for *Alcade*, read *Alcalde*.
250. for *incorrupted*, read *uncorrupted*.
275. for *groves, clump and*, read *groves, clumps and*.
283. for *of the Narbonne*, read *of Narbonne*.
291. for *Murica*, read *Murcia*.
328. for *for the ſpring*, read *for ſpring*.
331. for *magnificient*, read *magnificent*.
341. for *in a grand ſcale*, read *on a grand ſcale*.
358. for *Saville*, read *Seville*.
364. for *there are three*, read *theſe are three*.
375. for *at San lucas*, read *at San lucar*.
380. for *laſhes away*, read *daſhes away*.
383. for *Compoſtilla*, read *Compoſtella*.
385. for *near Terragona*, read *near Taragona*.
394. for *tents, ſemitents*, read *tints, ſemitints*.
395. for *is preſented, ſitting with her right hand, holding*, read *is repreſented ſitting, with her right hand holding*.
396. for *Corriggio*, read *Correggio*.
397. for *Viago*, read *Viage*.
399. for *Parneſe*, read *Farneſe*.
400. for *reſembles modern*, read *reſembles a modern*.
406. for *Niceſtra*, read *nueſtra*.
411. for *were the palace*, read *were the palaces*.
416. for *correſpond exactly to the*, read *correſpond exactly with the*.

ITINERARY MAP OF SPAIN.

ASTURIAS
BISCAY
NAVARRE
GALLICIA
LEON
OLD CASTILLE
CATALONIA
ARRAGON
VALENCIA
PORTUGAL
GALLIZ
ESTRE MADURA
NEW CASTILLE
ANDALUSIA
GRANADA
MURCIA
MEDITERRANEAN

Oviedo
Bilbao
Bayonne
Toulouse
Narbonne
Perpignan
Ferrol
Mondonedo
Corogna
Lugo
St. Jago
León
Victoria
Pamplona
Burgos
Palencia
Valladolid
Zamora
Orense
Tuy
Astorga
Calahorra
Jaca
Huesca
Balbastro
Roses
Girona
Solsona
Vich
Barcelona
Tarragona
Lerida
Balaguer
Saragosa
Tortosa
Ebro Riv
Segovia
Siguenza
Salamanca
Avila
Guadalaxara
Ciudad Rodrigo
Alcala
MADRID
Toledo
Cuenca
Albarazin
Teruel
Ivica
Majorca
Palma
Minorca
Mahon
Alicant
Orihuela
MURCIA
Cordova
Andujar
Ecija
SEVILLA
Cadiz
Gibraltar
STRAITS of GIBRALTAR
Granada
Loja
Antequera
Malaga
Almeria
Baca
Guadix
Carthagena
Oran
Alboran
Badajos
R. Guadiana
R. Douro
R. Tajus
R. Ebro
R. Xucar
R. Segura
R. Guadalquivir
Pyrenees Mountains
Cape Ortegal
Cape de Palos
Cape de Gata
Cape Trafalgar
Cape St. Vincent
Rock of Gibraltar
Ruins of Numantia
Sierra Morena
Sierra Nevada
Sierra de Ronda
Sierra de Guadarrama
Sierra de Cuenca
Sierra de Segura
Sierra de Alcaraz
Sierra de Gredos
Sierra de Guadalupe
Sierra de Toledo
Sierra de Albarracin
Sierra de Montserrat
Sierra de Monchique
Sierra de Estrella
Sierra de Caldeirao
Sierra de Monfrague
Sierra de Gata
Sierra de Francia
Sierra de Bejar
Sierra de Guadalupe
Sierra de Moncayo
Sierra de Cantabria
Sierra de Aralar
Sierra de Urbasa
Sierra de Guadarrama
Sierra de Gredos
Sierra de Toledo
Sierra de Albarracin
Sierra de Montserrat
Sierra de Monchique
Sierra de Estrella
Sierra de Caldeirao
Sierra de Monfrague
Sierra de Gata
Sierra de Francia
Sierra de Bejar
Sierra de Guadalupe
Sierra de Moncayo
Sierra de Cantabria
Sierra de Aralar
Sierra de Urbasa

TRAVELS

THROUGH

SPAIN.

LETTER I.

Perpignan, October 23, 1775.

HERE we are, in hopes of ſetting out for Spain to-morrow, but many are the difficulties we ſhall have to encounter before we make our point good. Mules and horſes are ſcarce and dear, and the roads are ſaid to be much damaged by the late floods.

After a thouſand delays, we left Toulouſe at one o'clock on Sunday, and, travelling all night, reached Narbonne about noon next day. Having rambled over that ſmall city, and peruſed the ancient inſcriptions in the

archiepiſcopal palace, we thought it adviſeable to move on; and accordingly came to ſleep at Sigean, in order to have more leiſure at Perpignan for arranging matters, and looking out for mules and other requiſites for our Spaniſh journey.

There is not a more barren country on the face of the earth, than that between Narbonne and Riveſaltes, famous for its muſcadine wine; yet I ſuſpect you would prefer thoſe bleak grey hills to more fertile ſpots; for among the ſtones, and through the crannies of the rocks, ſhoot up innumerable tribes of aromatic plants, on which, as a botaniſt, your eye would feaſt with rapture. The ſuperior excellence of the Narbonne honey is, no doubt, owing to this profuſion of ſtrong-ſcented flowers, on which the bees feed.

The bay of Leucate, and the plains that ſtretch out from the ſea to the foot of the Pyrenean mountains, form a noble ſweep, that bears ſome reſemblance to the gulph of Naples.

Perpignan is a villainous ugly town, on the ſkirts of an extenſive flat, that has juſt olive woods enough to make a tolerable appearance from the ramparts. The grounds are incloſed with the tall yellow-flowering aloe.

LETTER II.

San Salony, October 27, 1775.

AS I am informed the poſt paſſes by to-morrow from Barcelona, I write from this place, leſt we ſhould be delayed by any accident, and ſo miſs the opportunity.

The weather hitherto has been very favourable; a clear ſky and warm ſun ſince the 24th, the day we left Perpignan. There was ſuch a ſcarcity of mules, that we were forced to comply with the exorbitant demands of a French *voiturier* and two Italian rope-dancers, who inſiſted upon twenty Louis-d'ors for ten horſes as far as Barcelona: one of the tumblers rides poſtillion to our carriage; and for want of a ſaddle-horſe, my man S* G*** goes with the other in a crazy two-wheeled chaiſe; but any thing, to get away from Perpignan, a moſt diſagreeable town, and, to a curious traveller, deſtitute of every kind of recommendation.

The heavy rains that fell about a month ago, ſwelled the torrents to ſuch a degree, that in many places they ſpoiled the road; this rendered our evening journey very uncomfortable, and made it late before we could reach a poor inn at Boulou, near the mountains that ſeparate Rouſſillon from Catalonia. By the help of our own beds, cook, and proviſions, we reſted very well in our hovel,

and next morning ſallied forth as burleſque a caravan as ever left inn ſince the days of [1] *Le Deſtin & La Rancune.* Several ingenious perſons travelling to the fair of Girona had joined company with us; we compoſed the center; our vanguard was formed by a drummer and a tabor and pipe; the rear was brought up by a camel, loaded with five monkies, eſcorted by two men who carried his portrait. Theſe, and three pedlars, whom we ſoon after overtook, were all come from the Milaneſe. A few paces from the inn we croſſed the Tech, a broad torrent, very dangerous after rain: in the late floods it cauſed immoderate damage to the country. A few miles farther, we came to the chain of mountains that divides France and Spain, which are of no very conſiderable elevation.

The road over the paſs is a noble work, and reflects great honour on the engineer who planned it. It is now very wide; the rocks are blaſted, and ſpread out, and bridges are laid over the hollows, which formerly were moſt dangerous precipices. It then required the ſtrength of thirty men to ſupport, and almoſt as many oxen to drag up a carriage, which four horſes now draw with eaſe.

Exactly on the limits of France, in the higheſt part of the paſs, ſtands the fort of Bellegarde, on a round hill, commanding a boundleſs view over both kingdoms: an

[1] Scarron's Comic Romance.

officer

officer of invalids has a lodge below, where he examines and ſigns the paſſports.

At La Junquiera, the firſt Spaniſh town, an officer of the cuſtoms made a ſhew of examining our baggage; but a piece of money ſoon put an end to his ſearch. Near this place a bloody battle was fought in 920, between the Chriſtians and Moors, in which the former were defeated with great ſlaughter. This was once a conſiderable city, a colony of the Maſſilians, or people of Marſeilles, and afterwards an epiſcopal ſee: but now it is a paltry village, ſubſiſting on what little is ſpent in it by paſſengers, and on the produce of the cork-woods, which ſeem to turn to good account. The ſurrounding mountains are covered with thoſe trees; moſt of them are of great ſize and age: their trunks, lately ſtripped of the bark, are of a duſky red colour: the operation of peeling them cannot be repeated above once in ſeven or eight years; but in the ſouthern parts of Spain, they do it every fifth year.

From hence to Figuera, an ugly ſtraggling town, the country improves every ſtep; the hills are cloathed with evergreen woods; the plains, in the fineſt cultivation, are divided by hedges of aloe, chriſtthorn, or wild pomegranate. The inhabitants are well-clad, good-looking fellows; the women much comelier than their neighbours on the French ſide of the Pyrenees. Ferdinand the Sixth began a moſt ſpacious fortreſs above Figuera, capable of containing 12,000 men: it is far from being

finiſhed, and indeed it is difficult to gueſs what ſervice it can be of when completed.

Our journey to Girona was very pleaſant, through a well-laid-out country, diverſified with fertile plains, and gentle eminences crowned with ever-green oaks and pines. The view ſtretches down over the olive plantations, in the low grounds, as far as the ſea; ſlender towers on the points of the rocks, and white ſteeples riſing out of the woods, add great life to this charming ſcene.

In every village, we found the people buſily employed in making ropes, baſkets, and ſhoes, of a ſmall ruſh or reed called *eſparto*.

Girona, where we lay laſt night, is a large clean city, with ſome good ſtreets; but poorly inhabited, and for the moſt part gloomy. The churches are darker than caverns; the gothic cathedral is grand, but ſo very dark at the upper end, that but for the glimmering of two ſmoky lamps, we ſhould not have diſcovered that the canopy and altar are of maſſy ſilver.

The road was all this morning very hilly, but the dryneſs of the weather prevented it from being at its uſual pitch of badneſs. Every thing, as Pangloſs ſays, is for the beſt: had we left Bagneres when we intended, we ſhould have had theſe deep roads to paſs immediately after exceſſive rains; and, ten to one, ſhould have been delayed many days by the ſwelling of the torrents. Great part of this day's journey has been through the moſt

moſt ſavage wilds in nature: nothing but mountains upon mountains, covered with pines; a rambling ſandy river fills up the hollows, winding through all the turns of the hanging woods and narrow dells; a ſlight track on the ſand is the only thing that conveys any idea of the footſteps of man. The caſtle of Hoſtalric, a modern fortreſs, commands the outlet of this deſart, and overlooks the turrets and walls of an old ruinous village, wildly ſituated on the brink of a precipice.

This morning, on leaving Girona, we met with a laughable accident. S* G*, who travels in the vehicle of the mountebank, was rouſed from his nap by the bottom of the chaiſe ſuddenly giving way, and dropping them both into the river Ter. They were obliged to walk in the chaiſe (literally *ſe promener en voiture)* quite through the water, before their horſes could be prevailed upon to ſtop.

The peaſants have brought us partridges for ſupper, though it be Friday, and ſeem very well accuſtomed to ſee meat eaten on faſting days; however, the maid of the inn thinks to atone for this irregularity, by placing before us on the table a well-dreſt image of the Virgin, to whom ſhe expects we ſhould behave with proper liberality.

The mode of drinking in this country is ſingular: they hold a broad-bottom'd glaſs bottle at arm's length, and let the liquor ſpout out of a long neck upon their tongue;

tongue; from what I ſee, their expertneſs at this exerciſe ariſes from frequent practice; for the Catalans drink often, and in large quantities, but as yet I have not ſeen any of them intoxicated.

LETTER III.

Barcelona, October 31, 1775.

OUR journey of the 28th was by much the moſt ſevere as to roads; the croſs ones in Suſſex are not worſe. The paſs called *El Purgatorio* had very near proved a *Hell* to us; for we thought at one time that the carriages muſt have remained jammed in between the rocks. The proſpects on each ſide of the way are for the greateſt part delightful; nothing can be more agreeable to the eye than the gothic ſteeples towering above the dark pine-groves, the bold ruins of La Rocca, and the rich fields on the banks of the Beſos; but the paſſes are ſo bad, the roads ſo cut up, deep, and dangerous, that it was not poſſible to enjoy the beauties that ſurrounded us.

We got into this city juſt before the ſhutting of the gates. Upon the whole, this four days journey, though attended

attended with ſome diſagreeable circumſtances, was far from unpleaſant; the weather was charming, and our health and ſpirits excellent, with which it is eaſy to bear up againſt the little rubs and vexations of an expedition like ours. The obſtinacy of our coachmen, by taking the inland road, deprived us of the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the towns and orange-gardens along the coaſt.

We have paid the neceſſary viſits to thoſe in command. The governor of the place is a Velaſco, brother to that Don Lewis who was killed at the ſurprize of the Moro caſtle. It is ſtrange enough that the king ſhould beſtow the title of *Conde del Aſalto* on the brother; it might with more propriety be conferred on the Engliſh general, who commanded the attack.

Our firſt entertainment here was the Spaniſh comedy. Alas! moſt of its glorious abſurdities are vaniſhed, and Dulneſs has eſtabliſhed her throne on this ſtage. I was quite tired, and longed to have ſeen Harlequin carrying relics in proceſſion, ſaints and devils engaged in doubtful conflict, and Lucifer acting the part of a prior of a convent, as they did formerly in the Loas and Autos ſacramentales [2].

[2] Autos and myſterios are prohibited on the theatres of Madrid, but are frequently repreſented upon all others in the kingdom, and even in the puppet-ſhews at the royal country reſidences. A friend of mine ſaw one acted laſt year at San Lucar, called the Converſion of Saint Barbara; a friar, by way of proving to her the myſtery of the Trinity, gathered up three folds in the ſkirt of his habit, and then let them fall. The three plaits in one cloth were the image of three perſons in one God.

I am afraid we are come here a century too ſoon, or a century too late, and that the old original caſt is worn off the character of the Spaniards, without their having thoroughly acquired the poliſh of France or England: this will render them a much leſs intereſting race of people: in this province they are ſaid to advance apace; Barcelona ſeems to be a buſy, thriving town, and the Catalans an induſtrious ſet of men.

The playhouſe is handſome, and well-lighted up. The firſt piece we ſaw acted was a tragedy, in which there were no parts for women in the dramatis perſonæ; ſo, in order to make it ridiculous, the actreſſes put on breeches and performed the play, without allowing any males to appear among them. The declamation was bombaſtical and whining. The prompters (for they have them in many parts of the ſtage) read aloud, verſe by verſe, what the player repeated after them, with the addition of a final twang, or an occaſional ſwing of the arm. Between the firſt and the ſecond acts we had a ſeguidilla ſung, as wild and uncouth as any thing can be, but now and then ſome very moving paſſages ſtruck the ear. After the ſecond, we had, for interlude, an attack made upon the actreſſes by the actors from a corner of the front boxes. The wit was bandied about very briſkly, and made the audience roar again, but, as far as I could underſtand, it was very poor quibbling.

Before I proceed to give you any information concern-

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ing the preſent ſtate of the country, you perhaps will not be ſorry to know ſomething of its particular hiſtory.

The account of the original inhabitants of Catalonia, and of the foundation of Barcelona, are, with the reſt of the early hiſtory of Spain, involved in ſuch a cloud of fables, that nothing ſatisfactory relative to thoſe dark ages can be diſcovered. The Maſſilians appear to have carried on a great trade, and to have been much connected with theſe provinces. Hamilcar Barcas is ſaid to have founded Barcino, now Barcelona; but the Carthaginians did not long keep poſſeſſion of it, for we find their boundary fixed at the Ebro, ſo early as the end of the firſt Punic war. After the fall of the Carthaginian commonwealth, the Romans turned their whole attention towards Tarraco, and neglected Barcino, though they made it a colony by the name of Faventia.

In the fifth century, the barbarians of the north of Europe, having puſhed their conqueſts as far as this peninſula, divided it among the different nations that compoſed their victorious armies. Catalonia fell to the lot of the Goths under Ataulph, in 414. It remained under their dominion to the year 714, when it was forced to ſubmit to the yoke of the Saracens; who, under the command of Abdallah Cis, made themſelves maſters of all the coaſt, as far as the Pyrenees. Tarragona being now no better than an heap of ruins, Barcelona became imperceptibly the capital of the province. Lewis the Debon-

nair, ſon of Charlemagne, took it from the Moors in 800. From that period, the emperors, kings of France, governed Catalonia by appointing counts or vicegerents, removeable at pleaſure, till the government was rendered hereditary in the family of Wifred the Hairy: whether this happened by a conceſſion of Charles the Bald, or by uſurpation, remains a doubt among the learned. It continued in his poſterity for many generations. This prince having been grievouſly wounded in a battle againſt the Normans, received a viſit from the emperor, who dipping his finger in the blood that trickled from the wound, drew four lines down the gilt ſhield of Wifred, ſaying, "Earl, be theſe thy armorial enſign." Four pallets Gules, on a field Or, remained from that time the coat of arms of Catalonia, and afterwards of Aragon, when Raymund the Fifth married Petronilla, only daughter and heireſs of Ramiro the Second, king of Aragon. Their ſon Alfonſo ſucceeded to that crown in 1162. The heirs male of Aragon failing in Martin, the Cortes or ſtates elected Ferdinand of Caſtille, whoſe grandſon Ferdinand the Catholic, by his marriage with Iſabella heireſs of Caſtille, and by the conqueſt of Granada, united all the Spaniſh kingdoms into one compact formidable monarchy, which devolved upon the houſe of Auſtria, in the perſon of his grandſon Charles.

The violent ſpirit of the Catalans, and their enthuſiaſtic paſſion for liberty, have often rendered their country

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the ſeat of civil war and bloodſhed: inſurrections have been more frequent here than in any other part of Europe. The moſt remarkable were; firſt, that in the time of Ferdinand the Fifth, when the peaſants roſe in arms to deliver themſelves from the oppreſſion of the nobles. Secondly, that under Philip the Fourth, about the time that the Portugueſe ſhook off the Spaniſh yoke; the iſſue of the war was not equally favourable to the Catalans, who failed in their attempt of becoming independent, and after having been twelve years under the protection of France, were reduced to obedience by Don John of Auſtria. Thirdly, that during the war of the ſucceſſion, the moſt famous rebellion, as the French and Spaniſh writers ſtigmatize it; or, in the language of a republican, the moſt obſtinate ſtruggle they ever made to break their chains and become a free nation. They attached themſelves to the party of the archduke Charles, whoſe coin is ſtill current in the province. In 1706, Barcelona ſuſtained a ſiege, which Philip the Fifth was obliged to raiſe on the appearance of an Engliſh fleet. Though ſhamefully deſerted by England at the peace of Utrecht, and afterwards by the emperor, the Catalans perſiſted in their revolt, and, having no longer the protection of any foreign prince to expect, reſolved to form themſelves into a commonwealth.

Lewis the Fourteenth ſent the Duke of Berwick, in 1714, with a formidable army, to reduce Barcelona. The trenches

trenches were opened in July, and the works carried on with the greateſt vigour for ſixty-one days; a French fleet blocked up the port, and prevented any ſuccours or proviſions from getting in. Yet, notwithſtanding the famine that raged within, the terrible fire kept up by the enemy's batteries, and the deſpondency of the regular troops, who were inclined to a capitulation, the burgeſſes, animated by deſpair, rejected all offers of accommodation, and ſeemed determined to bury themſelves under the ruins of their city. The very friars, inſpired by the ſame enthuſiaſm, ran up and down the ſtreets exhorting their fellow-citizens to die like brave men, rather than live the deſpicable ſlaves of a deſpot. The women, the children breathed the ſame ſpirit, and ſhared the labours of the defence with their huſbands and fathers.

After ſuſtaining four bloody aſſaults, and diſputing the breach inch by inch, being at laſt driven from the ramparts, and from a breaſtwork they had thrown up behind the walls, they were obliged to fly for refuge to the new part of the town, where they made a kind of capitulation. Their perſons were to remain untouched, but every privilege aboliſhed, and heavy taxes laid upon them to recompenſe the ſoldiery. Since this epocha, Catalonia has borne the yoke with ſullen patience, except when, a few years ago, the mode of raiſing recruits by *quintas* or ballot was ordered to be adopted in this as well as the other provinces of Spain. The Catalans, to whom ſuch a regulation

regulation was new, and conſequently odious, were upon the point of taking up arms; but, a few rioters being killed by the cannon of the citadel, the commotion was quelled in the capital, and, the king having given up the project for the preſent, the reſt of the principality was pacified. However, no arms are allowed to be carried by the common people, and very ſtrict diſcipline is kept up in Barcelona.

LETTER IV.

Barcelona, November 3, 1775.

THIS city is a ſweet ſpot; the air equals in purity, and much excels in mildneſs, the boaſted climate of Montpellier. Except in the dog-days, they have green peaſe all the year round. The ſituation is beautiful, the appearance both from land and ſea remarkably picturesque. A great extent of fruitful plains, bounded by an amphitheatre of hills, backs it on the weſt ſide; the mountain of Montjuich defends it on the ſouth from the unwholeſome winds that blow over the marſhes at the mouth of the Llobregat; to the northward, the coaſt projecting into the ſea, forms a noble bay; it has the Mediterranean

Mediterranean to close the prospect to the east. The environs are in a state of high cultivation, studded with villages, country houses, and gardens.

The form of Barcelona is almost circular, the Roman town being on the highest ground in the center of the new one; the ancient walls are still visible in several places, but the sea has retired many hundreds of yards from the port gates; one of the principal gothic churches, and a whole quarter of the city, stand upon the sands that were once the bottom of the harbour. The immense loads of sand hurried down into the sea by the rivers, and thrown back by wind and current into this haven, will, in all probability, choak it quite up, unless more diligence be used in preventing the gathering of the shoals. A southerly wind brings in the sand, and already a deep-loaden vessel finds it dangerous to pass over the bar. Some years ago a company of Dutch and English adventurers offered to bring the river into the port by means of a canal, if government would allow them a free importation for ten years. This project might have cleared away the sand-banks, but might also have given a fatal check to the infant manufactures of the country, for which reason the proposal was rejected. The port is handsome; the mole is all of hewn stone, a master-piece of solidity and convenience. Above is a platform for carriages; below, vast magazines, with a broad key reaching from the city gates to the lighthouse. This was done

done by the orders of the late Marquis de La Mina, captain-general of the principality, where his memory is held in greater veneration than at the court of Madrid. He governed Catalonia many years, more like an independent ſovereign, than like a ſubject inveſted with a delegated authority. Great are the obligations Barcelona has to him; he cleanſed and beautified its ſtreets, built uſeful edifices, and forwarded its trade and manufactures, without much extraordinary expence to the province; for he had more reſources, and made money go farther than moſt other governors can do, or indeed wiſh to do. On the neck of land that runs into the ſea, and forms the port, he pulled down ſome fiſhermen's huts, and in 1752 began to build Barceloneta, a regular town, conſiſting of about two thouſand brick houſes, quarters for a regiment, and a church, in which his aſhes are depoſited under a taſteleſs monument, with the following barbarous epitaph.

D. O. M.
Hic Guſmannorum jacet Epitome
Exc. Dom. Marchio de la Mina,
Dux, Princeps, ſummus Imperator, Præſes,
In Acie Fulmen, in Aulâ Flamen,
Obiit heu! Homo, at non abiit Heros
Cui Inſcriptio, Virtus omnis
Die 30 *Jan. Anno* 1768.
R. I. P.

As the land was given gratis, the houſes were ſoon run up on a regular plan; a ground-floor and one ſtory above, with three windows in front and a pediment over them; the whole conſiſting of about twenty ſtreets, and containing nigh ten thouſand inhabitants.

The lighthouſe at the end of the pier is a ſlender tower, near which ſhips lie when they perform quarantine. The old one ſtood much nearer the land, but was ſwept away in a dreadful hurricane.

Another of La Mina's improvements, is the rampart or great walk upon the walls, extending the whole length of the harbour. It is all built upon arches, with magazines below, and a broad coach-road and foot-path above, raiſed to the level of the firſt floor of the houſes in the adjoining ſtreet. In theſe clear, warm evenings, it is very pleaſant to walk along this pavement, to the arſenal at the ſouth-eaſt angle of the city; where they are buſy raiſing new fortifications, to prevent a ſurprize, in caſe of an inſurrection. The late expedition againſt Algiers, has drained theſe magazines ſo completely, that ſcarce a cannon, or even a nail, is to be ſeen. The work-ſhops are built upon a grand ſcale, but little buſineſs is going forward at preſent.

At this corner the rampart joins the Rambla, a long irregular ſtreet, which they have begun to level and widen, with the intention of planting an avenue down the middle. Here the ladies parade in their coaches,

and

and ſometimes go quite round the city upon the walls, which are of brick, lately repaired and enlarged. The drive is charming, having a ſweet country on one ſide, and on the other, cluſters of ſmall gardens and orange-yards. You deſcend at the north gate into a very ſpacious ſquare before the citadel, juſt where the grand breach was made, when the duke of Berwick beſieged the town.

The citadel has ſix ſtrong baſtions, calculated to overawe the inhabitants, at leaſt as much as to defend them from a foreign enemy. The lowneſs of its ſituation renders it damp, unwholeſome, and ſwarming with moſquitos. The major of this fortreſs owes his promotion to a ſingular circumſtance. When the preſent king arrived at Madrid in 1759, a magnificent bull-feaſt was given in honour of that event: as it is neceſſary upon ſuch occaſions, that thoſe who fight on horſeback ſhould be gentlemen born, the managers of the exhibition were greatly at a loſs; till this man, who was a poor, ſtarving officer, preſented himſelf, though utterly ignorant both of bull-fighting and horſemanſhip. By dint of reſolution, and the particular favour of fortune, he kept his ſeat, and performed his part ſo much to the public ſatisfaction, that he was rewarded with a penſion and a majority.

The ſtreets of Barcelona are narrow, but well paved; a covered drain in the middle of each ſtreet carries off

the filth and rain-water. At night they are tolerably well lighted-up, but long before day-break every lamp is out. The houſes are lofty and plain. To each kind of trade a particular diſtrict is allotted.

The principal edifices are, the cathedral, Santa Maria, the general's palace, and the exchange. The architecture of the cathedral is a light gothic, which, in the ornaments of the cloyſters, is inimitably airy. The ſtalls of the choir are neatly carved, and hung with eſcutcheons of princes and noblemen, among which I remarked the arms of our Henry the Eighth. The double arches under the belfry are deſervedly admired, for bearing on their center the whole weight of two enormous towers. In the cloyſters various kinds of foreign birds are kept, upon funds bequeathed for that purpoſe, by a wealthy canon. I could not learn what motives induced him to make ſo whimſical a deviſe.

Santa Maria is alſo a gothic pile.

The palace is ſquare and low, without out-courts or gardens, and contains nothing worthy of remark but a noble ball-room.

Oppoſite to its ſouth front, they are now erecting, out of the ruins of an old habitation of the earls of Barcelona, a new exchange upon an extenſive plan, but in a heavy taſte. The architect aſſured us the ſhell would not coſt above 300,000 Catalan livres; but he muſt either have impoſed upon us, or do very extraordinary juſtice

juſtice to the truſt repoſed in him, if he builds ſuch a maſs of ſtone for that ſum. The work is carried on by means of a tax upon imports. In the old part of the building yet left ſtanding, the board of commerce has inſtituted an academy for drawing, in which five hundred boys are taught that art, and furniſhed with all proper implements, gratis. A maſter from Paris is the director of their ſtudies; and every month prizes of fifteen and twenty dollars are diſtributed to the moſt deſerving.

The Roman antiquities in this city are: 1. A moſaic pavement, in which are repreſented two large green figures of tritons, holding a ſhell in each hand; between them a ſea-horſe, and on the ſides a ſerpent and a dolphin. The common opinion is, that this church was a temple of Eſculapius; but the ornaments ſeem to prove very clearly that it belonged to ſome fane dedicated to Neptune. 2. Many vaults and cellars of Roman conſtruction. 3. The archdeaconry, once the palace of the prætor or Roman governor. From the ſolidity of the walls, and the regularity of the work, I am inclined to believe the tradition; but there is neither grandeur nor elegance to recommend it to notice. Some medallions and inſcriptions fixed in the wall, apparently at the time of its erection, rather invalidate the idea of ſuch remote antiquity. 4. In the yard, a beautiful ciſtern, or rather ſarcophagus, which now ſerves as a watering-trough for mules. They call it the coffin of Pompey's father,

father, and it may as well be his as that of any one elſe, for we have no proof to the contrary. A large baſs-relief runs round it, of hunters, dogs, and wild beaſts. The chief perſon is on horſeback, bareheaded, in a military dreſs. The figures and animals are executed in a maſterly ſtyle, and the whole is a fine monument of antiquity. 5. In the houſe belonging to the family of Pinos, which was almoſt levelled to the ground by the bombs during the ſiege, are many excellent buſts and medallions. An *Auguſtus Pater*, with a *corona radialis*, a ſmall elegant Bacchus, and a woman holding a rabbit, ſuppoſed to repreſent Spain, the Provincia cunicularis, are the moſt remarkable. The owners of this houſe have always remained ſo true to their principles in politics, that they have conſtantly reſided in a poor dwelling hard by, and left their palace in ruins, as a *memento* to their fellow-citizens, and a monument of their own ſpirit and misfortunes.

LETTER

LETTER V.

Barcelona, November 10, 1775.

YESTERDAY, being the feſtival of Saint Charles Borromeo, the king's patron, it was kept as a day of *Gala*. All the officers waited upon the governor in grand uniform; the theatre was illuminated, and crowded with well-dreſt company, which made a very handſome ſhew; the price of admittance was raiſed from half a piſtreen to a whole one. The pit is divided into ſeats, let by the year, each perſon keeping his own key; the boxes are taken for the ſeaſon, and the upper gallery is filled with women in white veils, and no men allowed to ſit among them; ſo that a ſtranger is at a loſs for a place.

The play was the *Cid Campeador*, an hiſtorical tragedy, written with a great deal of fire, and force of character. The actors, in the old Spaniſh habit and Mooriſh garment, ſeemed to enter more than uſual into the ſenſe of the author. In all tragedies they drop a curteſy, inſtead of bowing, to kings and heroes. A pretty ballad was ſung by a woman, in the ſmart dreſs of a *Maja* or coquette: ſhe wore her hair in a ſcarlet net, with taſſels; a ſtriped gauze handkerchief croſſed over her breaſt; a rich

rich jacket, flowered apron, and brocade petticoat. I obſerved the pit was crowded with clergymen.

I paſſed the morning in the cabinet of natural hiſtory, belonging to Mr. Salvador. The botanical ſpecimens are the moſt perfect part of the collection, though he poſſeſſes many rare things in every other branch of that ſtudy.

This afternoon has been employed in copying out liſts of the Spaniſh forces, with their regulations; a ſuccinct account of which may perhaps be intereſting to you at this period, when our politicians in England ſeem ſo much afraid of them, and whilſt their late unſucceſsful attempt againſt Algiers ſtill renders them the general topic of converſation.

If we are to credit the printed liſts, the Spaniſh army conſiſts of above an hundred and thirty thouſand men; but the real number falls far ſhort of this amount, and it is a matter of doubt, whether the regular troops exceed the number of fifty thouſand.

The king's houſhold is compoſed of three troops of gentlemen horſe-guards, Spaniſh, Italian, and Flemiſh; one company of halberdiers; ſix battalions of Spaniſh, and ſix of Walloon foot-guards; and one brigade of carabiniers.

There are ſix regiments of Spaniſh infantry of two battalions; and twenty-ſeven of one battalion; two Italian, three Iriſh, four Walloon, and four Swiſs regiments

ments of one battalion; one regiment of artillery of four battalions; ſix thouſand ſeven hundred and twelve marines; and one company of engineers.

Each battalion of foot is compoſed of one company of grenadiers of ſixty-ſix men, and of eight companies of fuſileers of eighty men each, including three commiſſioned officers.

White or blue is the colour of their regimentals, except one Spaniſh and three Iriſh, who are dreſſed in red.

The cavalry conſiſts of fourteen regiments, of which ſix are in blue, four in red, three in white, and one in green.

The dragoons form eight regiments, of which one is in blue, one in red, and ſix in yellow.

A regiment of cavalry and dragoons contains four ſquadrons, each compoſed of three companies; in each company are three commiſſioned officers, and forty-five ſoldiers.

Beſides the regulars, they once a year aſſemble forty-three regiments of militia, and twenty companies of city-guards. The corps of invalids contains forty-ſix companies on duty, and twenty-ſix diſabled. The African and American garriſons have alſo their reſpective militia.

Their uniforms are ugly and ill made; the ſoldiers abominably naſty in their cloaths, and their black greaſy

hair ſeldom dreſt. Till very lately, they were commonly in rags, and often mounted guard with half a coat, and almoſt bare breeched; but now they are rather better clad, and kept in a ſomewhat more decent trim.

The pay of a ſoldier is five quartos and an half, and twenty-one ounces of bread a day. After fifteen years ſervice, he has an increaſe of five reals of Vellon a month; after twenty, nine reals; and after twenty-five, he may retire, and receive a pezzetta per diem, and be cloathed as if he was ſtill on actual ſervice. If he remains thirty years in the army, he is allowed the rank and pay of a ſubaltern officer. Every forty months, he receives new regimentals, two ſhirts, two ſtocks, one pair of ſhoes, two pair of ſtockings, a cap, and a hat.

The rank of any officer may be known at firſt ſight, by a particular badge of diſtinction. A captain-general wears blue, embroidered with gold down the ſeams, and three rows of embroidery on the ſleeves: a lieutenant-general has nothing on the ſeams, and but two rows on the cuffs; a mariſcal de campo, but one: a brigadier has red cuffs, with one row of ſilver embroidery on his coat: a colonel has three narrow bindings on his ſleeve, of the colour of his regimental button; a lieutenant-colonel, two; and a major, one: the mark of a captain is two epauletts; of a lieutenant, one on his right ſhoulder; and of an enſign, one on the left.

The pay of a lieutenant is two pezzettas and a half

per

per diem; that of an enſign, two. As every thing has trebled in price ſince their pay was eſtabliſhed, it is become inſufficient for the maintenance of the officers. In the guards, all ſubalterns muſt live upon their own fortune, till they get a company, which they may perhaps wait thirty years for.

About ſeven thouſand men form the garriſon of Barcelona, of which four thouſand two hundred are guards; the reſt Swiſs and dragoons. Each corps has its quarter appointed, which it provides with centries, and therefore they never interfere with each other.

Moſt of theſe troops are lately returned from the Algerine expedition, where they ſuffered great hardſhips; this has made them outrageous againſt Count O Reilly, their commander. Converſation, at preſent, turns entirely upon that ſubject, and it would hardly be ſafe to undertake his juſtification. In all this there may be a great deal of jealouſy, againſt a foreigner that has made ſo rapid a fortune, and enjoys ſo large a ſhare of the confidence of their common maſter. A ſingular inſtance of the national hatred, was exhibited a few months ago at Valencia. Some hundreds of boys got together, and, having divided their numbers into an army of Chriſtians, and one of Moors, pitched upon the lame, deformed ſon of a French barber, to perſonate O Reilly, the chief of the Spaniſh party. The infidels obtained a compleat victory; and a court-martial was held upon the Chriſtian

commander. He was found guilty of cowardice and miſmanagement, and condemned to be whipped. The ſentence was executed with ſuch rigour, that the unhappy actor expired under the laſh.

The accounts given by the gazettes, are very unſatisfactory, I therefore flatter myſelf I ſhall make you an agreeable preſent, by tranſmitting the following journal; the notes were taken down on the ſpot by an officer, who was all day in the action, or very near it. This may ſuffice to evince the authenticity of the narration. I have omitted all his ſarcaſms upon the general, for I cannot help attributing many of them to paſſion and reſentment; and an impartial byſtander muſt not adopt ſentiments palpably dictated by envy or diſappointment.

JOURNAL OF THE SPANISH EXPEDITION Againſt ALGIERS, in 1775.

THE Conde Alexander O Reilly is an Iriſhman, who began by a ſub-lieutenancy in the regiment of Hibernia: he was major of that corps, when he obtained leave to ſerve a campaign in the French army in Germany. At his return, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel; and afterwards the poſt of adjutant or aide-major-general of exerciſe was created for him, in conſideration of his having introduced the German exerciſe into our army. In the Portugueſe war, the command of a body

body of light troops was given to O Reilly, who was made a brigadier before the end of the campaign, and ſoon after ſent out as mariſcal de campo, to ſuperintend the rebuilding of the fortifications of the Havannah; which had been lately reſtored to Spain, by the treaty of Fontainebleau.

His commiſſion being ended, he returned from Cuba; and, being named inſpector-general of the Spaniſh infantry, formed a camp, where the king aſſiſted at the manœuvres in perſon. The monarch was ſo well pleaſed with the performance, that he raiſed the inſpector to the rank of lieutenant-general, and diſpatched him to ſettle the diſputes in New Orleans, where the French planters refuſed to ſubmit to the Spaniſh government. He is the projector of the preſent ſcheme, and come to Carthagena to put it in execution; being appointed commander in chief of all the troops aſſembled in this port. If he is ſucceſsful, no doubt he will be immediately named captain-general. An order is iſſued out, prohibiting all diſcourſe on the ſubject of this expedition, the deſtination of which remains a profound ſecret. Count O Reilly has under his command nineteen thouſand eight hundred and twenty foot, and thirteen hundred and ſixty-eight horſe. Caſtejon brings him forty-ſeven king's ſhips, of different rates, and three hundred and forty-ſix tranſports.

June

June 15.

The proceſſion of *Corpus Chriſti* paſſed along the mole of Carthagena, and the fleet received the benediction. The ſhips, dreſt out with flags and ſtreamers of various colours, ſaluted the Hoſt with a triple diſcharge of all their artillery. Our generals, O Reilly and Ricardos, came on board at five in the afternoon. We remained till the

23d,

expecting every day to ſail, except that very one we actually did ſail. We had ſeen the wind ſo often favourable, without our making the leaſt motion, that I began to have my doubts about our departure; which however took place in the night betwen the 22d and 23d. We kept beating about before Carthagena in the utmoſt diſorder, till the

27th,

when we bore away from that harbour; and, after two days of the ſtrangeſt manœuvres ever known, by which the fleet was ſeparated into an hundred diviſions, all ſteering different ways, we began to ſuſpect we were bound for Algiers.

30th.

At ten this morning, found ourſelves off Cape Cercely, fifteen leagues weſt of Algiers. All our ſcattered fleet got together in the night, and made for the land, between Cape Tenez and Cape Cercely, where we lay-to the remainder

remainder of the night. We ſaw fires on all the hills, and along the ſhore; ſignals, no doubt, to alarm the country.

July 1ſt,

at three in the morning, the admiral fired a gun, for us to keep on our courſe, and at nine we were about ſix leagues from Bocmeo. At eleven, we doubled Cape Peſcado, and a little before twelve, the bay of Algiers opened upon us, where we ſaw our men of war and miſſing ſhips lying at anchor. At one we could diſtinguiſh the town with a ſpying-glaſs. Soon after, the Algerines fired ſome ſhot from the town and caſtles, and hoiſted ſeveral red flags. Came to an anchor in twenty-five fathom water. The reſt of the fleet came up ſoon, and formed a moſt beautiful and formidable ſhew; but I muſt confeſs, that the fortifications of Algiers, and the dangerous appearance of the coaſt, were to the full as tremendous. We were in the belief, that we had ſeen a conſiderable camp on the eaſt of the river Inrac, and about nine at night we were confirmed in our opinion, by the lighting-up of many fires; which in leſs than a quarter of an hour ran along, and ſet the whole ridge of hills in a blaze. The dead calm which then reigned, and the ſweet harmony of two clarinets, that were playing aboard a neighbouring ſhip, made me paſs a moſt delicious hour, and forget that all thoſe charms were ſoon to be changed into horrors. Till midnight we heard a continual

continual firing of muſkets, which we were told was the Mooriſh method of paſſing the parole. I now learned that the men of war had come up the preceding evening; that our generals, diſguiſed in ſailors jackets, had reconnoitred the coaſt, and on their return had held a council of war.

2d.

At ſeven, the general ſent for the captains of the tranſports, to withdraw a ſealed paper they had received at Carthagena, which they were not to open, unleſs driven off by ſtreſs of weather. At five in the evening, he gave out the order for landing next morning; but the ſea running rather high about eight, the expedition was put off. Our commanding officers had orders, not to ſend for cartridges till next day. They are to be delivered out at the rate of ſixty for each ſoldier; which, with twenty-two he received at Barcelona, a pick-ax, a knapſack for proviſions, and a tin box for vinegar and water, beſides his arms, will prove an intolerable burthen at this hot ſeaſon of the year.

3d.

All this day it blew a freſh gale from the E. N. E. which ruffled the ſea ſo much, as to prevent our landing the following night, as the general had propoſed. We diſcovered ſome new camps of Moors, one in particular to the eaſtward of Algiers, which could neither annoy us, nor ſuccour thoſe we intended to attack; but we inferred from

from it, they were in no want of troops, ſince they had poſts on every ſide.

4th.

At noon we had notice given us, that our four companies were to paſs on board another veſſel, but which it was to be, we were not informed till three; when we were told that five galliots were to take in fifty men each, and the ſurplus to be paſſed on board other ſhips; the captains of which were ordered to ſend their boats for them immediately. The cartridges not being delivered, occaſioned a delay of two hours, ſpent in great confuſion. This affair being at length ſettled, we went on board the galliots, where we ſoon had a lively ſenſe of the miſery that awaited us. The orders of the day were, that the officers and ſoldiers ſhould carry four days proviſions; and that at eight at night they ſhould put off, in order to be able to land next morning on the beach of the gulph of the *Badwoman*, which is five leagues weſt of Algiers. Our generals had ſo often boaſted of the plenty that was to follow us aſhore, that we longed with the utmoſt impatience for the order for landing, as we looked upon it as the only thing that could put an end to our ſufferings, which hourly encreaſed on board the galliots, whither we had carried nothing but a little bad biſcuit, ſome cheeſe, and wine. Moſt wretched food! beſides the horrid inconvenience, of not having room to lie down, or even to get up from

the bench we firſt ſate down upon. A dead calm all night. The breeze failed, and our landing was once more deferred, by which means both officers and men paſſed a cruel night.

5th.

Received orders to comply with thoſe given out on the 2d, for the mode of diſembarking, now no longer to be attempted at the gulph of the *Badwoman*; where we ſhould, indeed, have been in the greateſt danger of periſhing. The very name denotes the dangers we ſhould have had to encounter. All day a ſmart gale from the eaſt, and another demur; and a ſecond moſt fatiguing night for the ſoldiers.

6th.

The plan being now changed, we were ordered, at eight, to paſs into the galliot that was to be placed on the left wing, with an hundred men of the Walloon guards on board. By ſome ſtrange arrangement or other, our hundred was made up of two half companies, inſtead of one whole one. At ten, ſaw ſome men of war working out of the line of battle, to get near the ſhore. The ſlowneſs of their motion was, no doubt, regulated by the deſire they had of attacking three forts on the coaſt, which it was deemed neceſſary to ſilence, before we could approach the land; but for what reaſon had this been deferred for ſo many days?

We had received orders to land ſo long ago as the 2d, which

which would have been put in execution but for the weather, that proved unfavourable, although no ſuch precautions had been taken, nor even any floats prepared for the artillery. Indeed ſince that time they had been at work patching up ſome rafts.

At noon, the leſſer of the two Tuſcan frigates bore down within half a cannon-ſhot of a fort that fired upon her. After having examined it, ſhe tacked about, and came along-ſide of her commodore. At half paſt three, the *Saint Joſeph* ſteered towards the land, and drove within reach of three batteries that began to cannonade her; ſhe returned the fire, but theirs growing very briſk, the *Oriente* was ſent to take off the ſhot of a fort that annoyed her very much on her ſtarboard quarter. This engagement laſted till eight, without much harm done on either ſide. The *Saint Joſeph* had four men killed, and ſome wounded, among whom was the captain ſlightly bruiſed by a ſplinter: ſome of the cannon of the fort were diſmounted. The galliots towed away the two ſhips which were becalmed. During this action, the Tuſcan frigate ſailed in again cloſe under the ſhore to cannonade ſome ſtraggling parties of Moors, and a fort at ſome diſtance on the left. A Spaniſh man of war and a frigate had already attacked this fort, but had prudently placed themſelves out of the reach of all miſchief; their caution was exemplary, and his Catholic Majeſty may ſafely entruſt ſuch doughty captains with

the command of his ſhips, being well aſſured they will bring them back to his ports whole and untouched. At ſeven, we deſcried three Algerine barks and about twelve ſhallops, with heavy cannon, bearing down upon the Saint Joſeph. The half-galley of D. Ant° Barcelò got under ſail in an inſtant to give them chace, and was followed by five of our galliots. The chace laſted till half after eight, when the enemy retired under the cannon of Algiers. The galliot I was in was one of thoſe ſent out to tow a bombketch up to the admiral's ſhip; but the breeze was ſo ſtrong, that we could not row againſt it, and were obliged to give up the point, and come alongſide of the admiral to wait for our orders.

7th.

At four, ſaw ſeveral ſhallops full of troops going and coming under the ſtern of the admiral. The major of the Walloon guards, whom I ſaw upon deck, called out to me, that the affair was put off to the next day, and that he would take care to have boats for our hundred men. The poor ſoldiers were now quite caſt down with the wretchedneſs of their ſituation; and it muſt be acknowledged, that to leave them four days and as many nights on a bench, expoſed to the violent heats and unwholeſome damps of the coaſt of Africa, and to give them nothing to eat but bad bread and cheeſe, was but a ſorry preparation for an enterprize that required ſtrength of body and vigour of mind. Their officers were not much

better

better off: the maſter of our bark did every thing in his power to alleviate our diſtreſſes; but this kind of veſſel is ſo exceedingly inconvenient, that we were obliged to lie on the floor; and his cookery ſo nauſeous, that, even in our miſerable condition, we never could get any thing down but a little ſoup.

At nine, I went on board the ſhip where general O Reilly was, and learned that the attack had been deferred, becauſe many detachments had not been punctual to their hour. On this account, he ordered all the barks with the grenadiers and battalions deſtined for the firſt embarkation, to be along-ſide of the admiral preciſely at eight in the evening, in order to ſet off at day-break, when the ſignal was to be given. The bombketches were put in readineſs, and the galliots had orders to range themſelves behind them exactly at ten. Our commanders ſeemed to intend bombarding Algiers, but the deſign was not put in execution, nor have I learnt the reaſon. 'Till ten, the boats kept rowing up to the rendezvous, whilſt the reſt of the fleet drew near the batteries they were to cannonade to cover our landing. Our inaction this whole day, had given the Moors time to repair the damage done the foregoing one, and to put their forts in proper order. The boats our major promiſed us did not yet appear, ſo our maſter told us we ſhould have his, which, however, could only land part of us at a time.

8th. At

8th.

At half paſt three, the men of war began the attack, with ſufficient prudence not to be under any apprehenſions of the enemy's balls reaching them. The two Tuſcan frigates, and the chebec commanded by Barcelò, by drawing too near the land, deſtroyed the beautiful uniformity of the line formed afar by our men of war and frigates; whoſe fire was perfectly well kept up, but unfortunately of no manner of ſervice, on account of their vaſt diſtance from the enemy. At half after four, the admiral hung out the ſignal for going aſhore. Seven galliots advanced to clear the beach; they were followed by ſeven diviſions of boats, each diviſion carrying a brigade of ſoldiers, which was to form itſelf into a line of battle ſix deep, as ſoon as landed; but the boats were thrown into confuſion, as they had not been properly ſeparated and diſpoſed before they left the place of rendezvous. This diſorder, which might have occaſioned our total overthrow, would have been prevented, had we been provided with boats proper for ſuch an operation. Luckily for us, we met with no obſtacles, the leaſt of which would have been fatal to us; and we landed about eight thouſand men on the ſhore eaſt of Algiers: the boats left us immediately, and went back to fetch the ſecond diviſion, which did not arrive till an hour after, and then only part of the troops could get on ſhore.

The

The grenadiers of the army drew up in front, and advanced; but they had not marched an hundred yards before many of their men, and almoſt all their officers, were killed or wounded. Thoſe next them moved forward to ſupport them, without having time to form their ranks, a neceſſary conſequence of the manner in which they had been put into the boats and diſembarked. Some companies never could get together, having landed in different places, and by parcels. The light infantry was by this time cut to pieces. The unevenneſs of the ground we occupied, rendered every ſandheap a ſmall breaſtwork, from behind which the Africans fired upon us by platoons, as they kept retiring towards the foot of the hills, about ſix hundred paces from the ſea, where they hid themſelves among the woods and gardens.

The general now ordered the left wing to advance. It was juſt ſix o'clock, and his ſcheme was to march the left wing to the brow of the hill, (the right reſting on the ſea ſhore) and then to form a column and advance about a league farther, to the attack of the caſtle of Charles the fifth, which commands the whole town. The ſtorming of this fort would have enſured the conqueſt of Algiers. Whilſt our left wing marched on with an intrepidity ſcarce to be expected in ſo dangerous a poſition, ſome battalions of the center being rather before the reſt, drew up in battle array, and with the Spaniſh guards

guards faced to the right, that they might defend us from the cavalry of the bey of Maſcarà. This body of horſe was ſoon diſperſed by their fire, and that of the chebec of Ant° Barcelò. But the bey of Conſtantina, who commanded a large detachment of cavalry on our left, ſeized this opportunity to drive a herd of camels againſt the head of the Walloon guards. By this unexpected aſſault, he was in hopes of drawing off their attention, whilſt he diſpatched a body of fifteen thouſand horſe to cut off their communication with the ſea, from which we were now pretty far diſtant. Our corps de reſerve wheeling off to the left, drew up to fill the ſpace between the ſea and the column of Walloons, who were forming their lines to repel the enemies that attacked them from behind the camels; but the greateſt ſteadineſs would have availed us little, nor could we have avoided being broken and ſlaughtered to a man, as our formation was too weak to reſiſt the impetuoſity of ſuch a body of horſe, had not Mr. Acton, the Tuſcan commander, cut his cables, and let his ſhips drive in to ſhore, juſt as the enemy was coming on us full gallop. The inceſſant fire of his great guns, loaded with grape-ſhot, not only ſtopt them in their career, but obliged them to retire with great loſs.

Being delivered from this danger, we made our retreat towards the ſea-ſide, in ſuch diſorder as muſt enſue from a want of proper commanders, abandoning to the fury of

of the barbarians our unhappy fellow-ſoldiers, that were unable to keep up with us.

Our general had been buſy for the laſt two hours, throwing up an entrenchment with faſcines, earth-bags, and chevaux de frize. We continued the work, and, to cover our front and flanks, placed a few eight and twelve pounders, that had been of great ſervice to us all the morning, in our different operations. We remained thus the beſt part of the day, pretty ſecure from all attacks of the Mooriſh cavalry, but by no means ſheltered from the balls of their carabines, which, carrying at leaſt one third farther than our firelocks, killed upwards of four hundred of our men, in this kind of camp. Here I ſaw our general on horſeback going about to encourage the ſoldiers; who, ſtretched out on the burning ſands, ſeemed heedleſs of the dangers around, and only anxious to procure a little reſt to their weary limbs.

By one o'clock, the Moors had finiſhed a battery on the right of our camp; and we were ſo pinched for room, and huddled together, that every ſhot took place. General O Reilly, having called for a return of the killed and wounded, aſſembled a council of war, in which it was decided, that at four we ſhould reimbark, as the enemy was raiſing another battery in front, which we muſt paſs under if we perſiſted in the undertaking. The Algerines, for want of experience in theſe matters, ſuffered us to accompliſh our ends undiſturbed; and about

three in the morning the laſt diviſion of the army reimbarked, leaving behind them fourteen field pieces, two howitzers, ſome cheſts of ammunition, and the materials of our encampment, which the enemy broke into the moment the grenadiers of the rear guard puſhed off from the ſhore. We left on the field of battle one thouſand three hundred men, and brought off three thouſand deſperately wounded.

There being unfortunately hoſpitals only for four hundred men, the boats that had landed the Walloons, were taken up for the reception of the wounded; this occaſioned the greateſt diſorder imaginable in our battalions, who came off as well as they could, in the firſt boats or tartans they could meet with. They remained in this confuſion above four-and-twenty hours, employed, as well as many other regiments, in getting together their disjointed companies.

The Moors, as ſoon as they had burſt into our camp, cut off the heads of all our ſlain, and carried them off in bags, to demand the premium offered by the dey, for every chriſtian head; they afterwards heaped up the corſes upon the faſcines of the entrenchment, and ſet fire to the pile, which we ſaw burning for two days and two nights.

10th, and 11th.

All hurry; no water to be had, though there were ſhip-loads of it in the fleet.

12th. At

12th.

At ſix, a. m. ſignal for weighing anchor. Soon after moſt of the fleet ſailed out of the bay.

15th.

At ſeven, a. m. came to an anchor in Alicant road.

31ſt.

The Walloon guards were ordered aſhore, and quartered at Sanjuan.

Auguſt 10th.

We reimbarked, and

20th.

Landed at Barcelona.

LETTER VI.

Barcelona, November 11, 1775.

WE ſhall poſtpone our departure from this city a few days longer, to give the roads time to dry. There has been of late a very uncommon run of bad weather; it has thundered and lightened, with many ſhowers, for ſeveral days together.

Our time has not hung heavy upon our hands, for all our acquaintance vie with each other in loading us with

civilities. The intendant has ſhewn us every poſſible mark of politeneſs, and rendered eaſy to us the acceſs to the arſenal, magazines, &c. which in this military town they are very chary of ſhewing to ſtrangers.

Yeſterday we took advantage of a gleam of ſunſhine, to accompany the conſul to his villa in the *playa*. The moiſt warmth of the day brought out ſuch ſwarms of inſects as almoſt devoured us; I am afraid the great quantity of ſuch vermin muſt make the ſummers in this delightful country very uncomfortable. However, it muſt be allowed to be a very fine climate, for, in ſpite of all the foulneſs of the ſky, the air has always been mild and balmy. This plain abounds with gardens and orchards of oranges and other rich fruits. Few ſpots of the globe can ſurpaſs it in fertility, but they tell us wonders of the environs of Valencia and Granada.

In the afternoon the weather was heavenly, a prelude, I hope, to a total change for the better; we employed it in riding up to Saria, a convent of capuchin friars on the hills. The city and port of Barcelona appear finely from hence, collected into a moſt perfect landſcape. The garden, on the ſlope of the hill, is truly romantic; the walks are ſhaded and ſheltered by ſweet-ſcented evergreens; ſtreams of clear water run down on every ſide in all the wildneſs of nature, or ſpout through the eyes of a little Magdalen, or the *ſtigmata* of a Saint Francis. As the Romans had many villas on theſe eminences,

nences, we may preſume that theſe limpid rills were then wont to guſh out of the breaſts of the Graces, or trickle from the quiver of the God of Love. Don't be ſurpriſed, that in November I ſpeak feelingly of theſe walks being ſhady; I can aſſure you we found the rays of the ſun very powerful, and reliſhed much the ſhade of the bowers, and the coolneſs ariſing from the running water.

Our return to town was by an hollow way, under banks of Indian figs and aloes, when the butterflies were as briſk as in the middle of ſpring. The women in the little hamlets were buſy with their bobbins making black lace, ſome of which, of the coarſer kind, is ſpun out of the leaf of the aloe; it is curious, but of little uſe, for it grows mucilaginous with waſhing.

We paſſed by the convent of Jeſus, belonging to the cordeliers or grey friars. The duke of Berwick razed it to the ground in 1714, to puniſh thoſe fathers for their zeal in the revolt of Catalonia. Their preſent habitation is ſmall. They have a fine ſpring of water, and an extenſive garden ſurrounded with a wall of lemon-trees; adjoining is the Campoſanto, where thoſe that died in the laſt plague were buried. It now ſerves as a flower-garden, and contains ſome curious plants; among the reſt the *aroma*, a ſpecies of *mimoſa* or ſpunge-tree, bearing a round yellow flower with a faint muſky ſmell, to which they attribute many odd qualities. If you chew

chew the ſeed, and breathe it out into a room, it will immediately fill it with an overcoming ſtench, and turn all white paint black.

Our evening ended with a ball, where we had for the firſt time the pleaſure of ſeeing the Fandango danced. It is odd and entertaining enough, when they execute with preciſion and agility all the various footings, wheelings of the arms, and crackings of the fingers; but it exceeds in wantonneſs all the dances I ever beheld. Such motions, ſuch writhings of the body and poſitions of the limbs, as no modeſt eye can look upon without a bluſh! A good Fandango lady will ſtand five minutes in one ſpot, wriggling like a worm that has juſt been cut in two.

If the day proves clear, we ſhall go to-morrow up the mountain to the caſtle.

LETTER VII.

Barcelona, November 12, 1775.

I Am this moment returned from the fortreſs of Montjuich, where the fineneſs of the day and the beauty of the proſpect afforded me much real ſatisfaction; but it fell greatly ſhort of what I felt on finding a letter from you

you on my table. I have not met with the book you mention, nor indeed ever heard of Mr. T*** 'till now. By your account, he has not been in this part of Spain, therefore my letters as yet convey ſomething new to you; perhaps, even in thoſe provinces where he has travelled, the difference of our diſpoſitions, ſtudies, and purſuits, may ſtrike out a ſufficient fund of variety for my future correſpondence, to make it entertaining to you, though you have read his tour. I am ſure I ſhall be no plagiariſt; for it is highly improbable the book ſhould fall in my way for ſome time to come.

Montjuich, a name corrupted either from *Mons Jovis* or *Mons Judaicus*, is a mountain that ſtands ſingle, on the ſouth-weſt point of Barcelona. This eminence is happily placed for the city, as it intercepts and diſſipates the putrid exhalations pumped up by the ſun from the ponds near the Llobregat, which are ſometimes ſo ſtrong as to affect with great violence the centinels on duty. The extent of its baſis is very great. Large crops of wheat are reaped on the north and eaſt ſides, and all bought up at an high price for ſeed-corn, the quality being particularly ſound. A good deal of ſtrong wine is made on the ſouth-eaſt angle; but it is ſaid to be medicated with lime, and mahogany chips, to give it ſpirit and colour. The face of the mountain towards the ſea is already by nature, or ſoon will be made by art, an inſurmountable

ſurmountable precipice. The road up to the top is very ſteep; about half way, is the ancient burial-place of the Jews, where many large ſtones, with Hebrew inſcriptions, are ſtill lying ſcattered about the field.

Every part of the old caſtle is deſtroyed, and large works in the modern manner built upon its foundations, on the crown of the hill. From hence you command a view over the coaſt, plain, and harbour; not a houſe in Barcelona but lies expoſed to your ſight. They are ſloping off the glacis at an incredible expence, ſo that no approaches can be made under ſhelter, as every part is open, and liable to be raked by the cannon of the batteries. All the walls are of ſtone, and multiplied to an extravagant number. Spain cannot afford men to garriſon ſuch overgrown fortreſſes.

The main body of the place is bomb proof, very neatly finiſhed; two ſtone ſtaircaſes, with iron railing fit for a palace, lead down to the vaulted quarters for the ſoldiers, which are near four hundred yards long. One of the principal baſtions is ſcooped out into a ciſtern capable of containing ſeventy thouſand cubic feet of water, of which only a ſmall quantity is let off at a time into a draw-well, to prevent any traitor from poiſoning the ſtock of water. Above the quarters is a grand terrace round a court, with turrets at each angle. On the center of the ſouth line ſtands the tower of ſignals; if one

ſhip

ſhip appears, a baſket is hung out; if two or more, it is raiſed higher, and if a Spaniſh man of war, they hoiſt a flag.

This caſtle has already coſt immenſe ſums in the ſpace of fifteen years, and in all probability will not be finiſhed in as many more, tho' above three hundred workmen are employed at the works. Each new engineer alters the plan and counteracts the ſcheme of his predeceſſor, which occaſions ſuch a delay and waſte of treaſure as is ſcarce to be credited.

Beſides the inconvenience of requiring ſo large a garriſon, the ſituation appears to me too elevated to annoy an enemy encamped in the plain.

LETTER VIII.

Barcelona, November 17, 1775.

I Expected to have been by this time in the kingdom of Valencia; but the badneſs of the mountain-road having determined us to take the new one, along the coaſt, we laſt Wedneſday hired mules for Montſerrat, which is not in the line of that lower route. This has retarded our departure for ſome days.

For about five or ſix miles the road is finiſhed with a magnificence equal to the beſt in France, but after that, it relapſes into its original ſtate; however, though rough for carriages, it is very ſoft and pleaſant for riding. The country up the Llobregat is well cultivated, but ſubject to frequent inundations, that make cruel havock. As you approach the mountain, the number of vineyards diminiſhes, that of olive-grounds increaſes.

At Martorel, a large town, where much black lace is manufactured, is a very high bridge with Gothic arches, built in 1768, as we are informed by the inſcription, out of the ruins of a decayed one, that had exiſted 1985 years from its erection, by Hannibal, in the 535th year of Rome. At the north end is a triumphal arch or gateway, ſaid to have been raiſed by that general in honour of his father Hamilcar. It is almoſt entire, well proportioned, and ſimple, without any kind of ornament, except a rim or two of hewn ſtone. The large ſtone-caſing is almoſt all fallen off.

After dinner we continued our journey through Eſpalungera, a long village full of cloth and lace manufacturers; and about three arrived at the foot of the mountain of Montſerrat [3], one of the moſt ſingular in the world, for ſituation, ſhape, and compoſition. It

[3] Monte ſerrado means a mountain ſawed; and the arms of the abbey are, the Virgin Mary ſitting at the foot of a rock half cut through by a ſaw.

ſtands

S. del. et sc. 1775.

HANNIBAL'S ARCH.

ſtands ſingle, towering over an hilly country, like a pile of grotto work or Gothic ſpires. Its height is about three thouſand three hundred feet.

We aſcended by the ſteepeſt road, as that for carriages winds quite round, and requires half a day's travelling. After two hours tedious ride from eaſt to weſt, up a narrow path cut out of the ſide of gullies and precipices, we reached the higheſt part of the road, and turned round the eaſtermoſt point of the mountain, near the deſerted hermitage of Saint Michael. Here we came in ſight of the convent, placed in a nook of the mountain; it ſeems as if vaſt torrents of water, or ſome violent convulſion of nature, had ſplit the eaſtern face of Montſerrat, and formed in the cleft a ſufficient platform to build the monaſtery upon. The Llobregat roars at the bottom, and perpendicular walls of rock, of prodigious height, riſe from the water edge near half-way up the mountain. Upon theſe maſſes of white ſtone reſts the ſmall piece of level ground which the monks inhabit. Cloſe behind the abbey, and in ſome parts impending over it, huge cliffs ſhoot up in a ſemicircle to a ſtupendous elevation; their ſummits are ſplit into ſharp cones, pillars, pipes, and other odd ſhapes, blanched and bare; but the interſtices are filled up with foreſts of evergreen and deciduous trees and plants. Fifteen hermitages are placed among the woods; nay, ſome of them on the very pinnacles of the rocks, and in cavities hewn out of the

loftieſt of theſe pyramids. The proſpect is not only aſtoniſhing, but abſolutely unnatural. Theſe rocks are compoſed of limeſtones of different colours, glued together by a ſand, and a yellow calcarious earth. In ſome parts they conſiſt of freeſtone and white quartz, mixed with ſome touchſtone. There may perhaps be reaſon to ſuſpect fire to have been a principal agent in the formation of this inſulated mountain.

Having brought a letter for the abbot, whom we found a polite, ſenſible eccleſiaſtic, a native of Eſtremadura, we were lodged and entertained in the convent. I cannot ſay much in favour of the cookery; it coſt us ſome wry faces to get down the ſaffron ſoup and ſpiced ragouts. After dinner a plate of caraways, and a ſalver of wine, was handed about; which brought to my mind the treat Juſtice Shallow offers Sir John Falſtaff in his orchard.

This is one of the forty-five religious houſes of the Spaniſh congregation of the order of Saint Benedict; their general chapter is held every fourth year at Valladolid, where the deputies chooſe abbots and other dignitaries for the enſuing Quadrennium. In this monaſtery, they elect for abbot a Catalan and a Caſtillian alternately. Their poſſeſſions are great, conſiſting of nine villages lying to the ſouth of the mountain; but the king has lately curtailed their income about ſix thouſand livres a year, by appropriating to his own uſe the beſt houſe

houſe in each village, ſome of which, with their tythes, are worth 200 dollars per annum. Their original foundation, in 866, gave them nothing but the mountain; and to donations and œconomy they owe the great increaſe of their landed property. They are bound to feed and harbour, for three days, all pilgrims that come up to pay their homage to the Virgin; the allowance is a luncheon of bread in the morning, as much more, with broth, at noon, and bread again at night. About three years ago, the king propoſed to them to aboliſh this obligation of hoſpitality, on condition that the convent ſhould ſubſcribe a fixed ſum towards the eſtabliſhment of a poor-houſe in Barcelona. The principals of the abbey were inclined to accept of the propoſal, but the mob of monks oppoſed it vehemently; and, ſuch a ſcheme being very contrary to the intereſts of the miraculous image, ſhe reſented it highly, and, according to her old cuſtom, vaniſhed in anger from the altar. Soon after, ſhe was diſcovered in the cave where ſhe was originally found, nor would ſhe ſtir, till the intended innovation was overruled. It was thought expedient to wink at this juggling, not to alarm the common people, who are not ſufficiently enlightened to ſee through ſuch groſs impoſitions.

The number of profeſſed monks is 76, of lay-brothers 28, and of ſinging-boys 25, beſides phyſician, ſurgeon, and ſervants.

Having

Having breakfaſted very early, a German monk waited upon us to ſhew us the church. It is gloomy, and the gilding much ſullied with the ſmoke of eighty-five lamps of ſilver, of various forms and ſizes, that hang round the cornice of the ſanctuary. Funds have been bequeathed by different devotees for furniſhing them with oil.

The choir above ſtairs is decorated with the life of Chriſt in good wooden carving. A gallery runs on each ſide of the chancel, for the convenience of the monks. A large iron grate divides the church from the chapel of the Virgin, where the image ſtands, in a nich over the altar, before which burn four tapers in large ſilver candleſticks, the preſent of the duke of Medina Celi. In the ſacriſty, and paſſages leading to it, are preſſes and cupboards full of relicks and ornaments, of gold, ſilver, and precious ſtones; they pointed out to us, as the moſt remarkable, two crowns for the Virgin and her Son, of ineſtimable value, ſome large diamond rings, an excellent cameo of Meduſa's head, the Roman emperors in alabaſter, the ſword of Saint Ignatius, and the cheſt that contains the aſhes of a famous brother, John Guarin, of whom they relate the ſame ſtory as that given in the Spectator of a Turkiſh ſanton and the ſultan's daughter. They differ however in the following circumſtance—The Catalan anchoret repents of his crime, and lives ſeven years on all fours like a wild beaſt. The earl of Barcelona, whoſe daughter John had raviſhed and murdered,

catches

catches the ſavage in his hunting-toils, and brings him as a ſhew to the city; when behold! the earl's ſon, only a month old, ſpeaks aloud, and bids John ariſe, for his ſins are forgiven. The eaſy prince pardons him alſo, and all of them go in queſt of the body of the Princeſs. To their great aſtoniſhment, they meet her reſtored to life by the Virgin Mary, and as beautiful and young as ever. It is not ſaid that ſhe recovered her virginity; that is a miracle never once attempted by any ſaint in the calendar; however, ſhe liked the mountain ſo well, that ſhe there founded a monaſtery, in which ſhe ended her days as a nun.

Immenſe is the quantity of votive offerings to this miraculous ſtatue; and, as nothing can be rejected or otherwiſe diſpoſed of, the ſhelves are crowded with moſt whimſical *Ex votos*, viz. ſilver legs, fingers, breaſts, ear-rings, watches, two-wheeled chaiſes, boats, carts, and ſuch-like trumpery.

From the ſacriſty we went up to the *Camarines*, ſmall rooms behind the high altar, hung with paintings, ſeveral of which are very good. A ſtrong ſilver-plated door being thrown open, we were bid to lean forward, and kiſs the hand of *Nueſtra Senora*. It is half worn away by the eager kiſſes of its votaries, but we could not aſcertain whether it be marble or ſilver, as it is painted black. The face of the mother is regularly handſome, but the colour of a negro-woman.

Having

Having ſeen every place about the convent, where they are now building a new wing, and blaſting a great deal of the rock to enlarge the gardens, we ſet out for the hermitages, and took the ſhort way, up a crevice between two huge maſſes of rock, where in rainy weather the waters daſh down in furious torrents. We counted ſix hundred holes or ſteps, ſo ſteep and perpendicular that from below we did not diſcern the leaſt track. A hand-rail, and a few ſeats to take breath upon, enabled us to perform this ſcalade. Soon after, we arrived, through a wilderneſs of evergreens, at the narrow platform where the firſt hermit dwells. His cells, kitchen, chapel, and gardens, are admirably neat and romantic, built upon various patches of level on the tops of precipices. The view from it is wild, and in ſuch a fine clear morning moſt delightful. The hermit ſeemed a chearful, ſimple old man, in whoſe mind forty years retirement had obliterated all worldly ideas. The hermits are all clad in brown habits, and wear long beards; their way of life is uncomfortable, and their reſpective limits very much confined. They riſe at two every morning, ring out their bell, and pray till it is time to go to maſs at the hermitage, called the *Pariſh*; it is always ſaid at break of day: ſome of them have above two hours walk down to it. The convent allows them bread, wine, ſalt, oil, one pair of ſhoes, and one pair of ſtockings a year, with twenty-five reals a month for other neceſſaries. A couple

of

of men are kept to aſſiſt them in their labour, each in their turn. A mule carries up their proviſions twice a week, and is occaſionally driven to Barcelona for ſalt-fiſh, and other things, which they buy by clubbing together. They get ſome helps from the convent, in return for flowers, greens, &c. which they ſend down as preſents. They never eat meat, or converſe with each other: their noviceſhip is very ſevere, for they muſt undergo ſix months ſervice in the infirmary of the abbey, one year among the novices, and ſix years further trial, before they are ſuffered to go up to an hermitage; which they cannot obtain but by the unanimous conſent of the whole chapter. They make every vow of the monks, and, over and above, one of never quitting the mountain; but none of them are allowed to enter into orders. Their firſt habitation is always the moſt remote from the convent, and they deſcend according as vacancies happen in the lower cells.

Having left a ſmall preſent in the chapel-window, we continued our walk: wherever the winding paths are level, nothing can be more agreeable than to ſaunter through the cloſe woods and ſweet wilderneſſes that fill up the ſpaces between the rocks. It is impoſſible to give you an adequate idea of the ſublime views and uncouth appearance of the different parts of the mountain; a painter or a botaniſt might wander here many days with pleaſure and profit. There are few evergreens in Eu-

rope that may not be found here, beſides a great variety of deciduous plants. The apothecary of the houſe has a liſt of four hundred and thirty-ſeven ſpecies of plants, and forty of trees. The greateſt hardſhip here is a ſcarcity of good water. Except one ſpring at the pariſh, and another at the convent, they have no other than ciſtern-water, and that bad enough; this in ſummer is a terrible inconvenience, and gives the lye to the florid deſcriptions I have read of the purling ſtreams and beautiful caſcades tumbling down on every ſide from the broken rocks. The want of water is ſo great, that neither wolf, bear, nor other wild beaſt, is ever ſeen on the mountain.

The ſecond hermitage we came to, ſtands on a point of the rock, over a precipice that deſcends almoſt to the very bed of the river; my head was near turning with looking down. The proſpect is inimitably grand, extending over the northern and eaſtern parts of the province, which are very hilly and bare, bounded by the mountains of Rouſſillon. The true Pyreneans appear only through ſome breaks in that chain. Manreſa, where Inigo de Loyola made his firſt ſpiritual retreat, is the principal town in the view. In a clear day, they aſſured us they could ſee Majorca, which is one hundred and eighty-one miles diſtant. Upon the round rock that hangs over the hermit's cell was formerly a caſtle, with its ciſterns and drawbridge, where ſome banditti harbour-

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ed. From this ſtrong hold they made excurſions to pillage the neighbouring vallies. By rolling down ſtones, they kept the monks in perpetual alarm, and obliged them to ſend up whatever proviſions were wanted in the garriſon. At laſt, a few miquelets climbed up the rock from tree to tree, like ſo many ſquirrels, ſurprized the fort, and deſtroyed this neſt of robbers. In commemoration of this event, the hermitage is dedicated to Saint Dimas, a ſaint, I preſume, you never heard of in your life. You muſt know he is the good thief in the goſpel.

At la Trinidad, the next cell we walked to, the monks by turns go up to paſs a few days in ſummer by way of recreation. The hermit has many rooms, and is allowed a boy to wait upon him. He gave us a glaſs of good Sitges wine, and a pinch of admirable ſnuff, made from tobacco raiſed in his own garden. The officers of the cuſtoms have extended their tyranny even to theſe ſolitudes, and ſent orders that no more tobacco be ſuffered to grow.

Having ſcrambled up to one or two more hermitages, we found our curioſity ſatisfied, as, except in point of extenſiveneſs of proſpect, they varied very little from thoſe we had already ſeen; and therefore we turned down another path, which led us to the dwelling of the vicar, a monk who during four years takes upon him the direction of the hermits.

Lower down we arrived at Santa Cecilia, the pariſh church, where every morning the ſilent inhabitants of this *Thebais* meet to hear maſs, and perform divine ſervice, and twice a week to confeſs and communicate.

About eleven, we got down to the abbey for dinner; and, having received the cuſtomary donation of bleſſed croſſes and holy medals, mounted our mules and came to lie at Martorel. We reached Barcelona early this morning, and have been ever ſince making ready for our departure.

LETTER IX.

Barcelona, November 18, 1775.

ALL our affairs are ſettled for beginning our journey to Valencia to-morrow afternoon. We have agreed with a maſter muleteer, to furniſh us with mules at the rate of fifteen reales de vellon a day for each mule, clear of all other expences whatever. If we part with him at Valencia, he is to be paid for his return, eight days; if at Alicant, ten; at Cadiz, thirty; at Madrid, fifteen; and at Liſbon, thirty. We have alſo hired a miquelet, compleatly accoutred, to attend us. You ſee we are fitted

ted out in good earneſt for a long journey, which I hope will afford us ſome pleaſant hours, to compenſate for the trouble and fatigue that we foreſee muſt frequently fall to our ſhare. I believe you are not ſorry to find I am on the point of leaving Catalonia, which muſt by this time be a ſubject my frequent letters have rendered rather tireſome to you; however, I entreat your indulgence one letter more, while I endeavour to bring together the remarks I have made on the character of this people, and all the material information my friends have furniſhed me with.

Catalonia is almoſt throughout extremely mountainous. The nature of the country appears to have great influence on that of the inhabitants, who are a hardy, active, induſtrious race, of a middle ſize, brown complexion, and ſtrong features; their limbs well knit together, and by education and practice inured to the greateſt fatigues; there are few lame or diſtorted perſons, or beggars, to be met with among them. Their *Mocos* or mule-boys are ſtout walkers; ſome of them have been known to go from Barcelona to Madrid, and back again, in nine days, which by the high road is ſix hundred miles.

The loſs of all their immunities, the ignominious prohibition of every weapon, even a knife, and an enormous load of taxes, have not been able to ſtifle their independent ſpirit, which breaks out upon the leaſt ſtretch of arbitrary power; but within theſe few years, many of their

their ancient privileges have been gradually reſtored; and this is at preſent one of the moſt flouriſhing provinces of Spain. Their taxation is ſtill very high. All trade is aſſeſſed according to the buſineſs you are ſuppoſed to tranſact in the courſe of the year, without regard to your loſs or gain. One mode of collecting the revenue is ſomewhat ſingular;—the intendant (who manages all the finances, and, beſides numberleſs emoluments and ſecret profits, receives one third of all ſeizures of contraband goods) has a certain number of clerks or apprentices, with a ſtipend for each allowed by the king. Theſe young men are ſent out into the villages to gather the taxes; an operation which they ſpin out to the utmoſt, as their profits, and thoſe of their maſter, are encreaſed by every delay, the communities being obliged to find them food, lodging, and two peſos a day. When the peaſantry of a place proves refractory or dilatory in its payment, an order is given by the treaſurer to an officer, who goes with his ſoldiers to the ſpot, to receive his own and his regiment's pay, and live at diſcretion upon the poor wretches until full ſatisfaction be made.

Amongſt other reſtrictions, the uſe of ſlouched hats, white ſhoes, and large brown cloaks, is forbidden. 'Till of late, they durſt not carry any kind of knife; but in each public houſe there was one chained to the table, for the uſe of all comers. The good order maintained by the police, and the vigilance of the thieftakers, ſupply the

the place of defenſive weapons, robberies and murders being ſeldom heard of; you may walk the ſtreets of Barcelona at all hours unarmed, without the leaſt apprehenſion, provided you have a light; without it you are liable to be carried to priſon by the patrol.

The minones, or thieftakers, are men of truſt and conſideration, and of approved courage; their dreſs is that of the miquelets or mountaineers, who ſo cruelly harraſſed the French armies in the wars at the beginning of our century. They wear their hair in a net; a broad ſilver-laced hat, ſqueezed flat like thoſe of the Engliſh ſailors, hung on one ſide of their head; an handkerchief looſely tied round the neck; a ſhort ſtriped waiſtcoat, and over it a red jacket, with large ſilver buttons like bells dangling from it; a blue ſkirt, bound with yellow tape, rolled ſeveral times round their waiſt, in which they carry their knife, handkerchief, &c. Over this jacket they wear two croſs belts, one for an ammunition-pouch, the other for their broad ſword and piſtols; on the left ſhoulder hangs a blue great coat embroidered with white thread; their breeches are blue and white ſtriped; their ſtockings, rolled below the knee, and gartered with an enormous buckle, and bunch of black ribbons, reach only down to the ankle, where they tie ſeveral rounds of blue fillet very tight, to keep on their packthread ſandals, that ſeem ſcarce to cover their toes.

The

The common dreſs of a Catalan ſailor or muleteer is brown, and the diſtinctive mark by which they are known in Spain, is a red woollen cap, falling forwards, like that of the ancient Phrygians. The middling ſort of people and artificers wear hats and dark cloaths, with an half-wide coat careleſsly toſſed over the ſhoulders.

The dreſs of the women is a black ſilk petticoat over a little hoop, ſhoes without heels, bare ſhoulders, and a black veil ſtiffened out with wire, ſo as to arch out on each ſide of the head, ſomething reſembling the hooded ſerpent.

The Catalans are excellent for light infantry, on the forlorn hope, or for a *coup de main*; but tho' brave and indefatigable, they are averſe to the ſtrictneſs of regular diſcipline, unleſs it be in their own national regiments. They cannot brook the thoughts of being menial ſervants in their own country, but will rather trudge it all over with a pedlar's pack on their ſhoulders, or run about upon errands, than be the head domeſtic in a Catalan family. Far from home they make excellent ſervants, and moſt of the principal houſes of Madrid have Catalans at the head of their affairs. They are the general muleteers and caleſſieros of Spain; you meet with them in every part of the kingdom: their honeſty, ſteadineſs, and ſobriety, entitle them to the confidence of travellers, and their thirſt after lucre makes them bear with

with any hardſhips. With good words, you will always find them docile, but they cannot bear hard uſage or opprobrious language.

Thoſe that remain at home for the labours of the field, are exceedingly induſtrious. Their corn-harveſt is in May or early in June; but, as thoſe crops are liable to frequent burſtings and mildews, they have turned their attention more to the vine, which they plant even upon the ſummits of their moſt rugged mountains. In many places, they carry up earth to fix the young ſet in; and in others, have been known to let one another down from the brow of the rock by ropes, rather than ſuffer a good patch of ſoil to remain uſeleſs. Their vintages are commonly very plentiful. This autumn, there was ſuch a ſuperabundance of grapes in the valley of Talarn, in the neighbourhood of Pallas, that whole vineyards were left untouched for want of veſſels to make or hold the wine in; notice was paſted upon the church-doors, that any one was at liberty to take away what quantity he pleaſed, on paying a ſmall acknowledgment to the proprietors. The beſt red wine of Catalonia is made at Mataw, north of Barcelona, and the beſt white at Sitges, between that city and Tarragona.

The ſcarcity of corn is ſometimes very great, the principality not producing above five months proviſion. Without the importation from America, Sicily, and the north of Europe, it would run the riſk of being famiſhed.

From four hundred thouſand to ſix hundred thouſand quarters of wheat are annually imported. Canada alone ſent this year about eighty thouſand quarters. There are public ovens, where the bakers are bound by contract to bake every day into bread one thouſand buſhels of flour, or more, at a ſtated price, and, in caſe the other bakers ſhould refuſe to work, they are under the obligation of furniſhing the city with bread.

The number of the inhabitants of Barcelona is made to amount to one hundred and fifty thouſand ſouls, and thoſe of Barceloneta to ten thouſand; but, although trade and population have increaſed ſurprizingly in the courſe of a few years, I doubt there is ſome exaggeration in this reckoning.

The great export-commerce conſiſts in wine, brandies, ſalt, and oil, which are moſtly taken in by foreign ſhips at the little ports and roads along the coaſt, and not brought to be ſhipped off at the capital.

There are mines of lead, iron, and coal, in the mountains, but they are ill wrought, and turn to poor account. The manufactures are of more importance. Barcelona ſupplies Spain with moſt of the cloathing and arms for the troops. This branch of buſineſs is carried on with much intelligence; they can equip a battalion of ſix hundred men compleatly in a week.

A great trade is driven in ſilk handkerchiefs, ſtockings, &c.; in woollens of various qualities; in ſilk and thread

thread lace; in fire-arms. The gun-barrels of Barcelona are much eſteemed, and coſt from four to twenty guineas, but about five is the real value; all above is paid for fancy and ornament: they are made out of the old ſhoes of mules. Several manufactures of printed linens are eſtabliſhed here, but have not yet arrived at any great elegance of deſign or livelineſs of colour.

The imports are, beſides corn, about eighty thouſand hundred-weight of Newfoundland cod, which pays three peſettas per hundred-weight duty, and ſells upon an average at a guinea; beans from Holland, for the poor people, and an inferior ſort from Africa, for the mules; ſalted conger eel from Cornwall and Britany, ſold at forty or fifty ſhillings per quintal; this is an unwholeſome, luſcious food, which they cook up with garlick and ſpices: Engliſh bale goods, and many foreign articles of neceſſity or luxury. Houſe-rent and living are dear; proviſions but indifferent: the fiſh is flabby and inſipid; the meat poor; but the vegetables are excellent, eſpecially brocoli and cauliflower. I believe their meat and fiſh are much better in ſummer than at this ſeaſon of the year.

The devotion of the Catalans ſeems to be pretty much upon a par with that of their neighbours in the ſouthern provinces of France, and, I am told, much leſs ardent than we ſhall find it as we advance into Spain; but they ſtill abound with ſtrange practices of religion and local worſhip. One very odd idea of theirs is, that on the 1ſt

of November, the eve of All Souls, they run about from houſe to houſe to eat cheſnuts, believing that for every cheſnut they ſwallow, with proper faith and unction, they ſhall deliver a ſoul out of purgatory.

The influx of foreigners, increaſe of commerce, and protection granted to the liberal arts, begin to open the underſtanding of this people, who have made great ſtrides of late towards ſenſe and philoſophy.

There are now but one or two churches at moſt, in each city, that are allowed the privilege of protecting offenders, and murderers are excluded from the benefit of the ſanctuary. The proceedings of the Inquiſition are grown very mild. If any perſon leads a ſcandalous life, or allows his tongue unwarrantable liberties, he is ſummoned by the Holy Office, and privately admoniſhed; in caſe of non-amendment he is committed to priſon. Once a year you muſt anſwer to that tribunal for the orthodoxy of your family, and of every ſervant you have, or they muſt quit the country; but the foreign proteſtant houſes are paſſed over unnoticed. Avoid talking on the ſubject of religion, and with a little diſcretion you may live here in what manner you pleaſe.

Every Jew that lands in Spain muſt declare himſelf to be ſuch at the Inquiſition; which immediately appoints a familiar to attend him all the time he ſtays aſhore, to whom he pays a piſtole a day. Were he to neglect giving this information, he would be liable to be ſeized. Yet I have

have been aſſured by perſons of undoubted credit, that a Jew may travel incognito from Perpignan to Liſbon, and ſleep every night at the houſe of a Jew, being recommended from one to another; and that you may take it for granted, that wherever you ſee a houſe remarkably decked out with images, relics, and lamps, and the owner noted for being the moſt enthuſiaſtic devotee of the pariſh, there it is ten to one but the family are Iſraelites at heart.

If a ſtranger is deſirous of becoming acquainted with Spain, the manners and diſpoſition of its inhabitants, he muſt proceed further; for I am told this province bears ſo little reſemblance to the reſt of the kingdom, that he will derive no real knowledge on that ſcore from travelling in Catalonia. Here it is not uncommon to hear them talk of a journey into Spain, as they would of one into France; and their language is not underſtood by the Spaniards, being a dialect of the ancient Limoſine tongue, a kind of Gaſcon.

I cannot cloſe this ſketch of the character of the modern Catalans more properly, than with the epitaph of their countrymen who ſerved under Sertorius, and after the murder of that great man, diſdaining to obey another leader, ſacrificed themſelves to his manes. It is taken from the annals of Catalonia.

Hic

[4] *Hic multæ quæ ſe manibus*
Q. Sertorii Turmæ et Terræ
Mortalium omnium Parenti
devovere dum eo ſublato
ſupereſſe tæderet et fortiter
pugnando invicem cecidere
Morte ad præſens optata jacent.
Valete Poſteri.

LETTER X.

Reus, November 24, 1775.

WE left Barcelona on Sunday the 19th inſtant. Our firſt day's journey was very ſhort; the road good, but made upon too expenſive a plan to be continued far. The bridge over the Llobregat is grand, but unluckily ſo placed as never to be ſeen by travellers in an oblique direction.

[4] Here lie the bones of many companies of ſoldiers, who devoted themſelves to the manes of Q. Sertorius, and to the common mother Earth, as loathing all thoughts of ſurviving him. Fighting bravely with each other, they fell, and met the death which they then wiſhed for. Farewell Poſterity.

We

We ſtopped at Cipreret, a neat houſe in a wild mountainous country, with a few pines ſcattered about, ſeldom enough to form a grove, much leſs a wood. We here for the firſt time ſaw a true Spaniſh kitchen, viz. an hearth raiſed above the level of the floor under a wide funnel, where a circle of muleteers were huddled together over a few cinders.

Next morning we paſſed a broad glen or hollow, over which they intended to convey the high road in a ſtrait line, by means of a bridge of three rows of arches one above the other. Had they turned a little to the left by a gradual ſlope, the deſcent had been trifling, and a ſingle arch ſufficient for the paſſage of the water. This great work has failed, and ſeems abandoned. I ſhould ſuſpect they built here for the diverſion of future antiquaries, not for the uſe of the preſent generation, which feels all the weight of the expence, without reaping any benefit from ſuch ill-calculated undertakings. In the preſent ſtate of things the paſs is very dangerous, and further on the road grows worſe, in a large foreſt of pines, where the rocks and gullies render it next to impoſſible for a carriage to get through without damage. On account of the great number of bridges neceſſary among theſe broken hills, and of the obſtinacy with which the engineers (whoſe profits increaſe by delays and difficulties) perſiſt in carrying the road ſtrait through rocks and torrents, the work advances

advances ſo ſlowly, that before a ſecond mile be finiſhed, the firſt is ruined for want of repairs.

The country at the foot of the mountains is fertile and populous. About Villa Franca de Panades the ſoil is remarkably light. The huſbandmen ſhovel up the ſtubble, weeds, and tops of furrows, into ſmall heaps, which they burn, then ſpread them out upon the ground, and work them in with a plough, which is little more than a great knife faſtened to a ſingle ſtick, that juſt ſcratches the ſurface. In this country all the corn is trod out of the ſheaf by means of horſes and mules driven backwards and forwards over it on a ſtone or ſtucco area.

In the evening we paſſed by torch-light under a Roman arch, which I returned next morning to examine, our inn not being more than a mile beyond it. This arch is almoſt entire, elegant in its proportions, and ſimple in its ornaments; the gateway lofty; the entablature is ſupported on each ſide by four fluted Corinthian pilaſters. All I could read of the inſcription was EX TEST; which Flores, in his Eſpana ſagrada, makes out to be part of

EX TESTAMENTO L. LICINII. L. F. SERGII. SURAE CONSECRATUM.

This Licinius was thrice conſul under Trajan, and was famous for his extraordinary wealth. No reaſonable conjecture

H S 1775 ARCH OF TORRE DEN BARRA in Catalonia Plate 17

jecture has been made why he ordered by his will this monument to be erected, or what was the uſe of it when built. Some think it was the entrance of the Campus Tarraconenſis, and that a wall ran from the ſea, which is about half a mile diſtant to the ſouth-eaſt, through the olive-grounds quite up to the hills. There appear ſome remnants of a wall in that direction, but I won't pretend to ſay they are of ſo ancient a date.

The next day was the moſt delightful of our whole journey. The ſun ſhone out in all his ſplendor; the ſea was ſmooth and calm; the proſpect was inceſſantly varying as we moved on, ſometimes along the rich level on the ſhore, where the buſhy heads and gloſſy leaves of the loweſt trees, contraſted with the pale green of the olive-woods, made it appear quite a ſummer ſcene; ſometimes over gentle eminences, from which we commanded views of numberleſs bays and promontories, crowned with towers and antique fortifications. The little river Gaya diſtributes its waters in ſtone channels to all parts of the valley, and gives vigour to its productions, which otherwiſe would be parched up by the drought. Here the tender olive-ſets are nurſed up in long baſkets, till they get out of the reach of goats and other enemies. As we deſcended the hill of Bara to the beach, Tarragona preſented itſelf to our view, like a ruined fortreſs, on a round point projecting into the ſea; and a little further on we turned off the road to the right, into a wood of pines

and ſhrubs, to viſit a monument that tradition has named the tomb of the Scipios. They were the father and uncle of Scipio Africanus, both killed in Spain.

This building is ſmall, being about nineteen feet ſquare and twenty-eight high. In the front, facing the ſea, are two ſtatues of warriors in a mournful poſture, roughly cut out of the ſtones of the ſepulchre, and much worn away by the ſea air. The inſcription is ſo much defaced, that it is hard to make any thing of it: what remains is as follows:

ORN...TE...EAQVE....L..O...VNVS...VER..BVSTVS...I..S..NEGL.
VI...VA..FL...BVS..SIBI..PERPETVO REMANERE.

I think it has been erected by ſome prieſt, for himſelf and family, as the fragments of the laſt line may be interpreted in that manner. Some take the firſt word of the firſt line to have been Cornelius, a name belonging to the Scipios. The top of the monument, which probably ended in a pyramidal form, is fallen off [5].

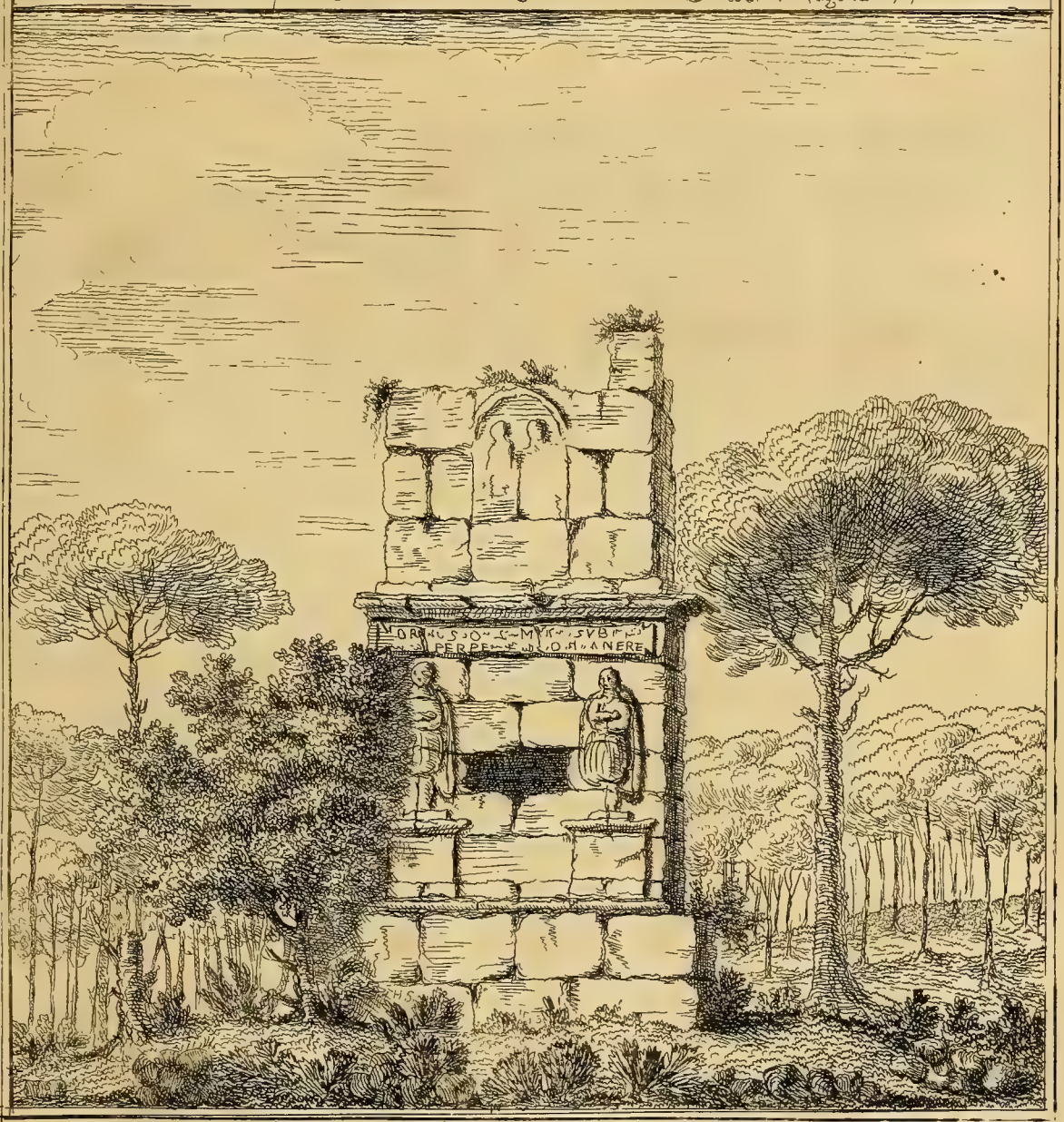
From the heavy ſands of the ſea-ſhore, where a great many fiſhermen were hauling in their nets, we aſcended the naked rock of Tarragona. It produces nothing but the dwarf palm or palmeto. This plant grows among the ſtones to the height of one or two feet: the leaves are ſtiff and ſharp, ſpread out like fingers, or the ſticks of a

[5] The tomb of Theron, at Girgenti in Sicily, reſembles this in form.

fan,

Place. VI.

TOMB of the SCIPIOS near Tarragona 1775



fan, and very much reſembling the leaves of the date palm. This alſo produces fruit, and the inſipid pith of its root is a favourite eating of the peaſants. The leaves make good brooms and ropes, and are a great fattener of cattle.

The ancient Tarraco is now contracted to a very trifling city, that covers only a ſmall portion of the Roman incloſure, and is an ill-built, dirty, depopulated place. Many antiquities have been found, and are ſtill to be ſeen in the town, and almoſt all round the walls. A few veſtiges remain of the palace of Auguſtus, and of the great circus: an arch or two of the amphitheatre, and ſome ſteps cut in the ſolid rock, ſtill exiſt, impending over the ſea. About three miles from the city, is the Puente de Ferriera, an ancient aqueduct, which we did not go to ſee, not having heard of it till we had paſſed too far on to turn back. Father Flores has given a plate of it. The cathedral, dedicated to Saint Thecla, is ugly, but the new chapel of that tutelar ſaint is beautiful. The inſide is caſed with yellow and brown marbles, dug up in the very center of the town, and ornamented with white foliages and baſs-reliefs. The architecture is accounted heavy, but I confeſs I did not think that fault very glaring. The whole together has a very pleaſing effect.

In Queen Anne's war, the Engliſh were in poſſeſſion of this poſt, and intended to keep and fortify it, by bringing the river Francolis quite round it. For this purpoſe

they threw up vaſt outworks and redoubts, of which the ruins are yet very viſible. Having ſecured Minorca and Gibraltar, they renounced the project of fixing a garriſon in Tarragona.

From this city we deſcended into the Campo Tarragonés, a plain of about nine miles diameter, one of the moſt fruitful ſpots in Europe: there is not an uncultivated part in the whole extent. The abundance and excellence of its productions have induced all the foreign houſes ſettled in Barcelona to eſtabliſh agents and factors at Reus, the principal town, pretty near the center of the plain.

Here we have again been loaded with civilities by our friends, and detained ſome days in feaſts and amuſements. Indeed the crazy vehicle our ſervants travel in, contributed much toward the facility with which we yielded to their entreaties; for, about an hundred yards before we reached this place, both its ſhafts ſnapped in two, ſo that very little, except the hind wheels and ſome braces, now remains of the original carriage that left Paſcal's coach-houſe, in the Rue Guenegaud, at Paris.

It has blown for three days a moſt bitter north wind; the froſt is pinching and the ice thick, but no kind of vegetation ſeems affected by it, and the ſun ſhines out burning hot every day.

Reus increaſes daily in ſize and population; the number

ber of its inhabitants has within theſe fifteen years riſen above two thirds, and now amounts to twenty thouſand ſouls. The ſuburbs are already twice as large as the old town. They have begun to build a very pretty theatre, and have engaged a company of comedians.

Wines and brandies are the ſtaple commodities of Reus: of the former, the beſt for drinking are produced on the hills belonging to the Carthuſians; thoſe of the plain are fitteſt for burning. The annual exports are about twenty thouſand pipes of brandy, all very pale, but afterwards, by mixtures in Guernſey and Holland, brought to the proper colour for our market. There are four degrees of proof or ſtrength—common, oil, Holland, and ſpirit. Brandy of common proof froths in the glaſs in pouring out, and remains ſo. Oil proof is when oil ſinks in the brandy. Five pipes of wine make one of ſtrong brandy, and four make one of weak. The king's duty is ten peſettas a pipe on the high proofs, and twelve on the low: the town dues come to three ſols, and both duties are paid by the exporter. This branch of trade employs about one thouſand ſtills in the Campo, of which number the town contains an hundred and fifty. It is all carried in carts, at half a crown a pipe, down to *Salo*, an open but ſafe road five miles off. Here it is left on the beach till it pleaſes the Catalan ſailors to float it off to the ſhips: as they are paid by the year, they only work when they chooſe, and in fair pleaſant weather.

weather. Nuts are likewiſe an article of exportation, upwards of ſixty thouſand buſhels from the woods at the foot of the weſt mountains having been ſhipped off laſt year. Every thing here wears the face of buſineſs, but it is greatly at the expence of the inland villages, many of which are left almoſt deſtitute of inhabitants.

Not far behind the mountains that ſurround this plain ſtands a rich convent of Bernardine monks. Had the weather been milder we ſhould have paid them a viſit, there being many fine views and natural curioſities in its neighbourhood. As they are far removed from the eye of the world, we have been aſſured that they lead a moſt diſſolute life: the immenſe lordſhips they poſſeſs are ſaid to ſerve as ſo many nurſeries and ſeraglios for them, where the wives and daughters of their vaſſals are humbly devoted to their pleaſures. A modeſt woman would run great riſk of being inſulted by the luſty friars, ſhould ſhe venture within their territories without proper attendance. Some years ago, a ſet of wild young officers, who owed the holy fathers a grudge, carried thither a bevy of common ſtrumpets dreſt out like ladies, and contrived matters ſo, that while the men of the party went up the hills to ſee proſpects, the females were left to be comforted by the Bernardines. The hot-livered monks employed the time of abſence to the beſt advantage, but ſmarted ſo ſeverely for the favours they obtained from the good-humoured nymphs, that for many months afterwards

wards the chief dignitaries of the houſe were diſperſed about in the neighbouring towns, under the care of the barber-ſurgeons.

LETTER XI.

Nules, November 29, 1775.

YOU will not find upon the common maps the name of the place I date this from, though it is a conſiderable town, incloſed with walls and towers *alla moriſca*, with two handſome ſuburbs. This is all I can tell you of it, as we are juſt arrived by moon-light. I am now melting with heat, and ſitting cloſe to the window for air, but I fear the twanging of a wretched guitar will ſoon drive me away. How wonderfully fortunate we have been in the weather! not a drop of rain on the road from Perpignan hither, and we are to reach Valencia to-morrow.

Laſt Saturday we took an affectionate leave of our friends, and left Reus loaded with proviſions of all ſorts. The road through the plain hollow and bad, the view confined on every ſide by groves of locuſt and olive trees, till we entered the deſart near the ſea-ſhore, at a ruined

a ruined tower called the *Caſa yerma*. In the afternoon we came through a rocky paſs under the fort of Balaguer, lately built to command the defile and the coaſt. The evening journey lay among bleak uncomfortable hills, covered with low ſhrubs, where nothing but the proſpect of the ſea, and watch-towers placed as beacons along the ſhore, afforded the leaſt variety; the road moſt abominably rough and trying for carriages. The approach of night, and the danger of venturing in ſuch broken ways in the dark, obliged us to ſtop at the Venta del Platero, a hovel that *beggars all deſcription*; ſo ſuperlatively wretched, that I thought an exact drawing of its outward appearance would be a real curioſity. We were lodged in part of a ground-floor, the remainder of which was occupied by the mules and pigs; the ſervants ſlept in the carriages. A pool of water behind the houſe, and above the level of our floor, made our apartment ſo damp, that the next morning our cloaths might have been wrung. Thanks to the wholeſomeneſs of the climate, we felt no bad effects from it. Several companies of fiſhermen, that hawk their fiſh about theſe ſcattered cottages, kept all night a perpetual knocking at the gate of our court, and brought to my mind very lively ideas of the enchanted caſtles of Don Quixote.

As ſoon as it was light we left our inn, and found the waſte grow more and more barren. The ſteepneſs and roughneſs of the deſcents made the road exceſſively jolting

ing and dangerous; the chaiſes cracked and groaned, and we either rode on horſeback, or walked, all the way. Torrents that ruſh from the adjoining ridge of mountains, after every heavy ſhower, have ſwept away all bridges and cauſeways, and waſhed the road to the very rock. We paſſed through Parillo, a ſmall village, which is the uſual baiting-place, and ſeems, by the ruins near it, to have been formerly a place of greater conſequence than it is at preſent.

In a few hours we emerged from this deſart, which is at leaſt ten leagues long. In ſome places it produces locuſt and olive trees, which, when the underwood is cleared away, and the earth moved about the roots, become productive of good fruit. A little turn of the road to the weſt brought us in ſight of the mouth of the Ebro, which appears to waſte itſelf before it reaches the ſea, by running through various channels, in a tract of flat lands containing near one hundred thouſand acres. This land is very capable of improvement, and the miniſtry have actually before them a plan for draining theſe grounds, and properly diſtributing the waſte water for the purpoſes of cultivation. There are two good harbours at the mouth of the river, which is navigable for veſſels of fifty tons, up as far as Tortoſa, and for ſmall craft much higher, into the kingdom of Arragon. The waters of the Ebro, though muddy, are conſtantly drunk by the inhabitants; the ſlime they leave after great floods is eſteemed

as beneficial to the lands they overflow as thoſe of the Nile are to Egypt. The rich narrow vale along the banks is laid out in corn-fields and mulberry-plantations. An amphitheatre of bleak gloomy mountains ſhuts up the valley to the weſt, where the river makes its way through a narrow breach in the vaſt chain of rocks. Juſt before we entered Tortoſa, we met the biſhop of that ſee, clad in the plain ſimple manner of the inferior clergy of the province. His lank black hair was cut cloſe to his ears, and covered by a great hat, ſqueezed up on each ſide into the form of a boat. The order of biſhops in this kingdom leads a very exemplary life, much retired from the world, expending their great revenues in feeding the poor, building and endowing churches, convents, and hoſpitals, and allowing very ſcantily for their own expences. Their charity, however laudable as to the intention, is certainly moſt prejudicial to the public welfare, as it encourages beggary and idleneſs; for who will work in a country where he is ſure of a good dinner every day at the gates of a monaſtery or palace, beſides the chance of occaſional alms; and where the ſoftneſs of the climate renders cloaths and lodging objects of luxury rather than of prime neceſſity. Perhaps it would be better for Spain, were its prelates as extravagant as thoſe of France, as their wealth would then be divided among the induſtrious and honeſt, and not laviſhed to ſupport the exiſtence of the idle, and often of the profligate. In ſpite of

ſo

ſo good an example, the inferior clergy, and above all the monks, (one or two orders excepted) are notorious for the looſeneſs of their morals. The biſhopric of Tortoſa is worth about thirty thouſand dollars a year.

A little further on we came to a liquorice-work, carried on by an Engliſhman. The liquorice plant grows in great plenty on all the low grounds near the river. He employs above an hundred hands in gathering it, and about fifteen at conſtant work in the mills. He pays a certain ſum to the proprietors of thoſe lands; yet ſuch is their envy, that this ſeaſon they would not ſuffer him to pluck a ſingle ſtick, though the loſs falls upon themſelves, and the very extraction of the root brings the ground almoſt to a ſtate of cultivation. This conſpiracy obliged him to ſend up into Arragon for liquorice, at a great additional expence. Much of it alſo is found about Villanova, and other places along the coaſt. Four hundred tons of root make fifty of cake, which in England ſells at about three pounds fifteen ſhillings per hundred weight: this year he expects to export about that quantity.

Tortoſa is an ugly town on the declivity of a hill, north of the Ebro, over which there is a bridge of boats. Its commerce in ſilk and corn is but at a low ebb. We purchaſed of ſome nuns the moſt delicate ſilk gloves I ever beheld, made of what they call the flower of ſilk.

We next traverſed the rich vale of Garena, where the

olive-trees grow to a great ſize, their luxuriant branches not being ſo cloſely pollarded as in France. Here the peaſants wear the Valencian dreſs, which differs totally from that of Catalonia; a monſtrous ſlouched hat, cropt hair without a net, a ſhort brown jacket, white waiſt-coat and trowſers, ſtockings gartered below the knee, and packthread ſandals.

At the paſſage of the Cenia, a pretty brook in winter, but dry in ſummer, we entered the kingdom of Valencia. After croſſing a large tract of heath, we came to the ſea-ſhore, which is beautifully planted to the water-edge with olive, mulberry, fig, and *algarrobo* trees. We found a rich red ſoil, and vineyards neatly trimmed in rows, without ſtakes, in the diſtrict of Benicarlo, a ſmall place entirely ſupported by the wine trade. Eight thouſand pipes of a very ſtrong, ſweet, red wine, bought in the country at the rate of five guineas per pipe, are annually ſhipped in this road for Holland, Germany, and Bourdeaux, where they are mixed with the ſecond-rate claret, to give it colour and body. The wine for Bourdeaux is conveyed along the coaſt to Cette, on board Spaniſh barks, which are exempt from all duties on exportation. By reaſon of their apprehenſions of Mooriſh corſairs, and the chance of bad weather, they come to an anchor every night, and commonly make it a voyage of a month at leaſt. At Cette theſe wines are put upon the great canal of Languedoc, and ſmuggled into Bourdeaux

deaux as high-country wines; for foreign ones are not allowed to be entered at that port. A ſociety of mariners float all the caſks from Benicarlo to the ſhips, and, from the time of their taking charge of them, become anſwerable for all loſſes by weather or miſmanagement. A good deal of wine goes likewiſe from Vinaros, a neighbouring town to the north; but the quality of that wine is much inferior to thoſe of Benicarlo and Peniſcola, a town and fort ſituated ſouth of Benicarlo, on a rock in the ſea, where the famous antipope, Peter de Luna, took refuge.

In this plain they ſuffer much for want of water; the vintage is frequently diminiſhed by the exceſſive heats, which dry up all the ſprings. It was once in agitation to bring a canal from the Ebro to water this country, but the project ended in ſmoke, like ſeveral others propoſed for the amelioration of many parts of Spain. Wherever they can procure water from wells, by means of a wheel turned by a mule, they have fine vegetables all the year. They cut lucerne every week in ſpring, and every fortnight in winter, and mix it with the ſweet bean of the locuſt, for the provender of their mules. Proviſions are very ſcarce here, no kind of meat being killed except kid. In ſpring, goats milk is plentiful; but the peaſants in the adjacent mountains live moſt part of the year upon the roaſted acorns of the ever-green oak, a food which we found ſurpriſingly ſavoury and palatable,

latable, but not very nouriſhing. The gentlemen, proprietors of vineyards, reſide up in the mountain villages, in a poor ſtyle, always diſtreſſed for money, notwithſtanding the ſure and ready ſale of their wines. The ſea hereabouts is full of ſharks.

From Benicarlo we had much ſtony road, alternately ſkirting the ſhore, or climbing up wild rocky hills. Few vales ſurpaſs in beauty that of Margal, a noble plain, full of trees, villages, and towns. The ſea forms a pictureſque bay before it, and the mountains run behind in a vaſt ſemicircle. The locuſt and olive trees are old and branchy, the ſoil deep, and the grounds fertile, as being well drenched with water. We dined at Caſtillon de la Llana, the largeſt and beſt built town in our route. The women are very ugly, and render themſelves ſtill more uncomely, by frizzling their hair all round the forehead, and twiſting it on the crown of the head round a naſty braſs bodkin. Villa Real is another large town, near the Mijares, a river of a green colour, in a large plain.

The moment we entered this petty kingdom of Valencia, we began to feel a ſenſible change in the climate: the days are troubleſomely hot, the nights ſoft and mild, like our fine ſummer evenings. Early and late in the day I walk an hour or two, to enjoy the ſweetneſs of the morning and evening breeze, and contemplate at leiſure the enchanting proſpects along the calm Mediterranean. The numberleſs creeks and bays, the bold promontories, with

with each its ſlender tower, of various ſhapes and dimenſions, the green woody vales, with rocks impending over them, are ſcenes that can ſeldom be met with, and never outdone in any country, and ſuch as no deſcription of mine can do juſtice to. But, as all human pleaſure is allayed with ſome mixture of pain and diſtreſs, theſe charming coaſts are not without their calamities; till lately, they were cruelly infeſted by the Barbary rovers, who frequently cut barks out of their roads, and carried off whole families from the ſmall villages. At preſent Barcelò keeps ſo ſharp a look-out, that their appearance is leſs frequent in theſe ſeas. The ſcarcity of water is another misfortune, and ſeverely felt almoſt every ſummer. Of the innumerable beds of rivers and torrents that we have croſſed between Barcelona and Nules, ſix only have any water in them, viz. the Llobregat, Gaya, Francolis, Ebro, Cenia, and Mijares: two of theſe are dry during the hot weather. Hereabouts the little canals from the hills ſupply the lands with a greater plenty of water.

All theſe nights paſt we have heard the people ſinging doleful ditties under our windows, to the ſound of a guitar, which they ſtrike with their nails, without any notion of air, but merely as a kind of an accompaniment, ſometimes high, ſometimes low, but very coarſe and monotonous. I can compare their muſic to nothing ſo well as to the beating of a frying-pan, to call down a ſwarm of bees.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

Valencia, November 30, 1775.

THIS morning, like many of the foregoing ones, was delicious; the ſun roſe glorioufly out of the ſea, and the air all around was perfumed with the efflu-via of the aloe, as its rays ſucked up the dew from the leaves.

From an eminence we had a noble view of the valley of Almenara, a kind of land bay, ſurrounded by lofty mountains, and adorned with ſix pretty towns, riſing out of the boſom of a foreſt of dark and light greens, varied in a multitude of tints. The long range of turrets upon the hill of Murviedro (once the too faithful Saguntum) juts out towards the ſea, from the chain of mountains that runs parallel with the coaſt, and divides the vale of Almenara from that of Valencia.

We halted at Murviedro, to view the ruins of ſo celebrated a city, and to take drawings of its moſt remarkable remains. The preſent town is very conſiderable, and ſeems to ſtand upon the ſame ground as the ancient Roman city, but in all probability the Saguntum which was deſtroyed by Hannibal was built upon the ſummit of the hill. That the Romans alſo had a fortreſs on the top,

TEATRO DE
MORVIEDRO
Plate VII
THEATRE
OF
SAGUNTUM

top, is clear, from the large ſtones and regular maſonry, upon which the Saracens afterwards erected their caſtle.

Half way up the rock are the ruins of the theatre, in ſufficient preſervation to give a tolerable idea of its ſize and diſtribution. It is an exact ſemicircle, about eighty-two yards diameter from outſide to outſide; the length of the orcheſtra, or inner diameter, twenty-four: the ſeats for the audience, the ſtaircaſes, and paſſages of communication, the vomitoria, and arched porticoes, are ſtill eaſy to trace. The back part reſts againſt the hill, and ſome of the galleries are cut out of the rock. Two walls going off at an angle ſerve to turn off the rain-water that waſhes down from the cliff behind. As the ſpectators faced the north and eaſt, and were ſheltered from the weſt and ſouth, nothing could be more agreeable in this climate than ſuch a place of entertainment; open to every pleaſant and ſalubrious breeze, and defended from all winds that might bring with them heat or noxious vapours. It is computed that nine thouſand perſons might aſſiſt without inconvenience at the exhibitions in this theatre. I paſſed ſome time in taking an oblique drawing of the preſent appearance of the ruins; but, in ſpite of all my attention, I found it a very difficult taſk, the heaps of rubbiſh, broken porticoes, and vaults, and remnants of walls, creating ſuch a perplexity, that my eye could ſcarcely diſtinguiſh the proper form and ſituation of each object. The ſilence that reigns in this

auguſt ruin, which anciently reſounded with the applauſes of proconſuls, and Roman citizens, is now broken only by the *ſeguidillas* of a few rope-makers, who have patched up a ſtraw ſhed againſt the ſtage, and ſpin out their work acroſs the *proſcenium*, regardleſs of the ſurrounding ſcenery [6].

From the theatre we climbed up to the ſummit of the mountain, which is about half a mile in length, and not a tenth part as wide; quite a narrow ridge, covered with ruins and Mooriſh bulwarks. A few unintereſting inſcriptions, two mutilated ſtatues, the veſtiges of the floor of a temple, and ſome Roman arches thrown over a large ciſtern, are all the antiquities we found. One of the in-

[6] In the Latin Letters of Em. Marti, dean of Alicant, written about the year 1720, is a long and learned diſſertation on this theatre. He gives the following meaſures:—Perimeter of the ſemi-circle, 564 palmos; diameter, 330; diameter of the orcheſtra, 94; height from the orcheſtra to the top of the higheſt wall remaining, $144\frac{1}{2}$; breadth of the upper portico, $15\frac{1}{2}$; height, $12\frac{3}{4}$; diſtance of the pulpitum from the orcheſtra, 12; height of the pulpitum, $6\frac{1}{4}$; diſtance from the orcheſtra to the ſcena, 28; breadth of the proſcenium, 12; breadth of the pulpitum, $16\frac{1}{2}$. The palmo he uſes contains about nine Engliſh inches. He adds, that great part of this theatre is ſtill entire; and that we ſhould ſee it in a much more perfect ſtate, if the barbarous hands of the Morviedreſe had ſpared it as much as time has done; for they have purpoſely deſtroyed this ancient monument, by wrenching off all the caſing-ſtones for the purpoſes of building convents. There is no doubt but they intended to demoliſh the whole, if the obſtinate hardneſs of the cement had not wearied them out. Marti extorted from the magiſtrates a public decree, inflictive of ſevere penalties on all ſuch as ſhould injure it in any manner whatſoever.

ſcriptions

ſcriptions is placed topſy-turvy over a gate. The fortifications divide the hill into ſeveral courts, with double and triple walls, erected upon huge maſſes of rock, laid in regular courſes, by the Romans. The characteriſtics of the Mooriſh military architecture:—A wall built by means of ſquare forms of wood, into which a mortar, compoſed of pebbles mixed with a ſtrong cement, is run, and left a certain time to harden; then the boards are taken away, but the marks remain, and give the wall an appearance of regular maſonry. Battlements perpendicularly placed on the wall, not projecting over, nor with borders round, as in the Norman and Gothic caſtles, where the hollows behind the battlements ſerved to throw ſtones and combuſtibles through, as the enemy approached to ſcale them. A gateway turned in an arch, neither pointed like what we call Gothic, nor ſemicircular like the Grecian; but one, the parts of which reſting upon the impoſts, come much farther in towards each other, and form the figure of a horſeſhoe. Sometimes, but very ſeldom, the Moors employed ſtones of a large ſize, and more regular cut; and ſome few of their arches may be found that are ſharp like the Gothic; but I ſuſpect them to be of the latter times of the Mooriſh empire in Spain.

What was wanting in intereſting antiquities in the caſtle, was amply made up to us in proſpect, which was ſo ſurpriſingly fine, that I dare hardly attempt to ſpecify its beauties, leſt you ſhould think me too eaſily enrap-

tured, or too unequal to the taſk of imparting to others the ſenſations it raiſed in me. This laſt accuſation I plead guilty to, for no pen can convey an adequate idea of this view, and few painters ever poſſeſſed that richneſs of touch, and clearneſs of manner, ſuch a ſubject would require. The vale of Almenara, on the north, is ſo delightful, that from any other ſtation it would have engroſſed all our attention; but we ſoon neglected its beauties, and, gliding rapidly over the immenſe volume of ſea ſtretched out before us to the eaſtward, where the ſunbeams played in full force, we fixed our eyes on the almoſt boundleſs plain of Valencia, that lay to the ſouth. It is four leagues in breadth from the ſea to the hills, in the wideſt part, and in length five times that extent, loſing itſelf in a ridge of diſtant mountains. The yellow green of the mulberry plantations, and the paler hue of the olive-trees, regularly planted in fields of bright green corn; that regularity now and then broken by large plots of dark-coloured algarrobos; villages and convents, thick ſcattered over this great expanſe, with numberleſs gay ſlender ſteeples; the city of Valencia, about twelve miles off, with all its ſpires: theſe objects, united, form the moſt inimitable landſcape it is poſſible to conceive. The day was ſo clear, the air ſo pure, as to add infinitely to the charms of the proſpect. Hannibal is a great favourite of mine, but I cannot forgive him for having dealt ſo hardly by ſo ſweet a place: had he

come

come upon this hill in ſuch a day as this, the ſoftneſs of the air, and beauty of the view, would have melted the obduracy of his heart, and opened it to pity and forgiveneſs.

From hence to Valencia is one perfect garden, ſo thick of trees, that there is no ſeeing at any diſtance on either ſide. Villages and monaſteries every hundred yards, and ſuch crouds of people on the road, as I ſcarce ever ſaw but in the neighbourhood of London. All the grounds are divided into ſmall compartments by water-channels, the work of the Moors, who underſtood the art of watering land in the utmoſt perfection. The ruinous ſtate theſe drains are now in, proves the indolence and inferiority of the preſent proprietors; what little ſkill they ſtill ſhew in agriculture is nothing but the traditional remains of the inſtructions left by their maſters in huſbandry, the Arabians. Our pleaſurable ideas were a little ruffled by the ſight of ſome hundreds of women in the villages, ſitting in the ſun louſing each other, or their huſbands and children. When a young woman condeſcends to ſeek for lice in a man's head, it is ſuppoſed that the laſt favours have been granted by the fair one, or at leaſt that he may have them for aſking.

Valencia is ſituated in ſo dead and woody a flat, that we were in the ſuburbs before we thought ourſelves near it, and, having made half the round of the walls, came

came to an inn on the Alicant road, as it was late, and we did not chooſe to be detained at the gates by the cuſtomhouſe officers.

LETTER XIII.

Valencia, December 3, 1775.

OUR firſt morning here paſſed very ſtrangely, in a viſit to the old intendant of the province, to whom we brought a letter of recommendation from his *confrere* of Catalonia. The old uſurer, whoſe figure reſembles that of the bandy-legged apothecary in Hogarth's *Marriage à la mode*, received us very ungraciouſly, took our letter and flung it on the table, without ſaying a word to us, or even offering us a ſeat. Having waited ſome time, we began to look at each other and laugh. Upon this the intendant looked up, and aſked me if we were not Catalans? No, replied I, we are Engliſh gentlemen upon our travels. This anſwer produced a wonderful effect. Oh, oh, you come from a better country; Can I be of any ſervice to you? Bring theſe gentlemen chairs. Do you chooſe to take any refreſhment?

freſhment? ſaid he, pulling off his hat with great reverence, and making us a moſt profound bow. We aſked him for the only thing we ſtood in need of, a protection againſt the people of the cuſtomhouſes, who, though they do not meddle with your baggage, peſter you at every gate for ſomething to drink, or buy tobacco with. The intendant's character is very little reſpected, nor indeed does it deſerve the love or eſteem of the Valencians, if the traits they relate be true. Many are the ſtories they tell of his avarice and hardneſs of heart; but one will ſuffice to ſet him in his proper light. Not long ago he was confined to his bed by a ſevere fit of illneſs, and poſitive orders were given, that he ſhould not be diſturbed by applications, petitions, or any thing appertaining to his employment. It ſo happened, that a tradeſman who had been taken up for ſmuggling, and kept in priſon for ſome weeks, was diſcovered to be perfectly innocent of the crime laid to his charge. One of the magiſtrates thought, that for ſo juſt a cauſe as that of reſtoring an honeſt man to his liberty, and to his diſtreſſed and indigent family, whoſe very exiſtence depended upon his induſtry, he might venture to break through the injunction of the intendant, and accordingly procured admittance, and preſented the proper paper requiſite to be ſigned, before the jailor could deliver up his priſoner. As ſoon as the old rogue underſtood the purport of the viſit, he flew into a moſt violent rage, and obſtinately refuſed

refuſed to ſign. Another officer, ſeeing the door open, took that opportunity of handing up an order for the commitment of a fellow that had been detected in illicit practices. The intendant no ſooner read it, than he called for a pen, and ſet his hand to it with great pleaſure, at the ſame time perſiſting in his refuſal to comply with the firſt requeſt.

We ſhall leave Valencia to-morrow, being heartily tired of our quarters. The climate is mild and pleaſant, but there is ſomething faintiſh and enervating in the air. Every thing we eat is inſipid, and void of ſubſtance; the greens, wine, and meat, ſeem the artificial forced productions of continual waterings and hot-beds. It puts me in mind of the *Iſle frivole* of the Abbé Coyer, where things were ſo feeble and unſubſtantial, that they were little better than the ſhadows of what they are in other countries. Here a man may labour for an hour at a piece of mutton, and, when he has tired his jaws, find he has been only chewing the *idea* of a dinner. The meat, as ſoon as cut into, yields abundance of gravy, and may be ſaid to bleed a ſecond time to death, for nothing remains but a mere withered *caput mortuum*, as our ſervants know by woful experience. Vegetables, with the fineſt outward ſhew imaginable, taſte of nothing but water. This waſhy quality ſeems alſo to infect the bodies and minds of the Valencians: they are largely built, and perſonable men, but flabby and inanimate. We have ſeen no women

men out at work in the fields; but this may proceed from their conſtant employment within doors, as much as from any remnants of the Mooriſh jealouſy, though the Valencians ſtill retain much of the features and manners of their old Saracen maſters. To this day the farmers won't allow their wives to ſit at table, but make them ſtand at their elbow and wait upon them. The Caſtillians and Catalans hold the Valencians in ſovereign contempt, and ſtigmatize them with many opprobrious appellations, dictated, as we muſt in charity ſuppoſe, by the rancour of national antipathy. The inhabitants of this province are ſaid to have more of the filth, and ſullen unpoliſhed manners of the old Spaniards, and to have adopted leſs of foreign improvements in civilization, than moſt other parts of Spain. They ſtrut about all day in *redicillas*, or nets, monſtrous hats, and dark-brown cloaks, which give the crowd in the ſtreets the appearance of a funeral proceſſion. Scarce any ſociety is kept up amongſt them, tho' the ſalubrity of the climate, and reaſons of œconomy, induce ſeveral very conſiderable families to make this city the place of their abode. In ſome ſtrange way or other they ſpend very large incomes, without doing themſelves the leaſt credit. Their chief expence lies in ſervants, mules, and equipages; low, obſcure amours often conſume the beſt part of their fortunes; and they live in ſo pitiful a manner, that moſt

part of them ſend out to the wine-vault for a pint of wine to their meals.

This city is large, and almoſt circular; its lofty walls have towers remaining in one quarter, the reſt have been demoliſhed: a fine broad road goes quite round: the two ſuburbs are conſiderable. Several large, clumſy bridges croſs the bed where the river ſhould run; but either from drought, or from the many bleedings it undergoes above, for the purpoſe of watering the fields, there is ſcarce water enough in the *Guadaviar* to waſh a handkerchief; but in rainy ſeaſons the floods are very tremendous. The captain-general reſides in the ſuburbs, in an uncouth Gothic palace, at the entrance of the *Alameda*, a long double avenue of poplars, cypreſſes, and palms, where, on great feſtivals, the nobility take the air in their coaches. About a mile below is the *Grao*, or port of Valencia, which, properly ſpeaking, is only an open road, the mole having been long ago ſwept away by ſome violent ſtorm. The duſty highway from the city hither is the faſhionable drive; and, for the accommodation of ſuch as have no carriages of their own, ſeveral ſingle-horſe chairs wait at all hours at the gates. This vehicle is very uneaſy, and open to all weathers; but the horſes are excellent, and run along like lightning. The driver ſits ſideways at your feet, and all the way keeps chattering to the horſe, and

and patting him on the buttock. Having occaſion one day for a coach to carry us about, the ſtable-boy of our inn offered his ſervices, and in a quarter of an hour brought to the door a coach and four fine mules, with two poſtillions and a lacquey, all in flaming liveries; we found out they belonged to a counteſs, who, like the reſt of the nobility, allows her coachman to let out her equipage when ſhe has no occaſion for it: it coſt us about nine ſhillings, which no doubt was the perquiſite of the ſervants.

The ſtreets of Valencia are crooked and narrow; not being paved, they are full of duſt in dry weather, and in wet knee-deep in mud. The reaſon alledged for this ſcandalous neglect, is, that by theſe means a greater quantity of manure is produced, which, in a plain ſo full of gardens, is of ineſtimable value. Various and overpowering are the ſtinks that riſe up in every corner; in which reſpect, as well as in many others, this country reſembles Lombardy.

The houſes are filthy, ill built, and ruinous; moſt of the churches tawdry, and loaded with barbarous ornaments both without and within; the moſt agreeable architecture I met with, is in the church of the *Eſcuelas pias*, and of *nueſtra Señora de los Deſamparados*, both rotundas. In the multitude of ſacred edifices, ſome may be found that excel in particular parts; as, one may pleaſe the eye by the juſt proportions of its dimenſions, another

ſtrike by the richneſs of its marbles and paintings; but in all, the judicious obſerver will be diſguſted with loads of garlands, pyramids, broken pediments, and monſtrous cornices; a taſte too gothic and trifling for any thing but the front of a mountebank's booth, or a puppet-ſhew in a fair. Some churches have domes, but the greater part tall ſlender turrets, painted and bedecked with all ſorts of pilaſters and whimſical devices: every thing is gilt and bedaubed with incredible profuſion; the Spaniards underſtand the gilder's buſineſs perfectly, and the purity of their gold, with the dryneſs of the climate, preſerves their work for years in its primitive luſtre. The convent of the Franciſcan friars has ſomething very grand and pleaſing in its double court, which is divided by a light wing, upon an open portico, with fountains playing in each diviſion.

The cathedral is a large gothic pile; its archbiſhopric one of the beſt in Spain, ſaid to bring in about forty thouſand pounds ſterling a year, paid in caſh into the hands of two receivers. The revenues of Toledo are much greater, but alſo more troubleſome to collect, and more precarious, as being paid in kind, and requiring a great number of bailiffs and ſervants. The preſent archbiſhop of Valencia, as well as the laſt one, is the ſon of a peaſant; the ruling paſſion of both has been convent building: the late prelate built and endowed a magnificent habitation for the Franciſcans, the champions of the

the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary; the preſent archbiſhop, whoſe ſcholaſtic tenets are diametrically oppoſed to thoſe of his predeceſſor, has done as much for the fathers of the *Eſcuelas pias*.

Prieſts, nuns, and friars, of every dreſs and denomination, ſwarm in this city, where ſome convents have more than an hundred monks, all richly provided for.

Among the profane buildings, many of which are prettily ſet off with painted architecture, after the Italian manner, the palaces of *Doſaguas* and *Jura real* deſerve the moſt notice; the former for its ſtatues and freſco paintings, the latter for the elegant ſimplicity of its front.

The *Lonja*, or exchange, is a very noble gothic hall, built about the latter end of the fifteenth century, with all the beauty and richneſs that ſtyle is ſuſceptible of.

The cuſtom-houſe, where the intendant and other officers of the revenue are lodged, is a new large edifice in a great ſquare, a very clumſy maſs of brick and ſtone.

This kingdom and city were conquered by the Moors under Abdallah Ciz, and loſt by them in 1094, when the famous Cid Ruy dias de Vivar, taking advantage of the confuſion and civil war that raged in Valencia, after the murder of Sultan Hiaya, made himſelf maſter of the city by ſtorm, at the head of a choſen band of valiant knights. This was the laſt exploit of that hero,

ſo

ſo long the terror of the muſſulmen. A few years after his death, the king of Caſtille, finding it too far diſtant from his other dominions to be conveniently ſuccoured in caſe of a ſudden attack, thought proper to withdraw his troops, and ſuffer the Moors to repoſſeſs themſelves of it. It was again taken from them by James the Firſt, king of Arragon, in the year 1238, and for ever united to that crown, the fate of which it has ever ſince followed through all its various revolutions. In the beginning of the reign of Charles the Fifth, this province was diſtracted by civil commotions and ſtruggles between the nobility and commons.

Since the laſt conqueſt, Valencia has been much enlarged; for the gate through which the Cid made his triumphal entry, is now very near the center of the town.

The number of inhabitants is computed at one hundred thouſand; but, to ſpeak more exactly, according to the laſt authentic enumeration, made in 1768, which allows four perſons to each *vecino*, at twenty thouſand vecinos, or fathers of families; which makes the number to be eighty thouſand inhabitants. The population of the whole kingdom of Valencia amounts to one hundred and ſeventy-nine thouſand two hundred and twenty-one vecinos, or ſeven hundred and ſixteen thouſand eight hundred and eighty-four ſouls, reſident in five hundred and ſeventy towns and villages. The manufactures of

ſilk

ſilk are the cauſe of a population that may be reckoned conſiderable, if compared to that of other provinces of Spain. The produce of this article came this year to one million pounds, but one year with another the average quantity is about nine hundred thouſand pounds, worth a doubloon a pound in the country. The crop of ſilk this laſt ſeaſon was very abundant. Government has prohibited the exportation of Valencian raw ſilk, in order to lay in a ſtock to keep the artificers conſtantly employed in bad years; for it has happened in ſome, that half the workmen have been laid idle for want of materials. As they are not ſo ſtrict about Murcian ſilk, which is of an inferior quality, I am told that ſome from Valencia is ſent out of Spain under that denomination. The great nurſeries of mulberry-plants, in this plain, are produced from ſeed, obtained by rubbing a rope of *eſparto* over heaps of ripe mulberries, and then burying the rope two inches under ground. As the young plants come up, they are drawn and tranſplanted. The trees, which are all of the white kind, are afterwards ſet out in rows in the fields, and pruned every ſecond year. In Murcia, only every third year, and in Granada never. The Granadine ſilk is eſteemed the beſt of all; and the trees are all of the black ſort of mulberry.

The fruit exported from Valencia to the north of Europe may be eſtimated, *communibus annis*, at two millions.

lions of peſos, about three hundred and thirty-four thouſand pounds.

The annual crop of hemp may be worth three hundred thouſand peſos, at three peſos per *arroba*.

One hundred and forty thouſand loads of rice, at ten peſos a load, make one million four hundred thouſand peſos.

The vintage of 1767 produced four million three hundred and nine thouſand meaſures of wine, which, at three reals a meaſure, come to about eight hundred and ſixty-one thouſand one hundred and thirty-three peſos.

There is alſo much cotton made in this province, from the cotton-plant, which riſes to the height of three feet at moſt, and very much reſembles the raſpberry-buſh. They make in good years four hundred and fifty thouſand arrobas, worth one million three hundred and fifty thouſand peſos, and in middling years two hundred and eighty-five thouſand ſix hundred arrobas.

Notwithſtanding all this abundance, nothing can be more wretched than the Valencian peaſantry, who can with difficulty procure food to keep their families from ſtarving.

We were laſt night at the play, which gave us no very reſpectable opinion of the taſte and politeneſs of a Valencian audience. The houſe was low, dark, and dirty; the actors execrable; and the pit full of men in cloaks and

and night-caps, driving ſuch puffs of tobacco out of their *cigarros*, as filled the whole room with ſmoke, and at laſt forced us to make a precipitate retreat. We there met with our old acquaintance the duke of C. P. who a few months ago came poſt from France, to embark for the expedition againſt Algiers. When he arrived at Valencia, he found the fleet was ſailed, and an order for him to remain in exile here. The derangement of his finances, and ſome amorous connections, have procured him this order from court. His fate is truly ludicrous, but he did not drop the leaſt hint to us of this unkind return for his patriotic ſpirit, and eagerneſs to ſerve the king.

LETTER XIV.

Alicant, December 8, 1775.

WE ſet out early on Monday morning, without regretting in the leaſt the rich gardens or brilliant ſky of Valencia, which would be an admirable laſt retreat for our conſumptive countrymen, were the approach by ſea or land leſs difficult.

We travelled that day in a plain, as fertile as nature and frequent waterings can render it. At ſome miles

diſtance from the city the ſoil is a red, ſandy loam; near the Albufera, a lake about four leagues long, it is very ſhallow, and communicates with the ſea only as often as they open the ſluices, to let in a ſupply of water in dry ſeaſons, or to give vent to the overcharge of water brought down in winter by the land floods. On the edge of it are ſalt-pans. It ſupplies the city with fiſh and water-fowl. Once or twice in a ſeaſon all the ſhooters in the country aſſemble upon it in boats, and make prodigious havock among the flocks of birds, that almoſt cover the ſurface of the pond. Sometimes they meet with flamingos here.

Before we arrived at Alzira, a large town in an iſland of the Xucar, a deep, muddy river, we croſſed a large tract of land aſtoniſhingly fruitful. The peas and beans in the fields were very high, and in full blow. The huſbandmen uſe in their tillage a ſhovel-plough, with which they turn the ſoil from the roots of the olive-trees, that they may benefit by the moiſture of the ſeaſon. We were ſtopped ſeveral times by long droves of mules, carrying corn to Valencia; their conductors, moſt ſavage-looking fellows, all clad in leather; their broad belts were faſtened round their waiſt with ſeven buckles.

In the afternoon, at the entrance of a more mountainous country, we came to the rice-grounds, now in ſtubble. The proceſs of that tillage is as follows:—In winter they plow out a piece of land, and ſow it with beans

that

that come into bloſſom about March, when they plow them in for manure; water is then let in upon the ground about four inches deep. It next undergoes a third ploughing, after which the rice is ſown. In fifteen days it comes up about five inches out of the earth, and is pulled up, tyed in bundles about a foot diameter, and carried to another well-prepared field, covered with water to the depth of four inches. Here each planter ſets the plants of his bundle in the mud, in rows at about a foot diſtance one from another. Every ſtem ought to produce from ten to twenty-four fold, and grow ſo cloſe, that the ears may touch. When ripe, it is gathered in ſheaves, and put into a water-mill, where the lower grinding-ſtone is covered with cork; by which means the chaff is ſeparated from the grain without bruiſing. The rice of Valencia is yellower than that of the Levant, but much wholeſomer, and will keep longer without growing muſty.

We entered the highlands, and came to lie at Xativa, which was a ſtrong fortreſs, till deſtroyed by Philip the Fifth, who ordered it to be rebuilt by the name of San Felipe. That monſter Rodrigo Borgia, pope by the name of Alexander the Sixth, was a native of this town. The farmers hereabouts have a very ſturdy, good-looking breed of horſes.

Our route from San Felipe lay up long winding vales, between ridges of high bleak mountains. On the right

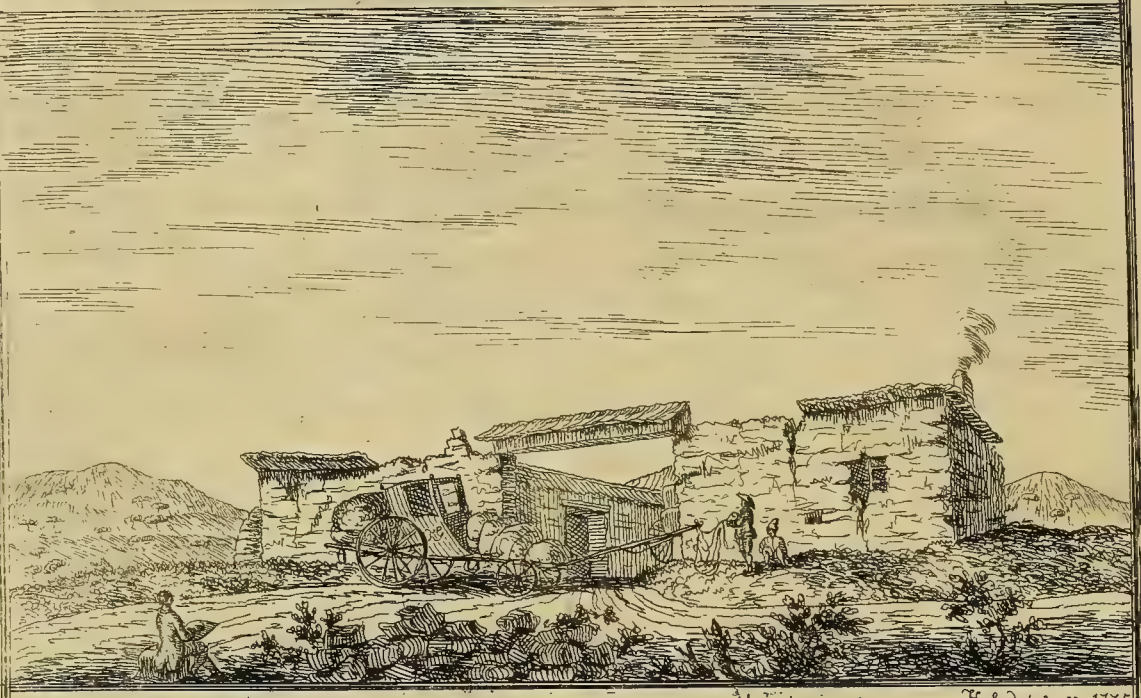
hand ſtands the caſtle of Monteſa, head of the military order of Monteſa, inſtituted in 1317, by James the Second king of Arragon, after he had driven the Moors as far back as the territories of Granada. All the poſſeſſions of the knight-templars in the province were beſtowed upon the new order, into which none but natives of Valencia were to be admitted. They wear a plain red croſs. The commanderies belonging to the foundation are thirteen in number; and their yearly income, according to the king's books, where they are very low rated, amounts to four hundred and four thouſand one hundred and twelve reales de vellon. In 1748, an earthquake overthrew the caſtle, and all the adjacent buildings; burying under the ruins the greateſt part of the chaplains, ſervitors, &c. belonging to the congregation. The remainder were removed to Valencia, where a new church is building for their uſe.

We did nothing the whole day but aſcend through olive plantations, pine foreſts, and bare chalky hills, up the courſe of a little brook, till we came to its ſource, which breaks out in the middle of a town on the confines of Caſtille. Hitherto, the olives I have ſeen are all of the ſmaller ſort.

Next morning the froſt was very ſmart on the high, bare hills, where there is much corn-land, but no trees; the farm-houſes are ſcattered about pretty much as they are in the unincloſed parts of England.

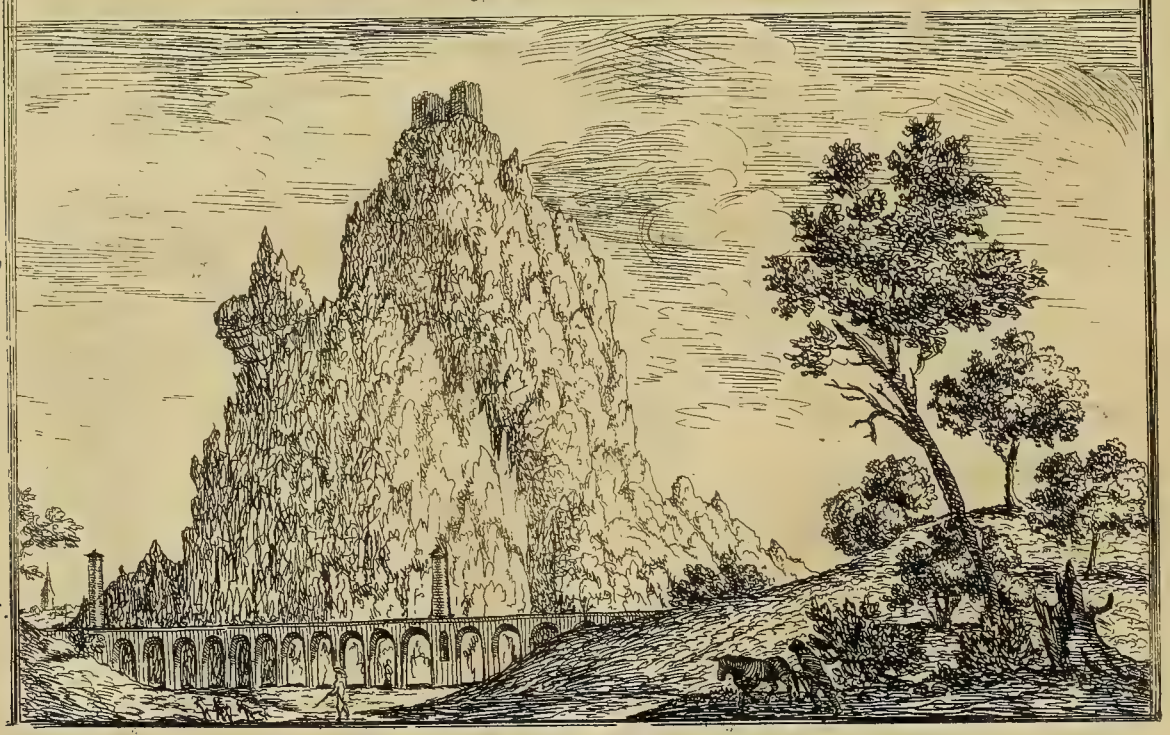
Juſt

Venta del Platero. in Catalonia.



H.S. del. & sc. 1775.

Castle of Saxe in Valencia.



Juſt as we were going into Villena, a little, round, ſquat figure, in a brown montero cap, jacket, and breeches, with a yellow waiſtcoat, caught my eye. It is not poſſible to paint a better Sancho Pança; and we were actually in a corner of the country of that 'ſquire, which makes me conclude Cervantes drew the picture from real life, in ſome of his journies through La Mancha. All the inhabitants of the town wear the ſame dreſs, which is neat enough. The caſtle of Villena is large, well ſituated, and has been ſtrong. I never ſaw a country ſo full of ruined towers, as theſe ſkirts of Valencia and Caſtille; not a village without its rocca perched upon ſome almoſt inacceſſible cliff; none more ſingular than that of *Sax*. The hills here are broken, the landſcape bleak; but about Elda the plain is improved to the beſt advantage. We paſſed by a ſtring of ponds and caves, where the inhabitants of that town keep their proviſion of ice, for the ſummer's conſumption. As there was a thin coat of ice on the ſurface of the water, they were very buſy carrying it off with the greateſt expedition, leſt a ſudden thaw ſhould deprive them of it.

Before we came into the plain of Montfort, we had a vile piece of road, through a broken range of marly hills. We now found the ſtyle of ſalutation quite altered. Hitherto the peaſants were wont to accoſt us as they paſſed, with a *Dios guarde uſted:* "God keep your worſhip;" but here they begin, twenty yards before they come up to you, and

and bawl out as loud as they can, *Ave Maria puriſſima*; to which you are expected to anſwer, either *Sin pecado concebida*, or *Deo gratias*.

Late in the evening, we paſſed a large encampment of carriers of ſalt-fiſh. Their carts formed an outer circle, and their oxen a ſmaller one, round a roaring fire, where ſome of the men were cooking, others working at their tackle, but the greater part ſtretched out faſt aſleep. The moon ſhone very bright, and all was ſoft and ſtill; I quite envied the pleaſant ſenſations of thoſe fellows.

Our road this morning was bad, the country abominable, a white clay in powder, and not a ſtick of wood. In rainy years the crops of corn are extremely plentiful. Though it was a bitter cold day, the clouds of duſt almoſt ſtifled us.

We got in here very early, and took up our lodgings at an inn, which hangs over the ſea; the waves beat gently againſt the walls under our windows, and the whole road and harbour lie beautifully ſtretched out before us. Unfortunately, the warmth and ſtillneſs of the ſituation tempt the boat-men to make uſe of this part of the beach as a neceſſary, and we cannot venture to lean out, and feaſt our eyes with the fine proſpect of the ſea, without ſuffering exceedingly in another ſenſe. The landlord endeavours to comfort us, by aſſuring us that to-morrow's ſun will dry all up.

I begin to have my apprehenſions, that my letters, inſtead

ſtead of acquiring life and ſpirit from our progreſs in this kingdom, have, on the contrary, betrayed of late a great propenſity towards ſtupidity. Heaven forbid, the enfeebling air of Valencia ſhould have ſettled upon my pen! I muſt ſhake it off, and ſtrive to afford you better entertainment.

LETTER XV.

Alicant, December 11, 1775.

WE have been received with the uſual politeneſs by the Britiſh ſubjects reſiding here, whoſe hoſpitality knows no bounds, when any of their wandering countrymen appear to lay claim to it. The factory, which conſiſts of five houſes, lives in a ſtyle of elegance we did not expect to meet with any where out of a capital; every circumſtance attending our reception here, is beyond meaſure agreeable. After ſo warm an acknowledgment of our obligations to the inhabitants, you will naturally ſuppoſe I ſhall launch out in praiſe of the town, and varniſh over every defect; but there you will find yourſelf miſtaken. I confeſs it has neither buildings nor ſtreets to recommend it to notice; though the houſes in general

general are ſolidly built, with flat roofs, covered with cement; their walls are plaiſtered, and every thing as white as the ſoil of the adjacent country; which fatigues the eye moſt cruelly in ſun-ſhiny weather, that is, almoſt every day in the year. Then the duſt flies about in whirlwinds; if it rains, there is no poſſibility of making one's way through the ſtreets without boots, the *Calle-mayor* being the only paved ſtreet in the whole town. In the hot months, this place is a very furnace, its form being the beſt calculated in the world for intercepting the rays of the ſun, and collecting them as in one focus; the mountain behind ſhuts out the winds, that, blowing from the cool quarters, might refreſh the atmoſphere; but I believe the ſea-breeze muſt occaſionally contribute to the cooling of the air. In ſuch mild winter weather as we have felt here, it is impoſſible not to be delighted with the climate, and the beauties of ſituation that the port of Alicant affords. It ſtands on the middle of a narrow neck of land, that runs out into the ſea a conſiderable way, and almoſt comes round in a ſemi-circular form; in the center of which ſhips ride with as much ſafety as in a harbour; a rocky mountain riſes directly behind the town; on its ſummit is the caſtle, now fortified after the modern method, and extended far beyond the limits of the old fortreſs, great part of which was blown up, with a fragment of the rock, in the war with the allies, in the reign of our queen Anne. The Engliſh

garriſon

garriſon refuſed to capitulate, though the French gave them notice of the mine being ready to be ſprung. A well that communicated with the mine, gave it ſome vent, and prevented the reſt of the mountain from being ſhivered to pieces by the exploſion; however, moſt of the officers were blown up, and the remainder of the troops ſo ſtunned by the ſhock, as to be many hours deprived of all power of motion.

Behind the caſtle-hill, is a plain ſome leagues in circumference, called *Las huertas*; the gardens of Alicant lying along the ſea-ſhore, ſurrounded on three ſides by very lofty mountains. It is a very beautiful vale, thickly ſtudded with villages, villas, farms, and plantations of all kinds of fruit-trees; but in the hot part of the year the air is very unwholeſome, and few or none eſcape agues or fevers. Here the fine Alicant and Tent wines are made. Only two, of the great number of proprietors of vineyards, make a practice of keeping their wine to a proper age. As the value is enhanced many-fold by keeping, the high price they get for their wines amply repays them for the time they are out of their money. Of the common ſorts, about five thouſand tun may be the amount, moſt of which is deſtined for the Bourdeaux merchants.

Water is the great agent, the primum mobile of all productions in this country; every thing languiſhes, and ſoon is parched up, without an ample ſupply of it; abun-

dance of rain ſecures both a plentiful harveſt and a copious vintage. Wherever a ſpring breaks out, the king's people ſeize upon it, and allot to each landholder a proper hour for letting the water upon his grounds. It is of ſo much conſequence, that the value of a guinea has been paid for an hour extraordinary.

The Engliſh factory imports all ſorts of bale goods, corn, and Newfoundland cod. The articles of exportation are wine and barilla. This laſt grows in great quantities along the coaſt, eſpecially near Carthagena: as I ſhall, in all probability, get better intelligence there about it, in its vegetable ſtate, I ſhall defer entering into any detail at preſent on that head. The merchants here, as they employ agents to tranſact the buſineſs for them, are very little informed of the qualities or peculiarities of the ſeveral ſorts of barilla they ſhip off. It is brought hither in boats, duty free; afterwards it is packed with ruſh-mats, in lumps of about ſix hundred weight, which ought to be worth about three or four dollars per hund.; but, as this year has been favourable to the crops, it does not fetch above two and a half.

We have been all the morning in great uneaſineſs about Sir T. G.'s valet de chambre, who, till within this hour, was not to be found in any of the places he uſually frequents. His appearance has quieted our apprehenſions; and it ſeems he has been, from ſun-riſe till dinner-time, locked up in the ſacriſty of the great church, curling and friz-

zling

zling the flaxen perriwig of the ſtatue of the Virgin, who is to-morrow to be carried in ſolemn proceſſion through the city.

There is a ſorry kind of an Italian opera here; bad as it is, there is a ſomething in Italian muſic, however ill executed, incomparably ſoft and grateful to ears like ours, ſo long fatigued with French ſqualling, and the drone of Spaniſh *ſeguidillas*. We were upon the point of being deprived of this amuſement, by the wiſdom of the clergy, who attributed the want of rain to the influence of that ungodly entertainment; luckily for the poor ſtrollers, and for us, there fell a ſmart ſhower juſt as the orders were ready to be iſſued out againſt any further performance, and as it continued to rain all next day, the church thought no more of the opera.

From Alicant is ſeen, at nine miles diſtance ſouth, the iſland of S. Polo, where the Conde de Aranda ſettled a colony of Genoeſe and others, who formerly inhabited an iſland on the African coaſt. The regency of Tunis deſtroyed their ſettlement, and carried them all into ſlavery; from which they were redeemed by Spain, and, with the allowance of a piſtreen a day, ſent to form a new town on this barren iſland. As it yields no productions of any kind, they are obliged to be ſupplied from the main land with every neceſſary of life; ſo that ſhould the adminiſtrators neglect to lay in a ſufficient ſtock for their ſuſtenance, in caſe of tempeſtuous weather they muſt inevi-

tably periſh with hunger and thirſt. Even as matters now ſtand, from their ſcanty allowance and perpetual confinement, I believe they think themſelves no great gainers by being reſcued from their ſlavery.

LETTER XVI.

Carthagena, December 15, 1775.

TO continue the journal of our peregrinations:—We left Alicant on the 12th, and brought away with us ſome bottles of choice Tent for you. We hope, on our return, to preſent you with a compleat collection of the beſt wines in Spain; travelling with ſuch a waggon-load of things, a few bottles more or leſs are not felt; we are obliged to carry, not only our beds, but bread, wine, meat, oil, and ſalt, from one great town to another; for we ſeldom meet with any thing in the inns but the bare walls, and perhaps a few eggs, which they ſell at an unconſcionable price. If we chance to find a few unbroken chairs, we eſteem ourſelves uncommonly fortunate; yet it is aſtoniſhing how dear travelling is in this country. They aſk as much for giving you houſe-room, and for the *ruydo de caſa*, or the noiſe you make, as would purchaſe a good

a good ſupper and lodgings in the beſt inns, in moſt other parts of Europe. As our health is excellent, and conſequently our ſpirits good, we are eaſily reconciled to theſe kinds of hardſhips. Indeed we no longer look upon them in that light; the mildneſs of the climate obviates all inconveniences that might accrue from a total want of glaſs, or even paper, in the windows; or of a door or ſhutter that can be faſtened cloſe enough to keep wind or rain out.

As ſoon as we arrive at one of theſe barns, called Ventas, our firſt care is to ſet up our beds. The kitchen is generally at one end; the mules ſtand in the back part, and our apartment is a partition run up againſt the wall to the ſtreet, with a hole or two for light, defended by three or four very uſeleſs iron bars, for a pigmy could not ſqueeze through the window.

Next, our cook takes his ſtand at the hearth, to warm our broth, which we carry, ready made, in a kettle behind our chaiſe; and if he can procure fuel and elbow-room, toſſes up a haſh, or ſome ſuch campaign diſh. Sometimes we are lucky enough to have an opportunity of ſetting our ſpit, or broiling a chop upon our gridiron; but theſe are luxuries we are not to expect above once or twice in the courſe of a week.

While our repaſt is preparing, we read, draw, or write, by the light of a long braſs lamp. Our ſupper diſpatched, and a bottle of wine placed between us, we enjoy

joy an hour's merry chat, to give the ſervants time to ſup, and then we retire to bed, where we lie very ſnug till the dawn of day calls us up, to our uſual taſk of four or five leagues before dinner, and about three in the afternoon. The continual tinkling of the bells of the mules was very irkſome to us at firſt, but we are now ſo well accuſtomed to theſe chimes, that I believe we ſhall not be able to go to ſleep without them, when we return to France.

We ſtopped at Elche, a large town belonging to the duke of Arcos, built on the ſkirts of a wood, or rather foreſt, of palm-trees, where the dates hanging on all ſides in cluſters of an orange colour, and the men ſwinging on baſs ropes to gather them, formed a very curious and agreeable ſcene. The palms are old and lofty; their number is ſaid to exceed two hundred thouſand. Many of the trees have their branches bound up to a point, and covered with mats to prevent the ſun and wind from getting to them. In proceſs of time the branches become quite white, and are then cut off, and ſent by ſhip-loads from Alicant to Genoa, and other parts of Italy, for the grand proceſſions of Palm-Sunday; an uncommon ſpecies of traffic.

The country round this town is very chearful, and ſo are the environs of Orihuela. They are indebted for their fertility to the abundance and proper diſtribution of water. In dry years, every field that has not ſome

ſpring

ſpring or aqueduct, to furniſh it with repeated rigations, is ſure to fail in its crop. There is a Spaniſh proverb in favour of the laſt-mentioned city; *Si llove, aytrigo en Orihuela, y ſi no llove aytrigo in Orihuela*: "If it rains, there is plenty of wheat in Orihuela, and if it does not rain, there is ſtill plenty of wheat in Orihuela." Indeed we found its bread excellent, and it has the reputation of producing the beſt corn in Spain. It is a biſhop's ſee, pretty large, and well enough built, at the foot of a ridge of bare rocks, near the head of a very fruitful *vega* or vale. Near it are avenues of Peric-pepper-tree, or *Schinus molle*, loaded with bunches of a handſome roſe-coloured fruit; the people of the country call it *Tira-vientos*, probably from ſome wind-expelling quality. From hence we proceeded along the ſkirts of the rocks, up into the celebrated vale of Murcia, far ſuperior, in the variety and richneſs of its culture, to any plain we had hitherto travelled through. Although we were then in the heart of winter, its general appearance was a bright green, the colour of the young corn, flax, lucerne, pulſe, and orange-groves. As this vale is not too extenſive, but moſt agreeably bounded on both ſides by mountains, the inſipid ſameneſs that cloys the eye in moſt flat countries, however well cultivated, is not perceptible here.

The city of Murcia is neither large nor handſome. The *Segura*, a muddy river, which divides it into two unequal parts, though it contributes nothing to the embelliſhment

belliſhment of the town, claims the merit of creating, by means of its waters, the ſurprizing fertility of the plain. Hundreds of ſmall drains convey them to the incloſures; and, in ſpite of the effects of the ſcorching rays of the ſun, preſerve the vegetable ſyſtem freſh and ſucculent.

The walks about the place are trifling; the ſtreets ſo full of black ſtagnated water, as to be almoſt unpaſſable. The only thing we found worth ſeeing was the cathedral, a large maſſive pile.

Round one part of it is a chain, cut in ſtone, with a great deal of truth and eaſe. The ſteeple, though unfiniſhed, is lofty, and intended, I preſume, to exhibit ſpecimens of every one of the five orders of architecture. You may ride up to the top by a paſſage that goes gradually winding round the tower. From it we had a full view of the town and country; but at this ſeaſon of the year, the landſcape was not decked out in all its beauty, and the bare brown mountains appear too near to pleaſe. The names and banners of the Jews, that have been burnt in this town by the inquiſition, are ſtuck up in the church like ſo many trophies won in the day of victory from ſome mighty foe.

From Murcia we ſtruck directly acroſs the vale, into the chain of mountains on the ſouth ſide of the town, and the rugged bed of a torrent was all the road we found. You cannot conceive a more ſhocking one. The naked

naked clayey cliffs that hemmed us in on each ſide, were very unpleaſant.

As ſoon as we emerged from this ditch, and ſurmounted a very greaſy, marly height, we found before us a plain, almoſt without bounds, and abſolutely without a tree. A ridge of mountains ſeparates it from the ſea-ſhore. Our muleteers pointed out to us the break in it, where the iſland of Eſcombrera cloſes in the harbour of Carthagena. A cluſter of iſlands to the left, appear as if they had been ſtruck off the mountain by ſome furious earthquake, and tumbled headlong into the ſea. Moſt of the plain is ſown with barilla.

We dined at the door of a moſt pitiful *venta*, where we found only one man, ſent out by the magiſtrates of Carthagena to wait upon travellers, as the inn-keeper and all his family had been lately carried to priſon, on account of a woman, who had been murdered and thrown into a pond behind his houſe, in which tranſaction they were ſuſpected of being, at leaſt, acceſſaries.

We arrived early at Carthagena; for the ſtory of the murder had operated powerfully on the minds of our muleteers, who drove very faſt over the plain, to get in before night. We are lodged at the Golden Eagle, kept by a Frenchman, the beſt cook, in the beſt inn we have met with in Spain.

LETTER XVII.

Carthagena, December 17, 1775.

I AM in a very bad diſpoſition for writing, for we are juſt returned from the arſenal, where every feeling of our humanity has been put to the torture. Heaven forbid I ſhould communicate to you any part of the diſagreeable ſenſations the ſight of ſo many of my fellow-creatures in miſery has excited in my ſoul! but I ſhall dwell upon the ſubject no longer than will be neceſſary to inform you of the plain matter of fact. A letter from Barcelona procured us an order from the governor for ſeeing the docks and magazines of this port, one of the moſt conſiderable of the Spaniſh dominions.

This arſenal is a ſpacious ſquare, ſouth-weſt of the town, under the mountains; forty pieces of cannon defend its approach from the ſea; but on the land-ſide it is without defence. We only ſaw one ſeventy-gun ſhip on the ſtocks, and a rotten hulk heaved down to be repaired, which ſcarce ſeemed worth the time and expence beſtowed upon it. Mr. Turner, an Engliſhman, is the head builder. The timber for ſhip-building lies in ponds, behind a long range of magazines for ſtores, oppoſite which the men of war are moored in a wet dock, each before

before the door of its own magazine. We were told that every one of theſe ſtore-houſes contained all things requiſite for the compleat equipment of a ſhip of war; but, from the ſlight ſurvey I took in walking through, I dare venture to affirm, that there is not at preſent, in the whole yard, a ſufficient quantity of every article to fit out a frigate. The new ropery, and the forges where they put freſh touch-holes into old cannon, are eſtabliſhed upon an extenſive plan, but there is little activity in either.

The government of this yard is now in the hands of the officers of the navy, having been lately taken out of thoſe of the civil intendants. Upon the whole, the making of theſe docks, and their actual management, have been, and ſtill are, conducted after the moſt prodigal manner; and either from the vaſt demands of the late expedition, or from neglect in the adminiſtrators, there is now ſo inconſiderable an aſſortment of arms and ſtores, that, were it not for its celebrity, it would ſcarce deſerve a minute's attention from a curious traveller. Yet the Spaniards are very jealous, and appear uneaſy when ſtrangers viſit it; perhaps from a conſcioufneſs of there being nothing in it. There was no perſuading them that we travelled merely for pleaſure, with no ſiniſter views.

The ſhips are heaved down in a dry dock, which, by reaſon of the back water, and the ſprings that ooze through the marſhy ſoil, would never be clear of water,

were it not for ſeveral fire-engines continually going, and for the great pump, which is plied without intermiſſion by Spaniſh criminals and Barbary ſlaves. Of the former, they have eight hundred; of the latter, ſix hundred: moſt of theſe wretches are kept at it ſixteen hours out of the twenty-four, by four hours at a time; ſome work only twelve, and moſt of the Moors only eight hours. It is the hardeſt labour in the world: ten men are ſet to each pump, to the amount of about an hundred, in the room above ground, and as many in a kind of dungeon below. In ſummer-time, ſcarce a day paſſes without ſome of them dropping down dead at their work; and even at this cool ſeaſon of the year, we have met every day ſome of them carrying to the hoſpital. The deſpair that ſeizes them is ſo outrageous, that if they can get within reach of a weapon, there are many inſtances of their having plunged it into their own breaſt, or that of ſome perſon near them, which anſwers the ſame purpoſe, a ſpeedy deliverance from all their woes by death. As we were looking at them, a dirty little keeper ſtruck a fine tall Moor over the head, for leaving his pump to beg of us. The Algerine darted a look of indignation at his tyrant, and reſumed his taſk, without ſaying a word or ſhrinking from the blow.

On our leaving this houſe of ſorrow, we met ſeveral ſtrings of galley-ſlaves, going to relieve thoſe at work, or to fetch their proviſions. The Moors had an M on the ſackcloth

ſackcloth that covers them, and the whole gang were lively pictures of malady and deſpair. The king allows them a piſtreen a day, but I am afraid they are defrauded of their allowance; for we ſaw them making their dinner upon black bread, and horſe-beans boiled in ſalt-water. We are returned quite melancholy from this ſcene of woe. The only reflection that diminiſhes our compaſſion, is, the atrociouſneſs of the crimes that have brought the Chriſtians to the chain; none are here that have not deſerved death in fifty ſhapes. One boy, of fifteen years old, is here for the murder of his father and mother; and either murder, ſacrilege, or ſome ſuch enormous and horrible offences, have been perpetrated by almoſt all thoſe condemned for life to this puniſhment. The ſeverity exerciſed over the Mooriſh captives, is not ſo eaſily reconciled to the principles of humanity, and the meek doctrine of Chriſtianity. Retaliation does not ſeem a ſufficient plea.

Since I wrote the foregoing part of my letter, we have been upon a more agreeable party, which has helped to diſſipate the gloomy impreſſions of the morning. The governor gave us leave to take a boat and row round the harbour. Some gentlemen of our acquaintance were ſo obliging as to accompany us, and explain the ſituation and intent of each particular place and fortification.

The port of Carthagena is the compleateſt I ever ſaw, formed by the hand of Nature in the figure of a heart.

The

The iſland of Eſcombrera blocks up the entrance, and ſhelters it from the violence of wind and waves. High, bare mountains riſe very ſteep, from the water-edge, on the eaſt and weſt. On the north, a narrow, low ridge of hills, on which the city ſtands, ſhuts out the view of the inland country. We firſt rowed by the arſenal, and under the mountains on the right hand, the deepeſt and ſafeſt poſition in the whole bay, where a large fleet may lie in the utmoſt ſecurity, out of the ſight of all ſhips that may be at ſea, or even in the narrow part of the entrance of the harbour. There are at preſent two frigates and four chebecs in port. As we came along-ſide of the St. Joſeph, the commodore, ſhe fired a gun, which our ſteerſman informed us was the ſignal for weighing anchor and getting under ſail, orders being come from court for them to leave Carthagena this day. As we were deſirous of learning a little of the method and ſkill of the Spaniſh ſeamen, we deſired our maſter (who, from having been long employed in the ſervice of the Engliſh merchants, has contracted the habit of looking upon himſelf as an Engliſhman) to lie upon his oars and remain along-ſide, that we might have the pleaſure of ſeeing the men of war move out. The old ſailor laughed heartily at our requeſt, and, after reminding us that we were not at Portſmouth, nor theſe ſhips Engliſh men of war, bade his men row away, as he was very certain none of the veſſels would be ready to depart for three days at leaſt,

and

and that the gun was fired merely in compliance with the letter of the orders.

On our approach to the mouth of the harbour, we got out of the calm, ſtill water we had hitherto glided upon, and began to be toſſed about with great violence. The day grew cold, and the ſky looking lowering towards the ſea, we ſtruck directly acroſs the paſſage, in order to return to the town by the eaſt ſide of the bay. This entrance is much wider than I had any idea of; the forts on the rocks, on each promontory, ſeem to be too far diſtant from the middle to do any damage to an enemy that might think it neceſſary to puſh through; but without a ſkilful pilot, I doubt a ſtranger would pay dear for his temerity; for directly in the center of the haven, in a line between the mouth and the mole-gate, lies a ledge of rocks, only five feet under water, without any breakers or rippling near it.

The eaſt ſide of this port is much ſhallower than the weſt ſide, and the anchorage is looſe and ſandy. Veſſels have been frequently forced from their anchors, and daſhed to pieces againſt the rocks, by the ſtorms from the ſouth-weſt. However, with good cables, I was aſſured there is no great danger to be apprehended. In any other part of the harbour, the waters are perfectly dormant, never ruffled by wind or tides. There is ſo little agitation in them, that, during the ſtay of the many hundreds of veſſels deſtined for the Algerine expedition, they became

came abſolutely putrid and infectious, from the filth thrown out of the ſhips. Juſt as we landed on the pitiful platform called the mole, we had an opportunity of knowing the exact ſpot where the rocks lie. An Engliſh merchantman coming in at a great rate before the wind, but unfortunately without a pilot, ſtruck upon the ledge, and was not got off without ſome damage.

We are now going to the play, where we are not to expect any ſcenes, as it is a working-day; and the actors come out from behind a bit of red curtain hung acroſs the ſtage, and never move far from it, as a file of prompters are drawn up behind, whoſe ſhadows and motions are not unlike that kind of entertainment called *Italian ſhades*. Though there are three regiments here in garriſon, beſides engineers and naval officers, you can ſcarce imagine any thing ſo dull as this town. Except the wretched comedy, and the coffee-houſe, there is not the leaſt life or amuſement going forward. This city is large, but has very few good ſtreets, and ſtill fewer grand or remarkable buildings. The hoſpital is a large ſquare houſe, round two courts, three ſtories high towards the ſea, and only one towards the land: the architecture, and method of laying out the plan, are good; but the ſtone is of ſo ſoft and friable a contexture, that the ſea air has corroded it, and made it crumble away more than half: there is no probability of any care being taken to repair the injury.

Farther

Farther eaſt, at the foot of the ſummer-evening walk, is a ſmall church, erected in honour of St. James, the patron of Spain, who is piouſly believed to have landed here, when he came from Paleſtine to convert this country to Chriſtianity.

LETTER XVIII.

Carthagena, December 18, 1775.

I HAVE been buſy all morning walking about the fields near the town, in ſearch of ſpecimens of the various plants, that produce the falſe and true barilla; but the ſeaſon of the year is unfavourable to my reſearches, and I have only been able to meet with two ſorts. Mr. James Macdonnel, a young gentleman lately ſettled in buſineſs here, has been ſo obliging as to furniſh me with ſome notes on that head, which contain the reſult of many obſervations made on theſe plants in their vegetable ſtate, and on the different modes of cultivating and preparing them for ſale. The following pages convey the ſubſtance of his memorandums.

There are four plants, which in the early part of their growth bear ſo ſtrong a reſemblance to each other, as

would deceive any but the farmers, and very nice obſervers. Theſe four are, *barilla*, *gazul* (or, as ſome call it, *algazul)* *ſoza*, and *ſalicornia* or *ſalicor*. They are all burnt to aſhes, but are applied to different uſes, as being poſſeſſed of different qualities. Some of the roguiſh farmers mix more or leſs of the three laſt with the firſt; and it requires a compleat knowledge of the colour, taſte, and ſmell of the aſhes, to be able to detect their knavery.

The 1ſt, Barilla, is ſown afreſh every year. The greateſt height it grows to above ground is four inches: each root puſhes out a vaſt number of little ſtalks, which again are ſubdivided into ſmaller ſprigs, reſembling ſamphire, and all together form a large, ſpreading, tufted buſh. The colour is bright green; as the plant advances towards maturity, this colour dies away, till it comes to a dull green tinged with brown.

The 2d, Gazul, bears the greateſt affinity to barilla, both in quality and appearance; the principal difference conſiſts in its growing on a ſtill drier, ſalter earth, conſequently it is impregnated with a ſtronger ſalt. It does not riſe above two inches out of the ground, ſpreading out into little tufts. Its ſprigs are much flatter, and more pulpy, than thoſe of barilla, and are ſtill more like ſamphire. It is ſown but once in three, four, or five years, according to the ſoil.

The 3d, Soza, when of the ſame ſize, has the ſame appearance

pearance as gazul, but in time grows much larger, as its natural ſoil is a ſtrong ſalt-marſh; where it is to be found in large tufts of ſprigs, treble the ſize of barilla, and of a bright green colour, which it retains to the laſt.

The 4th, Salicor, has a ſtalk of a green colour, inclining to red, which laſt becomes by degrees the colour of the whole plant. From the beginning it grows upright, and much reſembles a buſh of young roſemary. Its natural ſoil is that on the declivities of hills, near ſalt-marſhes, or on the edges of the ſmall drains or channels cut by the huſbandmen for the purpoſe of watering the fields: before it has acquired its full growth, it is very like the barilla of thoſe ſeaſons in which the ground has been dunged before ſowing. In thoſe years of manuring, barilla, contrary to its nature, comes up with a tinge of red; and when burnt, falls far ſhort of its wonted goodneſs, being bitter, more impregnated with ſalts than it ſhould be, emitting a diſagreeable ſcent if held near the noſe, and raiſing a bliſter if applied for a few minutes to the tongue. The other three ſpecies always have that effect. Barilla contains leſs ſalts than the others; when burnt, it runs into a maſs reſembling a ſpungy ſtone, with a faint caſt of blue.

Algazul, after burning, comes as near barilla in its outward appearance, as it does while growing in its vegetable form; but if broken, the inſide is of a much deeper

and more gloſſy blue. Soza and Salicor are darker, and almoſt black within, of a heavier conſiſtence, with very little or no ſign of ſpungineſs.

All theſe aſhes contain a ſtrong alkali; but barilla the beſt and pureſt, though not in the greateſt quantity. Upon this principle, it is the fitteſt for making glaſs, and bleaching linen; the others are uſed in making ſoap: each of them would whiten linen, but all, except barilla, would burn it. A good crop of barilla impoveriſhes the land to ſuch a degree, that it cannot bear good barilla a ſecond ſeaſon, being quite exhauſted. To avoid this inconvenience, the richer farmers lay manure upon the ground, and let it lie fallow for a ſeaſon; at the end of which, it is ſown afreſh without danger, as the weeds that have ſprung up in the year of reſt, have carried off all the pernicious effects of the dung. A proper ſucceſſion of crops is thus ſecured by manuring and fallowing different parts of the farm, each in its turn. The poorer tribe of cultivators cannot purſue the ſame method, for want of capital, and are therefore under the neceſſity of ſowing their lands immediately after manuring, which yields them a profit juſt ſufficient to afford a preſent ſcanty maintenance, though the quality and price of their barilla be but trifling.

The method uſed in making barilla, is the ſame as that we follow in the north of England, in burning kelp. The plant, as ſoon as ripe, is plucked up and laid in heaps,

heaps, then ſet on fire; the ſalt juices run out below, into a hole made in the ground, where they conſolidate into a black vitrified lump, which is left about a fortnight to cool. An acre may give about a tun. I was told, that there is a ſpecies of *Scarabaeus*, or beetle, that burrows in the root of the barilla, and there depoſits its eggs, which foxes are ſo fond of as to dig up the plant to come at this favourite morſel. To gratify this appetite, they would in one night lay waſte a whole plantation, if the peaſants did not keep a ſtrict watch with guns to deſtroy or drive them away. Nevertheleſs, I cannot depend enough upon my information, to vouch for its authenticity.

Not far from Carthagena, is a place called Almazaron, where they gather a fine red earth called Almagra, uſed in the manufactures of Saint Ildephonſo, for poliſhing looking-glaſſes. In Seville, it is worked up with the tobacco, to give it a colour, fix its volatility, and communicate to it that ſoftneſs, which conſtitutes the principal merit of Spaniſh ſnuff.

LETTER XIX.

Iſnallos, 7 at Night, December 24, 1775.

WE are juſt arrived at this diſmal ruinous village of mud walls, after the hardeſt day's labour of our whole journey, benighted, our baggage-vehicle broken to pieces, and every bone about us aching. We have been fourteen hours on the road without unharneſſing the mules. I have walked many miles to-day, which has tired my legs; but at leaſt my ſpirits are leſs jaded than they would have been had I remained locked up in the chaiſe, through the dangerous paſſages and dreadful precipices of this day. I am happy to hear that from hence to Cadiz is almoſt all level road, and, if it does not rain, not very bad; if there ſhould fall a great quantity of rain, I doubt we may come to ſtick in the clays of Andaluſia. One cook is hard at work below ſtairs, making us a diſh of ſomething warm to cheer our drooping hearts; with that help, a bottle of wine, and a tolerable clean room, we hope ſoon to drive away all remembrance of our diſtreſſes and fatigues.

On the 19th, we left Carthagena, and for two long days travelled up the plain, 'till the two ridges of mountains, that run on each ſide of it, unite at its head. The

The firſt part of this plain is very naked, but well cultivated, the laſt two-thirds are as compleat a deſart as any in the ſands of Africa; not a buſh, tree, or houſe, to be ſeen in all the vaſt expanſe of level ground; the mountains are as bare as the low lands. The want of water, productive of a want of inhabitants, accounts for this prodigious deſolation; for the ſoil ſeems very fit for tillage. One of the days we dined at Lorea, a large town at the foot of the hills. I ſaw nothing in it to make a note of, but the dreſs of a gipſy, daughter to the innkeeper. Her hair was tied in a club, with a bunch of ſcarlet ribbons; large drops hung from her ears; and on her breaſt ſhe wore a load of relics and hallowed metals; the ſleeves of her gown were faſtened together behind by a long blue ribbon, that hung to the ground. I could not prevail upon her to explain the uſe of this laſt piece of ornament.

On the 21ſt, the ſcene changed, but did not improve upon us; the dry bed of a torrent was our highway for half the day, and ſteep barren mountains for the remainder. This proved the firſt day of diſagreeable weather we had met with on the road ſince we left France. It blew a perfect hurricane, and rained very heavily, with a ſharp biting wind.

The next morning brought us back ſunſhine and genial warmth; the road grew mountainous, and more diſguſtingly bare, except for a mile or two, while we paſſed through

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an uneven country pretty well tilled, and planted with large bushy evergreen oaks, exactly in the manner of some of our English parks. We saw this day many vultures on wing, but they never came within reach of our guns. I can give you no information concerning the town of Baça, as we entered it after it was dark, and left it before break of day. It stands quite in a bottom, surrounded by high mountains, over which we, next morning, found the passage both difficult and frightful. Not the least agreeable patch of country on the heights, except some poor remains of ancient forests of evergreen oaks. We dined at a venta near some mountains, where we were told of mines of gold having been wrought in days of yore, but now long lost and forgotten; the little brook that runs down from them abounds in many metallic particles, which appeared to the eye lead and copper. Much *gypsum*, or plaister-stone, is also to be found in this torrent.

Yesterday afternoon, we had nothing but rapid ascents and descents, rendered incredibly greasy and fatiguing by the heavy rain of the foregoing night. Guadix, an episcopal see, is exactly situated in the same kind of gully as Baça; a narrow valley worn down by the river. The clay-hills, that encompass it on every side, are the most extraordinary in nature; they are very high, and washed into broken masses, resembling spires, towers, and misshapen rocks. Whole villages are dug in them, the windows

windows of which appear like pigeon, or rather marten holes. The paſſage through is remarkably ſingular, winding for half a mile between two huge rugged walls of earth, without the leaſt mixture of rock or gravel.

The Cueſta yerma, which with the utmoſt difficulty we climbed up this morning, is perhaps not to be matched for badneſs on any carriage-road in the world. All our mules yoked together were ſcarce able to wrench either of the carriages out of the narrow paſs between the rocks, or drag them up the almoſt perpendicular parts of this abominable mountain. After this happy deliverance from our well-grounded fears of paſſing the whole day, and perhaps night, in fruitleſs endeavours to extricate ourſelves, we travelled along a high level country, winding round the mountains of Granada. The wind was very loud, but the air warm and pleaſant, though the ſnow lay in view along the top of that high ridge of mountains called, from their covering of ſnow, *ſierra nevada.*

Thus, methinks, I have brought you very fairly as far as myſelf on our dreary journey; and am of opinion, that neither the beauties of nature, nor thoſe of art, to be met with in this kingdom, can be deemed an equivalent for the tedioufneſs of travelling, the badneſs of the roads, or the abominable accommodations of the inns: certain it is, that no man has as yet undertaken this tour a ſecond

time for pleaſure; and, if my advice be liſtened to, no body will ever attempt it once.

Granada, December 25.

Our baggage being put upon a cart this morning, we proceeded down a valley, and over ſome heath and foreſt land, till we came in view of the plain and city of Granada.—Beautiful beyond expreſſion even in its winter weeds, what muſt it be when decked out in all the gaudy colours of ſpring? You muſt not expect an account of it for ſome days, as I intend getting all poſſible intelligence, turning over all my books, and examining every place, before I venture to deſcribe this city, its palace, and environs.

LETTER XX.

THE Mooriſh kingdom of Granada conſiſted of thoſe parts of Spain that lie in the ſouth-eaſt corner of the peninſula, and at its moſt flouriſhing period never exceeded ſeventy leagues in length from eaſt to weſt, and twenty-five in breadth from north to ſouth. Its hiſtorians have laboured hard to prove, that it had ſe-

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parate monarchs ſoon after the Mooriſh conqueſt of Spain; but it is more than probable, that this country did not become a diſtinct ſovereignty, while the Caliphs of the Eaſt retained any authority in Europe. By degrees, the weakneſs of the other Mahometan potentates, who could afford no ſuccour againſt the common enemy; the coalition of the Chriſtian kingdoms under one or two powerful heads; and, more than all, their own civil diſcords and deadly feuds, had, long before its final overthrow, reduced the kingdom of Granada to little more than the Alpuxaras mountains and the capital city.

The Granadine antiquaries, with Pedraza at their head, inſiſt that Granada was a colony of the Phœnicians, known to the Romans by the name of Illiberia. They allege, in ſupport of their ſyſtem, that the walls of the moſt ancient of its incloſures, which was afterwards called the Alcaçaba, are of a different ſort of maſonry from thoſe of the Romans and Saracens, and ſimilar to ſuch remains of antiquity as are univerſally acknowledged to be the work of the Phœnicians. The ſpot where this mode of building is moſt conſpicuous, is, the *Hetna-roman*, a tower where the ſtones are very long and narrow, laid regularly upon beds of cement of equal thickneſs with the ſtones. It is now of little conſequence to endeavour to diſcover the founders of this city, and an analyſis of the volumes publiſhed on theſe chimerical

topics, would but ill repay the time loſt in writing and reading ſuch a diſſertation.

Another argument, that has afforded much entertainment to many doctors profoundly ſkilled in etymologies, is, the meaning, date, and origin, of the name of Granada. Some writers make out the derivation by compounding the word *Nata*, which they ſet down as the name of Count Julian's daughter [7], with the word *Gar*, a cave, where ſhe retired after the battle of Xeres: others will have it to come from the abundance of corn *(Grano)*: and ſome again from *Nata*, a goddeſs of the Aborigines: others, with an appearance of probability, aſcribe the origin of the name to the pleaſantneſs and fertility of its environs, a word very like it, in the Phœnician language, meaning *fruitful* and *agreeable*. The Romans expreſſed the ſame ſignification by the title of *municipium floren-*

[7] It is the common opinion (though not ſufficiently warranted by authentic teſtimonies) that Rodrigo, laſt king of the Goths, raviſhed the daughter of Julian, governor of Africa. The father, enraged at ſuch an injury, made a treaty with the Saracens, whom he induced to croſs the Straits and invade Spain. Muſa, lieutenant of the Caliph Walid, ſent over Tarif with a ſmall force to try his ſtrength. There being great appearance of ſucceſs, Tarif received a conſiderable reinforcement, and attacked the Goths near Xeres de la frontera. The Goths were defeated, their king killed, and the Gothic empire annihilated in 712. Muſa, and his immediate ſucceſſors, completed the conqueſt of all Spain, except the mountains of Oviedo, where Pelayo afterwards formed a principality, the parent of all the other Spaniſh kingdoms.

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tinum illiberitanum. The Arabs called it *Roman*; the Jews *Rimmón:* and there are authors that derive it from *Granatum*, a pomegranate, brought from Africa, and firſt planted near this place. Many affirm it to be called ſo from the reſemblance its poſition bears to that fruit when ripe; the two hills to repreſent the burſting ſkin, and the houſes crowded into the intermediate valley, the pips. This is a very favourite opinion, and ſeems to be adopted by the nation, which gives a ſplit pomegranate for its arms, and places it upon every gate or ornamented poſt in the ſtreets and public walks.

Granada ſtands on two hills, at the foot of the *Sierra nevada*, where two ſmall rivers join their waters. One of them, the Dauro, ſometimes waſhes down gold; the other, the Xenil, virgin ſilver; but it was not poſſible for me to procure any ſpecimens of either, on account of the ſevere prohibition iſſued out by government againſt all ſearchers after mines and minerals. The ancient palace of the *Alhambra*, and the *Torre vermeja*, crown the double ſummit of the hill between the rivers; the other hill, north of the Dauro, is covered with the *Albaycin* and *Alcaçaba.* The remainder of the city extends along the ſkirts of the plain in a ſemicircular form. The Vega, or plain, is eight leagues long, and four broad; a gentle ſlope of beautiful hillocks bound the horizon on all ſides, except that of the Sierra nevada, and to the north-weſt, where it is terminated by the bare top of the *Sierra Elvira*,

Elvira, or *Sierra de los infantes*. This mountain was ſo named from the death of the princes of Caſtille, Peter and John, who periſhed here, through exceſs of heat and thirſt, in a battle againſt the Moors, 1319.

The country about Granada was ſo alluring, the ſituation ſo ſtriking, and the ſalubrity of its air ſo univerſally celebrated, that the victorious Saracens ſoon were induced to turn their arms that way. It was taken by the forces of Tarif in 715, the ninety-fifth year of the Hegira [8]. As long as Spain remained ſubject to the viceroys of the Caliphs of the family of the Ommiades, Granada does not appear to have undergone any great revolution, although now an d then an ambitious governor might make an attempt towards independency. The firſt that brought this deſign to bear, and rendered the crown hereditary in his family, was Mehemed Alhamar, governor of Arjone, who began his reign in 1236.

Mehemet Alhamar.

1236. This firſt king became tributary to St. Ferdinand, king of Caſtille, and paid him one moiety of all his revenues, which half amounted to one hundred and ſeventy thouſand pieces of gold: he even aſſiſted that prince in his conqueſt of Seville.

1273. The ſecond king was his ſon Muley Mehemed Abdallah, who is ſaid to have begun the Alhambra.

[8] The flight of Mahomet, which happened in the night between the 15th and 16th of July, in the year 622.

1302. 3. *Mehemed Abenalhamar* the blind, ſon to Muley, was dethroned and murdered by his brother. Mehemed had a great paſſion for building; one of the magnificent monuments he left for the admiration of poſterity, was the great moſque included in the Alhambra. The form was moſt elegant, the inſide moſaic, adorned with ingenious devices in ſculpture, ſupported upon lofty pillars with ſilver baſes and capitals. He endowed this pious foundation with revenues ariſing from the baths, which he had built oppoſite to it, out of the tribute paid by the Chriſtians and Jews. He alſo purchaſed lands, and let them out for the benefit of this moſque.

1310. *Nazer aba algueiuſch* murdered his brother, and was himſelf driven into baniſhment by his ſiſter's ſon.

1315. *Iſmael ben pharagi abulgualid*, who was murdered by the alcayde of Algeziras, from whom he had forcibly taken a very beautiful female captive.

1326. *Mehemed Abuabdallah*, his ſon, ſucceeded. This prince was murdered by his own ſervants [9], and ſucceeded by his ſon.

[9] In a ſally which the Chriſtians made during the ſiege of Baeca, this king of Granada hurled a lance, enriched with precious ſtones, at a Spaniſh ſoldier; who, finding himſelf grievouſly wounded, limped away towards the town with the weapon fixed in his body. The Moors ruſhed forwards to recover the lance, but Mehemed forbade them to moleſt the poor wretch, and ſuffered him to carry away the ſpear to pay for his cure.

1333. *Juſaf Abuhagiagi.* In 1340, this king, and Abi Haſſan, king of Morocco, were defeated in the famous battle of Salado, by Alphonſus the eleventh. From that day Granada declined in power, and gradually dwindled away. The uninterrupted ſeries of evil fortune that attended this unhappy prince, at length drew upon him the univerſal hatred of his ſubjects, one of whom ſtabbed him in the ſtreet.

1354. His ſucceſſor was *Mehemed Lago*, a younger brother of Pheragi. He was dethroned by his couſin,

Mehemed Iſmael ben Alhamar. Don Pedro, king of Caſtille, having always been intimately connected with Lago, eſpouſed the cauſe of that exiled prince with great warmth, and made ſeveral attempts to reinſtate him. Ben Alhamar, diffident of his own ſtrength, and preſſed to it by the entreaties of his counſellors, thought it ſafeſt to ſubmit, and purchaſe the friendſhip of Pedro at any rate. With this view, he demanded a ſafe conduct, and went to the court of Seville, where he threw himſelf at the feet of the Spaniſh monarch, with the immenſe treaſures he had brought with him as preſents. That king received him with all apparent reſpect and cordiality for a few days, but then he ordered him, and thirty of his moſt noble attendants, to be

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led round the city upon aſſes, and afterwards to be brought to the field of the Tablada, where, if any credit is to be given to the Spaniſh hiſtorians, Don Pedro himſelf ran the unfortunate Mehemed through with a lance. His death being made known at Granada, Lago reſumed the reins of government without oppoſition, and died quietly in 1379.

1379. His ſon Mehemed Abouhadjad, was one of the beſt kings that ever reigned in Granada. He preferred the ſolid advantages of peace to all the brilliancy of military glory. Under his wife adminiſtration, the kingdom gradually recovered its vigour; commerce and huſbandry gave ſpirit and alacrity to every part of the realm, and ſpread abundance over the face of the land. His attention to the more important objects of government, did not prevent his ſhewing himſelf an earneſt promoter and protector of the fine arts. The cities of Granada and Guadix were embelliſhed with many noble ſtructures during his reign. His affection for the latter was ſo conſpicuous, that he was ſurnamed by his people, Mehemed of Guadix. He had the addreſs to maintain peace with the Caſtillians, and at his death left a flouriſhing, peaceful ſucceſſion to his ſon,

1392. Juzaf Abiabdallah, who was deſtroyed by means

of an envenomed ſhirt, ſent as a preſent by the Sultan of Fez.

1396. Mehemed Balba, ſecond ſon to Juzaf, ſeized upon the crown in prejudice of his elder brother, and paſſed his life in one continual round of diſaſters. His wars with Caſtille were invariably unſucceſsful. His death was alſo cauſed by a poiſoned veſt. As ſoon as he found his caſe deſperate, he diſpatched an officer to the fort of Salobrena, to kill his brother Juzaf, leſt that prince's party ſhould form any obſtacle to his ſon's ſucceeding to the crown. The Alcayde found the prince playing at cheſs with an Alfaqui or prieſt. Juzaf begged hard for two hours reſpite, which was denied him; at laſt, with great reluctance, the officer permitted him to finiſh the game. Before it was ended, a meſſenger arrived with the news of the death of Mehemed, and of the unanimous election of Juzaf to the crown.

1408. Juzaf Abul Haxex. The moſt unwearied importunity, and abject ſubmiſſion, were unable to procure him a peace with the Chriſtians. The regent of Caſtille, D. Ferdinand, being inflexibly bent upon expelling the whole Saracen race out of our continent. At length, Ferdinand was elected king of Aragon, and finding ſufficient employment with the affairs of his new kingdom, gave up all thoughts of his Mooriſh conqueſts, and liſtened to the propoſals

poſals of the king of Granada. A truce was agreed upon, and afterwards a peace concluded, which afforded Juzaf an opportunity of repairing his loſſes. He wound up the end of his days in tranquillity, and employed them ſolely in gaining the affections of his people, by a ſteady purſuit of a moſt equitable plan of adminiſtration. From the time Juzaf became poſſeſſed of the royal dignity, he was never known to ſhew the leaſt ſign of reſentment againſt the grandees that had aſſiſted his brother in depriving him of his birth-right and liberty: nay more, he conferred great honours and favours upon many of them, and gave them poſts of truſt in various capacities. Some of his own party found fault with his lenity, and endeavoured to work him up to the deſtruction of thoſe noblemen; but Juzaf always made anſwer, Would you have me, by my cruelty, furniſh them with an excúſe for having preferred my brother to me? He educated the ſons of Mehemed in his palace, and treated them in every reſpect like his own children.

1423. His eldeſt ſon, Mehemed Elazari, or the left-handed, ſucceeded. He was more remarkable for the ſtrange viciſſitudes of his fortune, than for any thing great of his own atchieving: his tyranny and negligence encouraged his couſin-german,

1427. Mehemed El Zugair, or the leſſer, to take up

arms againſt him, and drive him out of the kingdom. Two years after Elazari, with the aſſiſtance of the kings of Caſtille and Tunis, retook Granada, and made El Zugair priſoner, whom he put to death in the moſt cruel and ignominious manner that could be deviſed.

1429. Elazari being thus reſtored to his throne, was far from altering his method of proceeding; in conſequence of which, after many defeats in a bloody war againſt the Chriſtians, he was a ſecond time dethroned, and the grandſon of that Mehemed who was killed at Seville, raiſed up in his ſtead.

1432. Juzaf aben Almaoalnayar gave great hopes of his proving a juſt and wiſe monarch; but his death, which happened in the ſixth month of his reign, put an end to all his projects, and Mehemed Elazari, was once more proclaimed king. The people of Granada were now become ſo well accuſtomed to a frequent change of maſters, and ſo very prone to novelty, that it was no longer poſſible for any prince to remain firm in the royal ſeat for any length of time. Accordingly Elazari, that perpetual butt of fortune, was for the third and laſt time deprived of his ſceptre, and ſhut up in a cloſe priſon by his nephew,

1445. Mehemed ben Oſmin, ſurnamed the Tame. In the beginning of his reign, he waged war againſt the

the Chriſtians with great ſucceſs; but in the year 1452, his good fortune abandoned him, and he met with nothing ever after but croſſes and diſappointments. The king of Caſtille ſpirited up againſt him a competitor for the crown, Iſmael, his couſin-german; who being admitted into the capital by a party he had previouſly ſecured, ſurprized Mehemed, and threw him into the ſame dungeon where their common uncle had already languiſhed eight years. Thus ended theſe two princes like puppets, which, after having been made to move upon the ſtage the time allotted for repreſentation, are thrown by in a lumber-room, and never thought of more.

1453. Iſmael thus found himſelf in the peaceable poſſeſſion of a crown, which had been ſo often ſhifted from head to head, and ſo mutilated and curtailed during a long ſeries of misfortunes, that any ſagacious obſerver might ſafely pronounce the period of its final diſſolution to be near at hand. The Chriſtians had ſo long laid waſte with fire and ſword the rich plain of Granada, that Iſmael found that ſource of plenty almoſt irretrievably loſt. To make up in ſome degree for this deficiency, he ordered a large tract of foreſt to be cleared, and the mountainous lands behind Granada to be levelled, and converted into arable and garden grounds. Earth

was

was even brought from the Vega, to render the hills more fruitful. Great ſupplies of water were conveyed from the Dauro, by means of aqueducts and conduits, to water thoſe eminences naturally barren and parched up by the ſun. Theſe improvements were the ſupport of the Granadines, after their implacable enemies had not only burnt their crops in the plains, but even deſtroyed their farms, cut down their fruit-trees, rooted up their vines, and changed one of the moſt delightful ſpots on earth into a mere naked deſart. Upon engaging to pay an annual tribute of twelve thouſand ducats, and to deliver every year ſix hundred Chriſtian captives, or, in caſe of there being none to releaſe, an equal number of Moors (an almoſt incredible condition, which more than any thing evinces the miſerable ſtate of this kingdom) the Moors at laſt obtained a peace, or rather truce, which even did not extend to that part of the kingdom that is near Jaen.

1475. Muley Mehemed Abilhaſſan ſucceeded his father Iſmael, and was ſo imprudent as to engage in a war with Caſtille, which ended only with the ruin of the Muſſulman empire in Spain. The firſt important conqueſt of the Spaniards was Alhama, a town famous for its magnificent baths, whither the Mooriſh princes were wont frequently to retire for their

their health and diverſion. In 1484, Abilhaſſan having put away his wife Ayxa, and taken to his bed Fatima, a Grecian ſlave, ſurnamed for her beauty *Zoraya*, or the morning-ſtar, the diſgraced Sultana made her eſcape from the Alhambra, and raiſed a rebellion in favour of her ſon Abouabdoulah. The old king was forced to fly for refuge to Malaga, to his brother El Zagal, who ſoon after gained great glory by a victory he obtained over the grand maſter of St. Jago. About the ſame time, the young king was routed and taken priſoner by the Caſtillians at Lucena, being the firſt Arabian prince led into captivity by the Chriſtians. Haſſan was reſtored; but Ferdinand of Aragon, huſband to Iſabella of Caſtille, ſet the ſon at liberty, with a view of fomenting their civil diſſenſions, and thereby facilitating the conqueſt of their kingdom. El Zagal, ſoon quarrelled with the old king, and drove him into exile, where he died ſoon after, in miſery and deſpair.

Abouabdoulah, or the young king, was the lawful monarch; but his uncle, who had already deſtroyed one rival, endeavoured to put the other alſo out of the way by aſſaſſination. The plot was diſcovered, the nephew's party prevailed, and El Zagal, rather than ſubmit to his own relation, from whom he had no right to expect mercy, went over, and delivered up all his poſſeſſions to Ferdinand. The Spaniſh monarch immediately ſummoned Abouabdoulah to fulfil the conditions of the treaty,

upon

upon which he had obtained his liberty. Theſe were, to deliver up Granada, as ſoon as Almeria, Guadix, and Baca, ſhould be in the hands of the Spaniards. This contingency was now come to paſs. It was not natural to ſuppoſe the Moor would ſubmit tamely to his utter ruin; therefore Ferdinand, who had foreſeen his refuſal, laid ſiege to Granada. After nine months blockade, for the compleating of which he built a new town, called Santa Fé, he obliged the Mooriſh king to ſurrender. Ferdinand and Iſabel made their triumphant entry on the 2d of January 1492. Abouabdoulah, in his way to Purchena, the place appointed for his reſidence, ſtopped on the hill of Padul, to take a laſt farewell look of his beloved Granada. The ſight of his city and palace, to which he was then about to bid an eternal adieu, overcame his reſolution: he burſt into a flood of tears, and, in the anguiſh of his ſoul, broke out into the moſt bitter exclamations againſt the hardneſs of his fate. The Sultaneſs Ayxa, his mother, upbraided him for his weakneſs, in the following terms: "Thou doſt well to weep, like a woman, over the loſs of that kingdom, which thou kneweſt not how to defend, and die for, like a man."

This prince was the laſt Moor that reigned in Spain, where their empire had ſubſiſted ſeven hundred and eighty-two years.

Such Mooriſh families as remained in Granada after the diſſolution of the monarchy, were continually moleſted by

by zealous prieſts and bigotted princes. Every article of the capitulation was in its turn eluded, or openly violated, and the Moors reduced to the alternative of renouncing the religion of their anceſtors, or of abandoning their native country. The Spaniſh clergy, not at all ſatisfied with the outward ſhew of converſion in thoſe that had embraced the Chriſtian religion, were eager to diſcern the ſincere from the hypocrite, and therefore ſet ſpies over them, encouraged all accuſations, and cavilled with every part of their dreſs and behaviour. Thus harraſſed, and urged to the very brink of deſpair, the Moriſcos, as they were then called, formed a grand conſpiracy, which broke out on Chriſtmas night, in the year 1568. Having placed at their head a young man, deſcended from their ancient princes, by name Ferdinand de Valor, which he changed to Mehemed Aben Humeya, they roſe in arms in moſt parts of the kingdom of Granada. The revolt began by wreaking the moſt bloody vengeance on all Chriſtians, eſpecially prieſts, that fell into their hands. Notwithſtanding conſiderable forces were ſent againſt them, and many furious battles fought between the Spaniards and the inſurgents, generally to the diſadvantage of the latter, the rebellion continued in great vigour near two years. Aben Humeya, having betrayed an inclination to capitulate, was murdered by his own officers, and a deſperate captain, called Abenaboo, elected in his ſtead. This ſhadow of royalty ſoon paſſed away, and met with the fate

of his predeceſſor. After his aſſaſſination, the Moriſcos ſubmitted, and were diſperſed all over Spain, the rabble of the two Caſtilles being ſent to occupy their lands.

In the year 1610, Philip the third iſſued out an edict, commanding every perſon of Mooriſh extraction, without exception, to retire out of Spain, which rigorous, and extraordinary order was to all appearance punctually obeyed; yet ſo late as the year 1724, the inquiſition ferretted out, and drove into baniſhment, ſome conſiderable remnants of that unfortunate race.

LETTER XXI.

DRYDEN has built the ground-work of his play, of *The conqueſt of Granada*, upon circumſtances taken out of a romantic *hiſtory of the diſſentions between the Zegris and the Abencerrages, noble Moors of Granada*, by Giles Perez. The Spaniſh ballad, tranſlated in Dr. Percy's relics of ancient poetry, is drawn from the ſame ſource. As Peres is an author read by all ranks of people in this country, his dreams are generally received as undoubted facts, conſecrated by tradition; and moſt of the tales repeated by the keepers of the palace, &c. have

have been learnt in his book. Indeed [10] Medina Conti, author of the *Paſſeos de Granada*, pretends to have found an Arabic manuſcript account of theſe times, which corroborates the teſtimony of Peres; but theſe writers are ſuch notorious impoſtors, that little credit can be given to any thing they advance: however, there muſt undoubtedly be ſome foundation for theſe anecdotes, and a previous knowledge of them is rather neceſſary for the perfect underſtanding of the deſcription of the Alhambra; I ſhall therefore preſume ſo far upon your patience, as to ſketch you out an abſtract of the latter part of his hiſtory.

In the days of Boabdil or Abouabdoulah, the laſt king of Granada, the Alabeces, Abencerrages, Zegris, and Gomeles, were the moſt powerful families in that city;

[10] Conti, in order to favour the pretenſions of the church in a great lawſuit, forged deeds and inſcriptions, which he buried in the ground where he knew they would ſhortly be dug up again. Upon their being found, he publiſhed engravings of them, and gave explanations of their unknown characters, making them out to be ſo many authentic proofs and evidences of the aſſertions of the clergy. His impoſture was detected, and he now lies in priſon, without much hope of ever recovering his liberty. I am told he is a moſt learned, ingenious man, profoundly ſkilled in the antiquities of his country. The Morocco ambaſſador, in his way through Granada, purchaſed of this man a copper bracelet of Fatima, which Medina proved, by the Arabic inſcription, and many certificates, to be genuine, and found among the ruins of part of the Alhambra, with other treaſures of the laſt king, who had hid them there in hopes of better days. This famous bracelet turned out afterwards to be the work of Medina's own hands, and made out of an old braſs candleſtick,

they filled moſt of the great employments about court, and ſcarce a brilliant atchievement in war was heard of, that was not performed by the arm of ſome knight of theſe four houſes. High above the reſt towered the Abencerrages, unequalled in gallantry, magnificence, and chivalry. None among the Abencerrages more accompliſhed, more diſtinguiſhed, than Albin Hamet, who for his great wiſdom and valour ſtood deſervedly foremoſt in the liſt of the king's favourites. His power roſe to ſuch a pitch, that it excited the moſt violent envy in the breaſt of the Zegris and Gomeles, who determined to pull him down from this poſt of ſuperior eminence. After concerting many ſchemes for his deſtruction, none appeared to them more effectual than one propoſed by a conſummate villain of the Zegri family. He ſeized an opportunity of being alone with the king, whoſe character was as yet frank and unſuſpicious; aſſuming an air of extreme anguiſh of mind, he obſerved to the prince how very weak his conduct appeared to all wiſe men, by repoſing ſuch unbounded confidence in, and truſting his perſon with, ſuch traitors as the Abencerrages, who were well known to be laying a ſcheme for a general revolt, thereby to deprive Abouabdoulah of his life and crown. Nay more, he, and three men of honour, had ſeen the queen in wanton dalliance with Albin Hamet Abencerrage, behind the lofty cypreſſes in the gardens of the Generaliph, from whence Hamet had returned inſolently crowned with a garland

of

of roſes. Theſe calumnies rouſed all the furies of jealouſy in the breaſt of the credulous monarch, and the deſtruction of the whole lineage of Abencerrage was planned in the bloody junto. The principal men of the devoted family were, under ſome pretence or other, ſummoned one by one to attend the king in the court of lions. No ſooner was each unhappy victim admitted within the walls, than he was ſeized by the Zegris, led to a large alabaſter baſon in one of the adjoining halls, and there beheaded. Thirty-ſix of the nobleſt of the race had already periſhed, before the treachery was diſcovered. A page belonging to one of thoſe noblemen, having found means to follow his maſter in, and to get out again unſeen, divulged the ſecret of this bloody tranſaction. The treaſon once known, all Granada was in an inſtant up in arms, and many deſperate combats enſued, which, by the great havock made amongſt the moſt valiant of its chieftains, brought the ſtate to the very brink of ruin. Theſe tumults being appeaſed by the wiſdom of Muſa, a baſtard brother of the king, a grand council was held, in which Abouabdoulah declared his reaſons for the puniſhment inflicted on the Abencerrages; *viz.* their conſpiracy, and the adultery of the queen. He then ſolemnly pronounced her ſentence, which was, to be burnt alive, if within thirty days ſhe did not produce four knights to defend her cauſe againſt the four accuſers. The queen's relations were upon the point of drawing their ſcimitars in the audience-

audience-chamber, and reſcuing her from the danger that threatened her; but their fury was checked by the eloquence of Muſa, who obſerved to them, they might by violence ſave the life of the Sultana, but by no means clear her reputation in the eyes of the world; which would certainly look upon that cauſe as unjuſt, which refuſed to ſubmit to the cuſtomary trial. The queen was immediately ſhut up in the tower of Comares. Many Granadine warriors were ambitious of having the honour of expoſing their lives in her quarrel, but none were ſo happy as to prove the object of her choice. She had conceived ſo high an idea of the Chriſtians, from the valour ſhe had ſeen them diſplay in a great tournament lately held at Granada, and the treachery of the Zegris had impreſſed her with ſo deſpicable an opinion of Mooriſh honour, that ſhe was determined to reſt her defence upon the gallantry of the Spaniſh knights. In hopes of rouſing their noble ſpirit to action, ſhe diſpatched a truſty meſſenger with a letter to Don Juan de Chacon, lord of Carthagena, entreating him to eſpouſe her cauſe, and like a true knight, bring with him three brave warriors to ſtand her friends on the day appointed. Chacon returned for anſwer, that he ſet too high a price upon that honour, not to be punctual to the hour of trial. The fatal day arrived, and all Granada was buried in the deepeſt affliction, to find that their beloved queen had been ſo remiſs as not to have named one of her defenders.

Muſa,

Muſa, Azarque, and Almoradi, the judges of the combat, preſſed her, in vain, to accept of their ſwords, or thoſe of ſeveral other warriors willing to aſſert the juſtneſs of her cauſe. The Sultana, relying on the Spaniſh faith, perſiſted in her refuſal; upon which, the judges conducted her down from the Alhambra, to a ſcaffold in the great ſquare, hung with black, where they ſeated themſelves on one ſide. At the ſight of this beauty in diſtreſs, the whole place reſounded with loud cries and lamentations; and it was with difficulty that the ſpectators could be reſtrained from attacking her enemies, and reſcuing her by main force. Scarce were the judges ſeated, when twenty trumpets announced the approach of the four accuſers, who advanced armed cap-à-piè, mounted on the fineſt courſers of Andaluſia. Over their armour they wore looſe veſts, with plumes and ſaſhes of a tawny colour. On their ſhields were painted two bloody ſwords, and theſe words: *For the truth we draw them.*—All their kinſmen and adherents accompanied them to their poſt within the liſts. In vain did the crowd caſt a longing eye towards the gate through which the champions of injured innocence were to enter; none appeared from eight in the morning to two in the afternoon. The Sultana's courage began to fail her; and, when four valiant Moors preſented themſelves, to ſue for the honour of drawing their ſwords to vindicate her innocence, ſhe promiſed to truſt her life in their hands, if within two hours the perſons

ſons ſhe expected ſhould not appear. At that inſtant a great noiſe was heard, and four Turkiſh horſemen came prancing into the ſquare. One of them addreſſed the judges, requeſting the favour of ſpeaking to the Queen; which being granted, he knelt down, and told her aloud, that he and his companions were Turks, come to Spain with the deſign of trying their ſtrength againſt the heroes of Ferdinand's army; but that, hearing of this ſolemn trial, they had changed their reſolution, and were now arrived at Granada, to devote their firſt eſſay of arms in Spain to her ſervice, and hoped ſhe would approve of them for her champions. As he ſpoke, he let drop into her lap the letter ſhe had written to Don Juan; by the ſight of which, ſhe diſcovered this feigned Turk to be no other than the lord of Carthagena, who had brought with him, as companions in this dangerous conflict, the duke of Arcos, Don Alonzo de Aguilar, and Don Ferdinand de Cordova. The queen accepted of their propoſal; and the judges having ſolemnly declared her choice, gave orders for the charge to ſound. The onſet was fierce, and the fight long doubtful. At length, Don Juan overthrew Mahandin Gomel, and the duke ſlew Alihamet Zegri; Mahandon Gomel fell by the ſword of Aguilar, and the laſt of all, the arch-traitor Mahomed Zegri, diſabled by repeated wounds, and fainting with loſs of blood, ſunk at the feet of Don Ferdinand; who, ſetting his knee on the infidel's breaſt, and holding his dagger

to

to his throat, ſummoned him to confeſs the truth, or die that inſtant. "Thou need'ſt not add another wound," ſaid Mahomad, "for the laſt will prove ſufficient to rid the world of ſuch a monſter. Know then, that to revenge myſelf of the Abencerrages, I invented the lye that cauſed their deſtruction, and the perſecution of the Sultana; whom I here declare free from all ſtain or reproach whatſoever, and with my dying breath implore her forgiveneſs." The judges came down to receive this depoſition of the expiring Zegri, and it was afterwards announced to the people, who expreſſed their joy by the loudeſt acclamations. The day ended in feſtivity and rejoicing. The queen was eſcorted back in triumph to the palace, where the penitent Abouabdallah fell at her feet, and with floods of tears endeavoured to atone for his crime; but to no purpoſe; for the queen remained inflexible, and, retiring to the houſe of her neareſt of kin, refuſed to have any further intercourſe with him. The four knights left Granada, without diſcovering themſelves to any other perſon; and ſoon after, the numerous friends and adherents of the Abencerrages abandoned the city, and, by their ſeceſſion into Caſtille or Africa, left Abouabdallah deſtitute of able officers, and entirely at the mercy of his enemies, who in the courſe of a few months deprived him of his kingdom.

LETTER XXII.

WE have got acquainted with a very converſable old Spaniſh officer, of a great family, and ſtill greater appetite. He has very freely imparted to us all he knows about the preſent as well as ancient ſtate of this province, and the compariſons he makes between them, often draws a ſigh from us all three. His nephew is poſſeſſed of large lordſhips and eſtates in the neighbourhood; which has afforded him many opportunities of coming at good information on a ſubject we are very deſirous of inveſtigating, I mean, whether there exiſt any remains of Mooriſh families in this country, and what is the tradition concerning the manners and cuſtoms of that people before their expulſion.

Granada, while governed by its own kings, the laſt years excepted, ſeems to have enjoyed greater affluence and proſperity than ever it has done ſince it became a province of Spain. Before the conqueſt, it was one of the moſt compact, well-peopled, opulent kingdoms in the world. Its agriculture was brought to great perfection, its revenues and circulation were immenſe; the public works carried on with great magnificence, and its population not to be credited by any perſon that ſees it in its preſent

preſent condition. Nothing but the numerous ruins ſcattered over its hills can induce one to believe, that thoſe bleak, barren waſtes, which make up more than two-thirds of the province, were formerly covered with luxuriant plantations of fruit-trees, abundant harveſts, or noble foreſts. Each Moor had his allotment of as much ground as ſufficed for his habitation, the maintenance of his family, and the provender of his horſe, which every man was obliged to keep. Theſe ſmall freeholds formed the general appearance of the country, before the inceſſant inroads and ravages of the Chriſtians had driven the Moors to cities, mountains of difficult acceſs, or quite away to the coaſt of Barbary. The ſingle city of Granada contained eighty thouſand families, and frequently ſent out armies of thirty thouſand foot, and ten thouſand horſe. An Arabian author ſays, that the kings had a conſtant ſtock of an hundred thouſand horſes for their own uſe, and for mounting their cavalry in time of war, and more than once had muſtered two hundred thouſand ſoldiers in actual pay, for the purpoſe of making war upon the Caſtillians.

A great deal of ſilk was produced in the plain, and the hills behind the city afforded corn enough for its conſumption. The rich mines of the mountains were opened, and, tho' not wrought with any thing like the ſkill of modern miners, yielded ſuch a quantity of gold and ſilver, that both metals were more common in Gra-

nada than any country in Europe. I cannot give you a more diſtinct idea of this people, than by tranſlating a paſſage in an Arabic manuſcript, in the library of the Eſcurial, intitled, "The Hiſtory of Granada, by Abi Ab-"dalah ben Alkalhibi Abſaneni," written in the year of the Hegira 778, which anſwers to the year of Chriſt 1378; Mahomet Lago being then for the ſecond time king of Granada.

It begins by a deſcription of the city and its environs, nearly in the following terms:

"The city of Granada is ſurrounded with moſt ſpa-"cious gardens, where the trees are ſet ſo thick as to "reſemble hedges, yet not ſo as to obſtruct the view of "the beautiful towers of the Alhambra, which glitter "like ſo many bright ſtars over the green foreſts. The "plain, ſtretching far and wide, produces ſuch quantities "of grain and vegetables, that no revenues but thoſe "of the firſt families in the kingdom are equal to their "annual produce. Each garden is calculated to bring "in a neat income of five hundred pieces of gold "(aurei [11]) out of which it pays thirty minae [11] to the "king. Beyond theſe gardens lie fields of various cul-"ture, at all ſeaſons of the year clad with the richeſt "verdure, and loaded with ſome valuable vegetable pro-

[11] I was not able to obtain from the interpreters of Arabic, any ſatisfactory account of the real value of theſe Granada coins, therefore have left them as I found them in Caſire's Latin tranſlation.

"duction

" duction or other; by this method, a perpetual ſucceſſion
" of crops is ſecured, and a great annual rent is produced,
" which is ſaid to amount to twenty thouſand aurei.
" Adjoining, you may ſee the ſumptuous farms belong-
" ing to the royal demeſnes, wonderfully agreeable to the
" beholder, from the large quantity of plantations of
" trees, and the variety of the plants. Theſe eſtates oc-
" cupy an extent of twenty miles ſquare; for the purpoſe
" of taking care of and working them, they keep num-
" bers of able-bodied huſbandmen, and choice beaſts both
" of draught and burthen. In moſt of them are caſtles,
" mills, and moſques. Great muſt be the profit upon
" theſe royal farms, ariſing from conſummate ſkill in
" huſbandry, aſſiſted by the fertility of the ſoil, and the
" temperature of the air. Many towns, remarkable for
" the number of their inhabitants and the excellence of
" their productions, lie diſperſed round the boundaries of
" theſe crown lands. The plain contains alſo large tracts
" of meadow and paſture, villages and hamlets full of
" people, country-houſes and ſmall dwellings belonging
" to one perſon, or to two or three copartners. I have
" heard the names of above three hundred hamlets in the
" environs of Granada: within ſight of the city walls
" may be reckoned fifty colleges and places of worſhip,
" and above three hundred water-mills."

He next proceeds to the character of the inhabitants.

" The Granadians are orthodox in religion; of the ſect

" of

" of the Molekites. They pay implicit obedience to the " mandates of their princes; are patient of labour, and " above meaſure liberal: in perſon comely; of a middle " ſtature, with ſmall noſes, clear complexions, and black " hair: elegant in their language, but rather prolix in " diſcourſe: in differting and diſputing, haughty and " obſtinate. The greater number of their families de- " rive their origin from houſes of Barbary. Their dreſs " is ſtriped Perſian or Turkiſh robes of the higheſt " prices, either fine woollens, linens, ſilks, or cottons. " In winter they wear the *Albornos*, or African cloak; " in ſummer a looſe white wrapper. The ſoldiers of " Spaniſh extraction uſe in war a ſhort coat of mail, " light helmet, Arabian horſe-furniture, a leathern buck- " ler and ſlender ſpear. Thoſe born in Africa bear " very long ſtaves, which they call *Amras*, i. e. rope- " ends. Their dwellings are but ſlightly built. It is " very curious to aſſiſt at the diverſions of their feſtivals; " for then the young people aſſemble in ſets at the danc- " ing-houſes, and ſing all manner of licentious ballads. " The citizens of Granada eat the very beſt of wheaten " bread, throughout the year; the poorer ſort, and la- " bourers, are ſometimes, in winter-time, obliged to put " up with barley-bread, which, however, is excellent in " its kind. They have every ſort of fruit in abundance, " eſpecially grapes, of which the quantity eaten is incre- " dible. The vineyards in the neighbourhood bring in

" fourteen

" fourteen thouſand aurei. Immenſe are the hoards of " all ſpecies of dried fruits, ſuch as figs, raiſins, plumbs, " &c. They have alſo the ſecret of preſerving grapes " ſound and juicy from one ſeaſon to another.

" Both their gold and ſilver coin is good, and near to " purity.

" Many are the amuſements and recreations of the " citizens, when they retire in autumn to their pretty " villas in the ſuburbs. They are paſſionately fond of " decking themſelves out with gems, and ornaments of " gold and precious ſtones.

" The women are handſome, but of a ſtature rather " below the middle ſize, ſo that it is rare to meet with " a tall one among them: they are very delicate, and " proud of encouraging a prodigious length of hair; " their teeth white as the driven ſnow, and their whole " perſon kept perfectly ſweet, by the abundant uſe of " the moſt exquiſite perfumes; light and airy in their " gait, of a ſprightly acute wit, and ſmart in converſa- " tion. In this age, the vanity of the ſex has carried the " art of dreſſing themſelves out with elegance, profuſion, " and magnificence, to ſuch an exceſs, that it can no " longer be ſimply called luxury, but is become abſolute " downright madneſs."

In Granada, no houſe was without its pipe of water, and in every ſtreet were copious fountains for the public convenience. In ſhort, they neglected no art or inven-

tion

tion that could contribute towards rendering their lives eaſy and voluptuous. I am afraid their urbanity and refinement helped to accelerate their ruin.

You have hitherto been ſhewn the brilliant ſide of the picture; alas! how different will you find it, when conſidered from another point of view, that of its preſent ſtate. The glories of Granada have paſſed away with its old inhabitants; its ſtreets are choaked with filth; its aqueducts crumbled to duſt; its woods deſtroyed; its territory depopulated; its trade loſt; in a word, every thing, except the church and law, in a moſt deplorable ſituation.

At the time of the expulſion of the Moors, ſuch of them as were particularly ſkilled in the ſilk-manufactures, or in the art of conveying and diſtributing water to the grounds, were ſuffered to remain in the kingdom. Beſides theſe, ſome were lucky enough to find powerful protectors, who ſcreened them from ſharing the common fate of their brethren. So late as the year 1726, the Inquiſition, with the ſanction of government, ſeized upon three hundred and ſixty families, accuſed of ſecret Mahometiſm, and confiſcated all their effects, which have been eſtimated at twelve millions of crowns: an immenſe ſum, of which no account was ever given! The anceſtors of theſe people had at their baptiſm aſſumed the ſurnames of their godfathers, by which means they had the ſame appellations as many of the beſt families in Spain; a kind

a kind of relationſhip that was of great ſervice to them in their misfortune, and probably ſaved their lives from the fury of the holy office. They were diſperſed into diſtant parts of Spain, where, it is ſaid, that with ſo much experience and ſkill in commerce, they ſoon grew rich again, and no doubt acquired wiſdom enough to ſecure their ſecond acquiſitions better than their firſt. They were the principal merchants and monied men of Granada; their cuſtom was to buy up for ready money all the ſilk made in the Vega, and ſometimes advance the value of it to the landholders before the ſeaſon. This raw ſilk they diſtributed to the manufacturers in the city, whom they ſupplied with caſh for their preſent maintenance, and were repaid by degrees in wrought ſilks. All theſe artificers thrived under their protection, and provided a comfortable ſubſiſtence for themſelves and their families. The proprietors of land felt the ſweets of a ready ſale for their commodities; and the annual produce of ſilk in this province, before the year 1726, ſeldom fell ſhort of two millions ſix hundred thouſand pounds weight, whereas now it does not exceed one hundred thouſand.

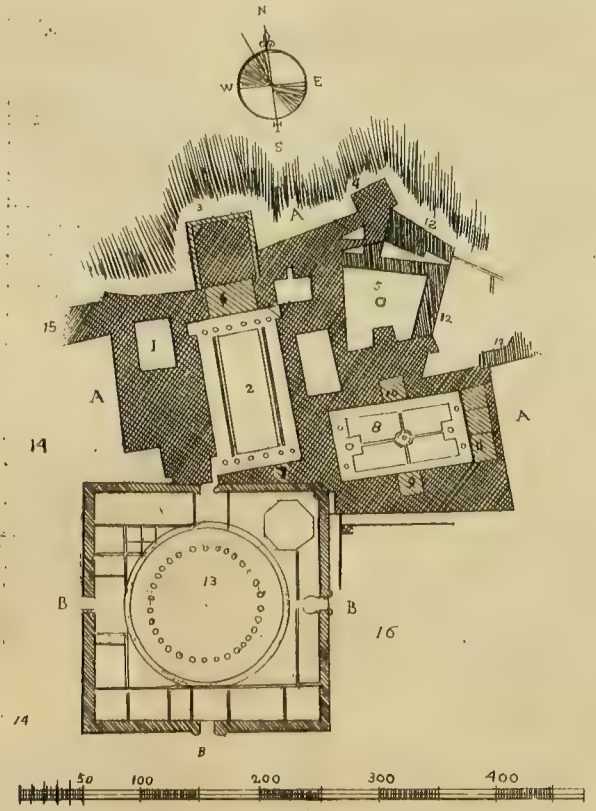
The ſea-coaſt of Granada, from Marbella to Motril, afforded formerly large quantities of ſugar, which was an article of commerce to Madrid, till within theſe thirty years. What is now produced, is conſumed in the neighbourhood in ſweetmeats. From heavy duties which were laid on this branch of trade, and ſtill continue, it is al-

moſt loſt, there being now only three mills at work, in a declining ſtate. At Motril, and at Toros near Velez, ſugar-canes have been produced nine feet high, and of a proportionable thickneſs. They ſay, the firſt plants were carried from thence to the Weſt Indies, and that the quality and grain of the ſugar is ſtill equal to any imported from thence.

A village in the mountains up the Dauro, is to this day almoſt wholly compoſed of the deſcendants of Moors; but it is not poſſible to know whether they have retained any attachment to the cuſtoms and religion of their anceſtors, or whether they are as good Chriſtians at heart as in outward appearance. You may eaſily diſtinguiſh them from the Caſtillians who were tranſplanted hither, by their round plump faces, and ſmall bright eyes, little noſe, and projecting under jaw. In their deportment, they are extremely humble and ſmooth-tongued; but ſo tenacious of their ready money, that it is with difficulty they can prevail upon themſelves to part with the rents and dues which they cannot well avoid paying. Theſe people, and the progeny of the Moſarabic Chriſtians, who inhabited the country before the conqueſt, are eſteemed a much better race of men, both as to morals and induſtry, than the deſcendants of thoſe vagabonds of Caſtile, who conſtitute the major part of the preſent inhabitants. Many veſtiges of Mooriſh manners and cuſtoms may ſtill be traced:—when they go in ſummer to bathe,

References

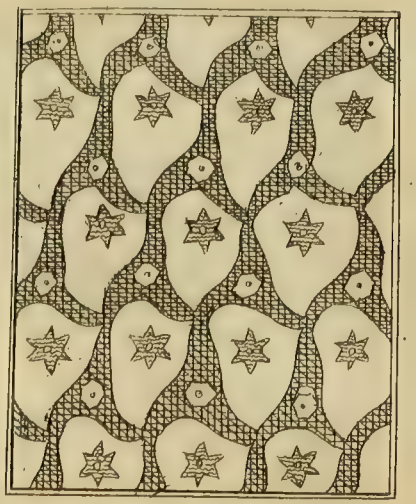
A. Moorish Part.
B. Part built by Charles V.
1. Chapel & Governor's House.
2. Communa.
3. Torre de Commares.
4. Tocador of the Sultana.
5. Garden of Lindaraxa.
6. Hall of Embassadors.
7. Gallery of communication.
8. Court of the Lions.
9. Hall of the Abencerrages.
10. Torre de dos Hermanas.
11. Hall of the Pictures.
12. Additions by y^e^ Emperor.
13. Circular Portico.
14. Court of the Cisterns.
16. Court of the Church or Old Mosque.

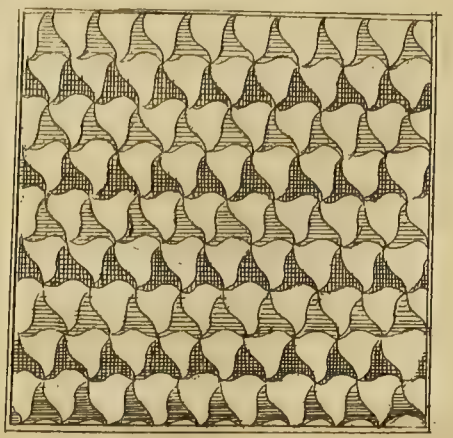


Plan of the Palaces of Charles the fifth, and of the Moorish Kings in the Alhambra of Granada.

H. S. del. et sculpsit. 1775 ~

Pieces of Mosaic on the Walls of the Communa





bathe, at the end of a plentiful harveſt, or on receiving a piece of good news, they are wont to ſet up the moſt hideous yells and outcries imaginable. I was aſſured, that whenever any ſailors belonging to the Malteſe ſhips ſtray up from Malaga, the populace of Granada, hearing them ſpeak Arabic, and ſeeing them dreſſed in a kind of Mooriſh habit, follow them up and down the ſtreets, and pay them extraordinary reſpect.

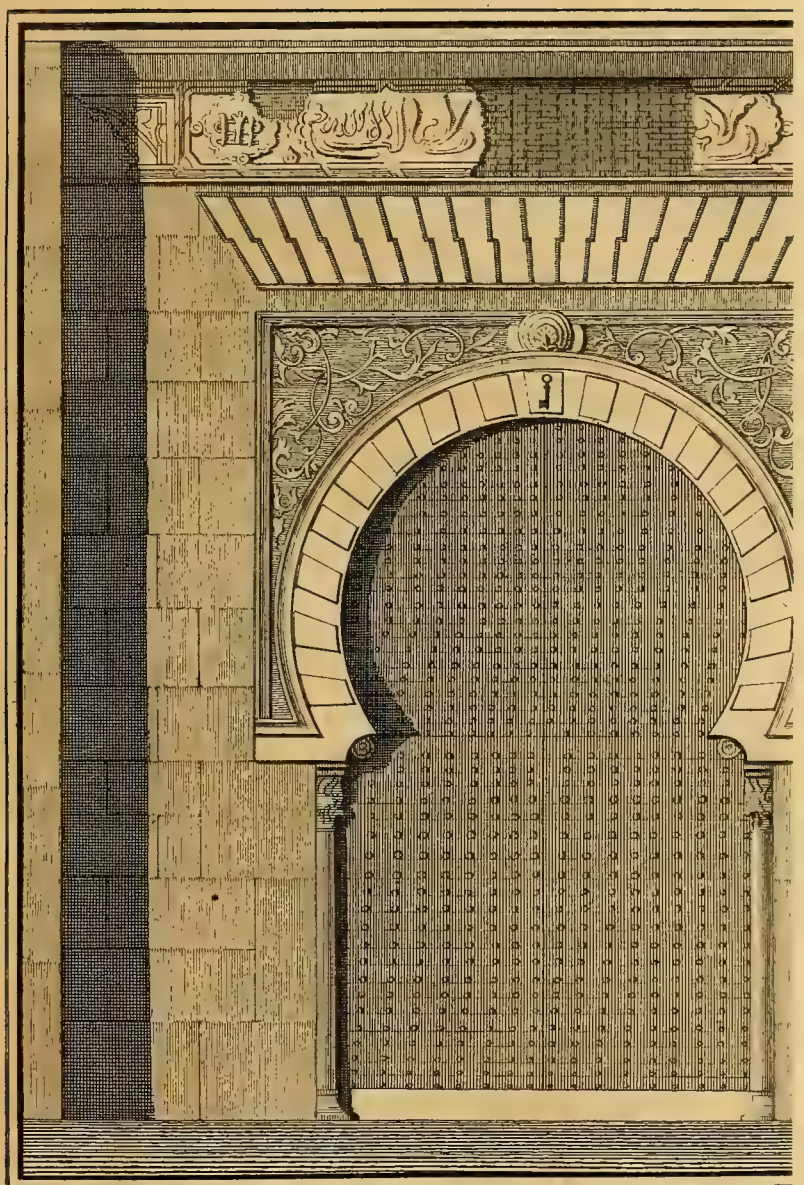
LETTER XXIII.

AFTER the tedious preamble of three long letters, it is high time to bring you to the palace of the Alhambra.

This ancient fortreſs, and reſidence of the Mahometan monarchs of Granada, derives its name from the red colour of the materials that it was originally built with, Alhambra ſignifying a red houſe. Moſt of the ſovereigns took a delight in adding new buildings to the old towers, now called *Torres de la campana*, or in embelliſhing what had been joined by their predeceſſors. The pleaſantneſs of the ſituation, and purity of its air, induced the Emperor Charles the fifth to begin a magnificent edifice on the ruins of the offices of the old palace, and it

is thought, he intended to fix his chief abode here; but his volatile temper, continual wars, and frequent abſences from Spain, made him give up all thoughts of Granada, long before he had finiſhed the plan. It ſtands between the rivers, on a very high hill, that projects into the plain, and overlooks all the city; the road up to it is through a narrow ſtreet, called *Calle de los Gomeles*, from a great family among the Moors. This brings you through a maſſive gate, built by the Emperor, into the outward incloſure of the Alhambra. You then continue to aſcend by a very ſteep avenue of elms, which ſoon encreaſes to a wood, interſected in many directions by wild, neglected walks, where ſtreams of clear water, finding their paſſage obſtructed by the rubbiſh of their old channels, ſpread over the whole road. A large fountain adorns the platform near the top of the hill. The water, diverted from its proper conduits, has been ſuffered to run at random for ſuch a length of time, that it has deſtroyed moſt of the ſculpture and embelliſhments, which were in a very good taſte. Here you turn ſhort to the left, and come under the walls of the inner incloſure. Its appearance is that of an old town, exhibiting a long range of high battlemented walls, interrupted at regular diſtances by large lofty ſquare towers. Theſe have one or two arched windows near the top, and a precipitate ſlope from the bottom into a dry ditch. The whole is built with round irregular pebbles, mixed with cement and gravel. Some

parts



H.S. del. 1775. PUERTA DE LOS SIETE SUE

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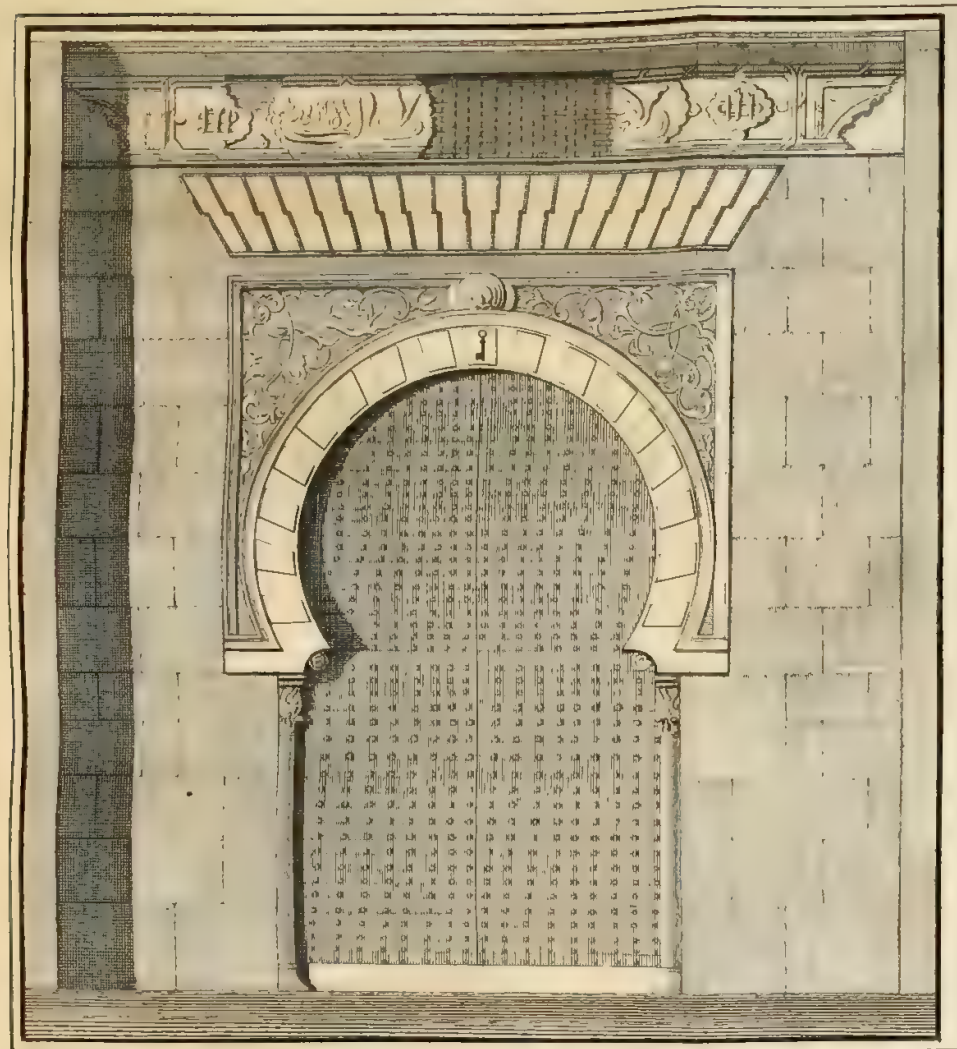
Pies Castillanos.

GATES OF THE ALHAMBRA.



H.S. del 1775 PUERTA DE LOS SIETE SUELOS.

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Pies Castillanos.

F. Giomignani sc.

PUERTA DEL JUICIO

parts are covered and ſmoothed over with a thick coat of plaiſter ; in other places, mortar has been laid in between the ſtones, leaving as much of them uncovered as came to the level ; then the trowel has been carefully drawn round, forming about them triangles, half-moons, &c. Juſt before you, ſtands the preſent principal entrance into the caſtle, a ſquare tower built by the king Juſaf Abuhagiagi, in 1348, as an inſcription informs us : from its being the place where juſtice was ſummarily adminiſtered, it was ſtyled *the Gate of Judgment*. You paſs through it under ſeveral arches (each of which is more than a full ſemicircle, reſting upon a ſmall impoſt, the ends of the bow being brought towards each other in the form of a horſeſhoe.) On the key-ſtone of the outward arch, is ſculptured the figure of an arm, the ſymbol of ſtrength and dominion : on that of the next arch is a key emboſſed, the armorial enſign of the Andaluſian Moors. Above it, the wall of this partition is covered with a beautiful blue and gold moſaic, in the middle of which they have placed an image of the Virgin Mary. As this is not a gate ever uſed for carriages, the paſſage winds through ſeveral turns, full of images, indulgences, and altars, before you get through, out into a narrow ſtreet, between a row of ſhabby barracks on the right, and on the left the caſtle wall, ſuppoſed to be built by the Phœnicians. I examined the work very narrowly, and found it conſiſted of a layer of cement one or two inches thick, upon which

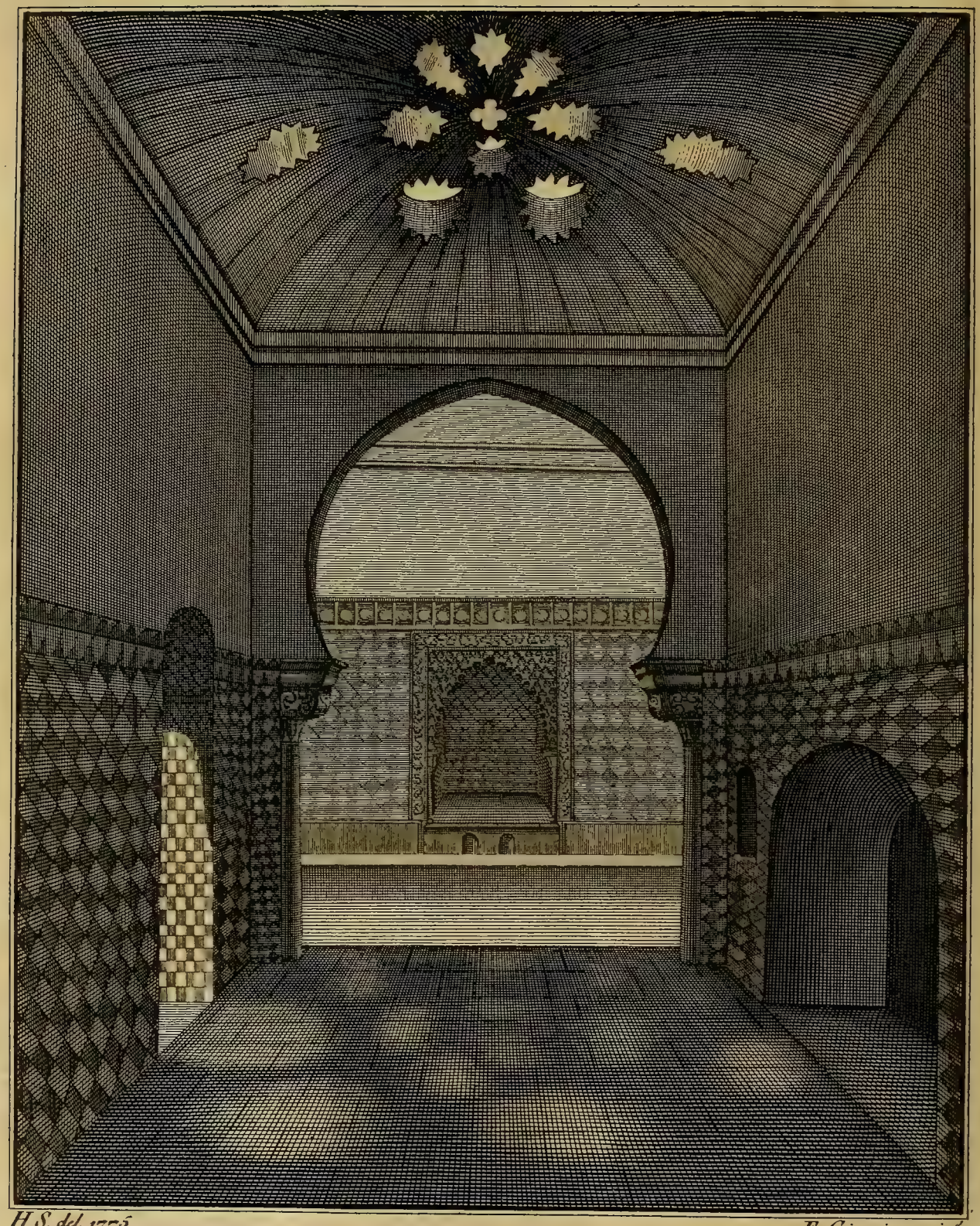
which is placed flatwiſe a ſtone of the ſame thickneſs, chiſſelled on the face into a kind of a chequered deſign. This is the regular method employed from top to bottom. This lane ends in the great ſquare, or *Plaza de los Algibes*, ſo named from the ancient ciſterns, that undermine it from end to end, and are conſtantly fed by a ſupply of running water. The proſpect from the parapet-wall is wonderfully grand, over the vale of Dauro, the Albaycin, and down the Vega. On the very brow of the hill, hanging over the city, ſtand the *towers of the bell*, a groupe of high ſquare buildings, which now ſerve for priſons. Below them, on the ſouth-ſide, on a ſlip of terrace, is the governor's garden, a very pleaſant walk, full of fine orange and cypreſs trees, and myrtle hedges, but quite abandoned. The view it commands is incomparable. Two large vaſes enamelled with gold and azure foliages and characters are the only ornaments left: theſe were taken out of the vaults under the royal apartments. On the right hand of the Plaza de los Algibes, is a ſolitary gateway, formerly the entrance into ſome of the outward quadrangles thrown down by Charles the fifth, to make room for his ſuperb palace, which ſtands facing the *Torres de la campana*. This edifice is a perfect ſquare of two hundred Spaniſh feet; it has two orders of pilaſters, Doric and Ionic, upon a ruſtic baſe. The whole meaſures ſixty-two feet from the top of the upper entablement to the ground. Three of the fronts

fronts are free from all other buildings; the fourth (that to the north) is joined and connected with the ancient palace of the Mooriſh kings. It was never finiſhed, which is much to be regretted by all lovers of the fine arts, for there are few edifices more deſerving of their admiration. The architect was Alonzo Verruguete, a native of Paredes de Navas, near Valladolid. In this work he has diſcovered a moſt tranſcendent genius, grandeur of ſtyle, and elegance and chaſtity of deſign. How different from all that has been done for a century paſt in this kingdom! The doors are deſigned in a great manner; the baſs-reliefs, figures, feſtoons, medallions, &c. are of excellent invention and execution; the ornaments of the cornices, windows, and capitals, are delicate, and ſuitable to the general effect. On the pedeſtals of the columns, that ſupport the entablement of the great door, are reliefs on dark marble, that for poliſh might paſs for bronze at a little diſtance; the Doric door in the ſouth ſide, called El Zanguenete, pleaſed me greatly, as there is ſomething ſimply elegant in the taſte, and new in the ornamental part; the pediment is filled with a ſcroll thrown with great eaſe, on which is inſcribed *Pluſoutre*, the motto of the Emperor, which he never failed introducing into every public work he undertook. You come, through an oblong veſtibule, into the court which forms the center of the palace. It is an

exact

exact circle, of one hundred and forty-four feet diameter, round which runs a Doric colonnade, or portico, of thirty-two columns, ſupporting an upper gallery of an equal number of pillars, of the Ionic order. They are all of them of one entire block of reddiſh marble. The portico is nineteen feet wide, and ſerves as a communication with the ſtair-caſe, and the intended apartments, which are diſpoſed round the court in various forms and proportions. The roof of the gallery is crumbling away very faſt, and many of the columns are much damaged. The apartments never had any other covering than the ſky; and nothing but the matchleſs temperature of the climate could have ſaved this beautiful work, ſo many years, from total ruin. The magnificence, the unity of this whole pile, but, above all, the elegance of the circular court, quite tranſported me with pleaſure, on the firſt view, and I have ever ſince found my admiration encreaſe in proportion to the number of my viſits.

Adjoining (to the north) ſtands a huge heap of as ugly buildings as can well be ſeen, all huddled together, ſeemingly without the leaſt intention of forming *one* habitation out of them. The walls are entirely unornamented, all gravel and pebbles, daubed over with plaiſter by a very coarſe hand; yet this is the palace of the Mooriſh kings of Granada, indiſputably the moſt curious place within, that exiſts in Spain, perhaps in Europe. In many



H.S. del. 1775. F. Giomignani sc.

GREAT BATH OF THE ALAMBRA.

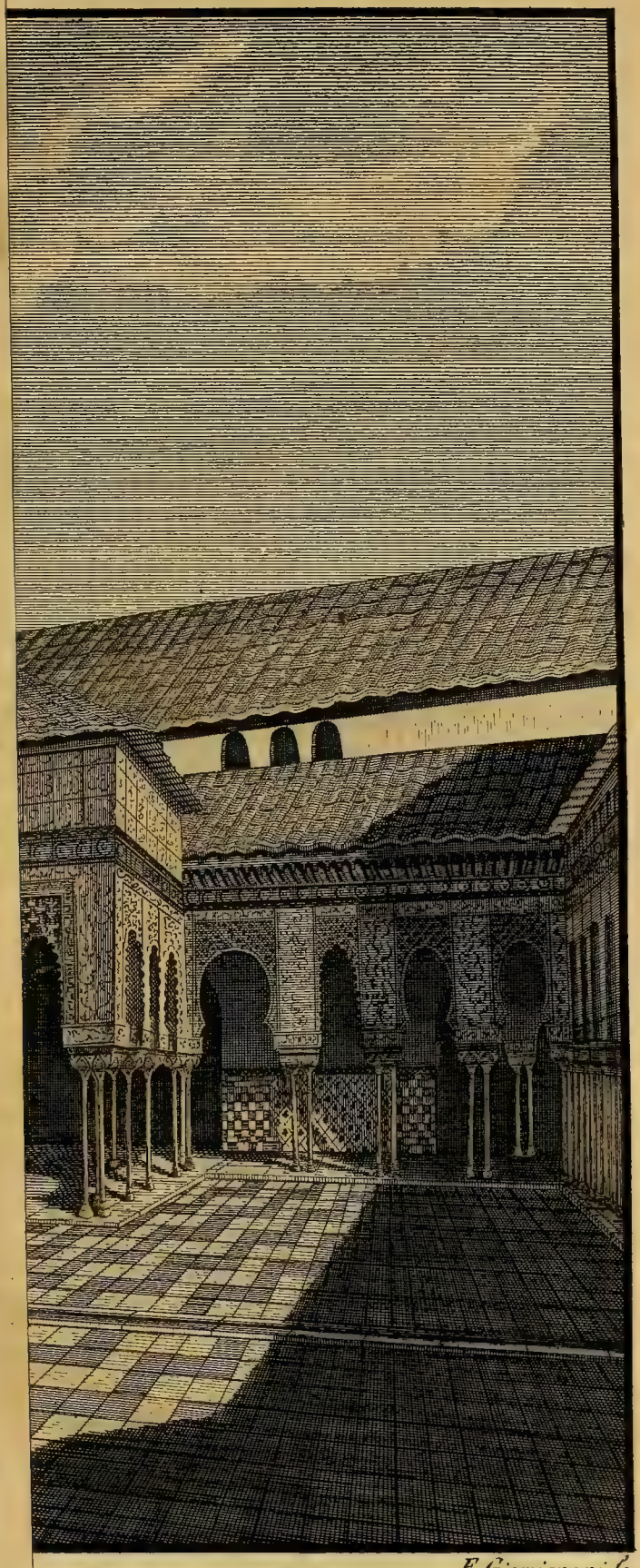
many countries, you may ſee excellent modern as well as ancient architecture, both entire and in ruins; but nothing to be met with any where elſe can convey an idea of this edifice, except you take it from the decorations of an opera, or the tales of the Genii. I therefore look upon it to ſtand alone in its kind, and conſequently think no excuſe neccſſary, previous to my entering upon the dry detail I intend giving you of it.

Paſſing round the corner of the Emperor's palace, you are admitted at a plain unornamented door in a corner. On my firſt viſit, I confeſs, I was ſtruck with amazement, as I ſtept over the threſhold, to find myſelf on a ſudden tranſported into a ſpecies of fairy-land. The firſt place you come to, is the court called the *communa*, or *del meſucar*, that is the *common baths:* An oblong ſquare, with a deep baſon of clear water in the middle; two flights of marble ſteps leading down to the bottom; on each ſide a parterre of flowers, and a row of orange-trees. Round the court runs a peryſtile paved with marble; the arches bear upon very ſlight pillars, in proportions and ſtyle different from all the regular orders of architecture. The ceilings and walls are incruſtated with fret-work in ſtucco, ſo minute and intricate, that the moſt patient draughtſman would find it difficult to follow it, unleſs he made himſelf maſter of the general plan. This would facilitate the operation exceedingly, for all this work is frequently and regularly repeated at certain diſ-

tances, and has been executed by means of ſquare moulds applied ſucceſſively, and the parts joined together with the utmoſt nicety. In every diviſion are Arabic ſentences of different lengths, moſt of them expreſſive of the following meanings, "There is no conqueror but God;" or, "Obedience and honour to our Lord Abouabdallah." The ceilings are gilt or painted, and time has cauſed no diminution in the freſhneſs of their colours, though conſtantly expoſed to the air. The lower part of the walls is moſaic, diſpoſed in fantaſtic knots and feſtoons. A work ſo new to me, ſo exquiſitely finiſhed, and ſo different from all I had ever ſeen, afforded me the moſt agreeable ſenſations, which, I aſſure you, redoubled every ſtep I took in this magic ground. The porches at the ends are more like grotto-work, than any thing elſe I can compare them to. That on the right hand opens into an octagon vault, under the Emperor's palace, and forms a perfect whiſpering-gallery, meant to be a communication between the offices of both houſes.

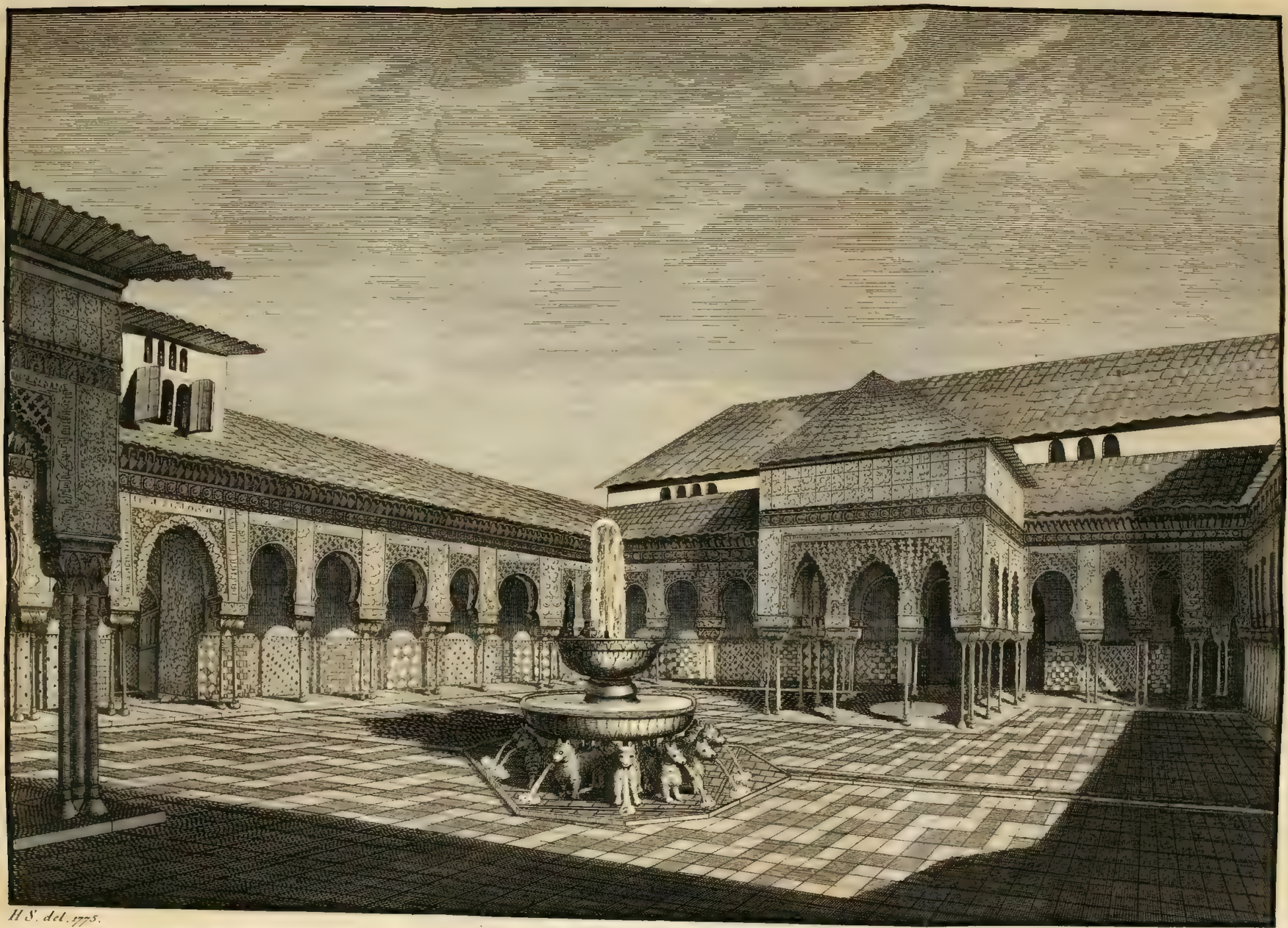
Oppoſite to the door of the communa through which you enter, is another, leading into the *Quarto de los leones*, or apartment of the lions, which is an oblong court, one hundred feet in length, and fifty in breadth, environed with a colonade ſeven feet broad on the ſides, and ten at the end. Two porticos or cabinets, about fifteen feet ſquare, project into the court at the two extremities. The ſquare is paved with coloured tiles; the colonade

with



F. Giomignani sc.

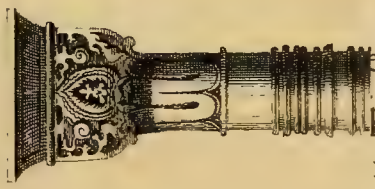
of GRANADA.



H S. del. 1775.

F. Giomignani fc.

COURT of the LIONS in the ALHAMBRA or MOORISH PALACE of GRANADA.



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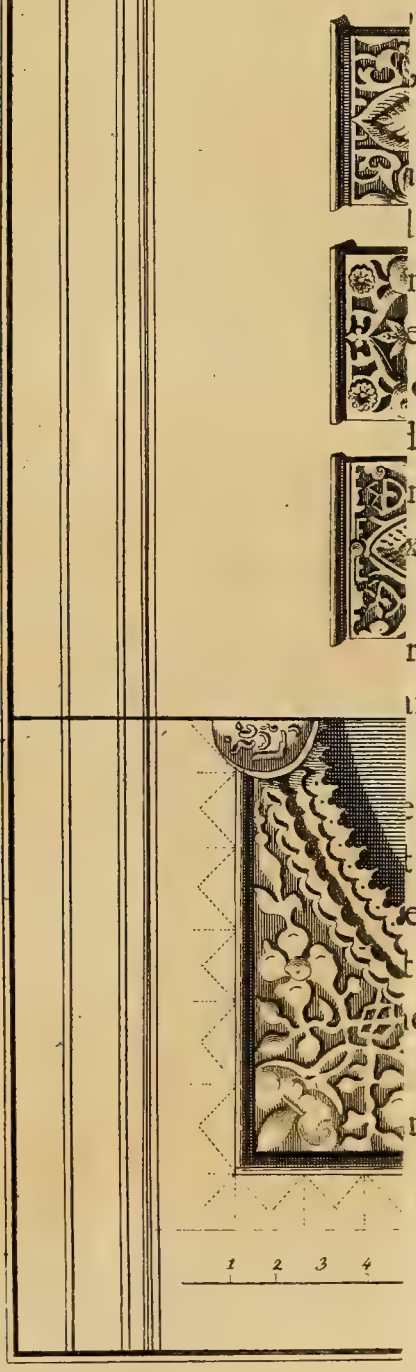
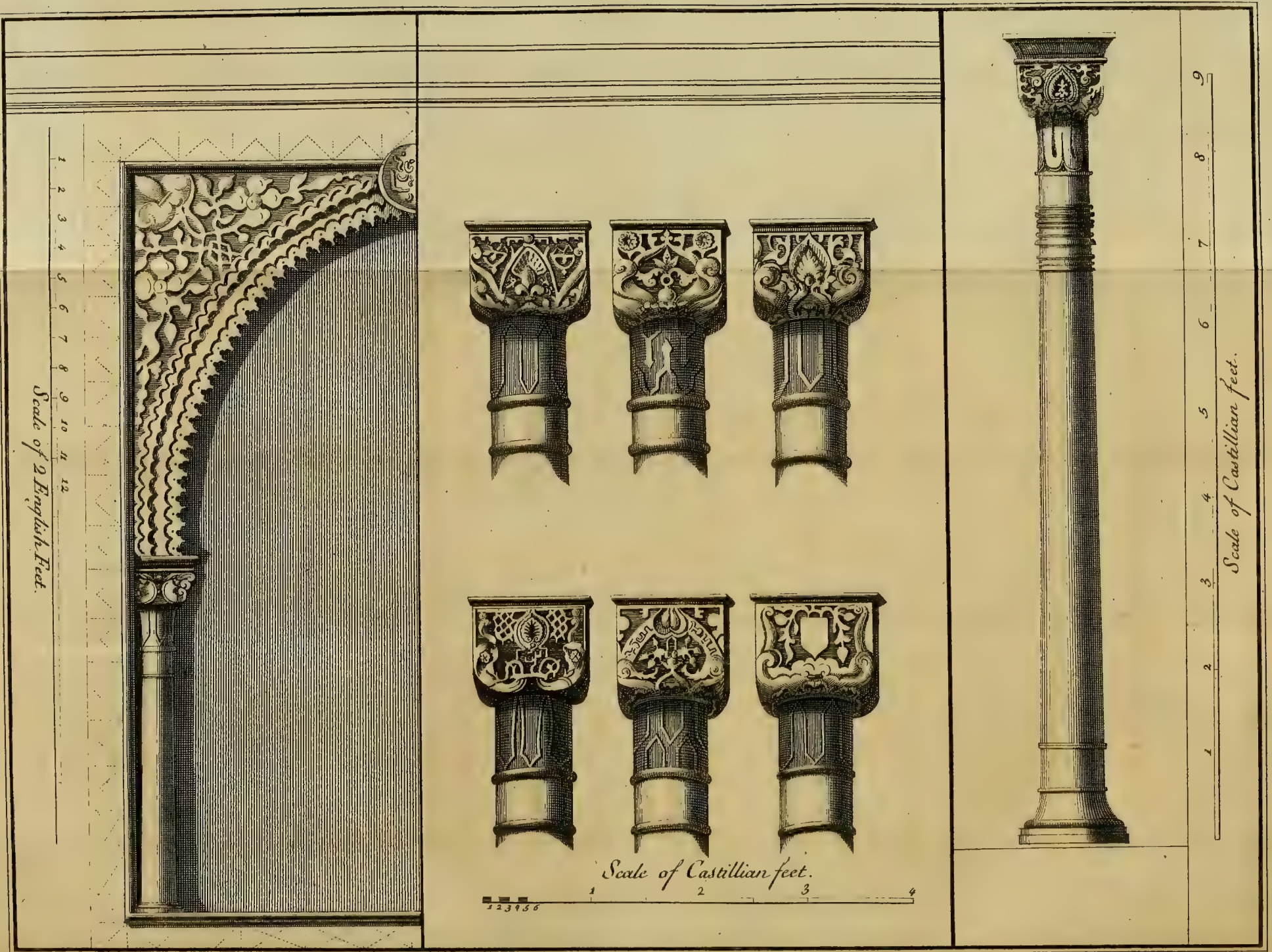




H. S. del. 1775.

Cupboard in the Hall of the Embaſsadors

Six Capitals of Columns in the Court of Lions in the Alambra of Granada.

F. Giomignani ſc.

Column of the Court of Lions.

with white marble. The walls are covered five feet up from the ground with blue and yellow tiles, diſpoſed chequerwiſe. Above and below is a border of ſmall eſcutcheons, enamelled blue and gold, with an Arabic motto on a bend, ſignifying, "No conqueror but God." The columns that ſupport the roof and gallery are of white marble, very ſlender, and fantaſtically adorned. They are nine feet high, including baſe and capital, and eight inches and an half diameter. They are very irregularly placed, ſometimes ſingly, at others in groups of three, but more frequently two together. The width of the horſe-ſhoe arches above them is four feet two inches for the large ones, and three for the ſmaller. The ceiling of the portico is finiſhed in a much finer and more complicated manner, than that of the *communa*, and the ſtucco laid on the walls with inimitable delicacy; in the ceiling it is ſo artfully froſted and handled, as to exceed belief. The capitals are of various deſigns, though each deſign is repeated ſeveral times in the circumference of the court, but not the leaſt attention has been paid to placing them regularly or oppoſite to each other. You will form a much clearer idea of their ſtyle, as well as diſpoſitions, from the drawings, than from the moſt elaborate deſcription I can pen. Not the ſmalleſt repreſentation of animal life can be diſcovered amidſt the varieties of foliages, groteſques, and ſtrange ornaments. About each arch is a large ſquare of arabeſques, ſur-

rounded with a rim of characters, that are generally quotations from the Koran. Over the pillars is another ſquare of delightful filligree work. Higher up is a wooden rim, or kind of cornice, as much enriched with carving as the ſtucco that covers the part underneath. Over this projects a roof of red tiles, the only thing that disfigures this beautiful ſquare. This ugly covering is modern, put on by order of Mr. Wall, the late prime miniſter, who a few years ago gave the Alhambra a thorough repair. In Mooriſh times the building was covered with large painted and glazed tiles, of which ſome few are ſtill to be ſeen. In the center of the court are twelve ill-made lions muzzled, their fore-parts ſmooth, their hind-parts rough, which bear upon their backs an enormous baſon, out of which a leſſer riſes. While the pipes were kept in good order, a great volume of water was thrown up, that, falling down into the baſons, paſſed through the beaſts, and iſſued out of their mouths into a large reſervoir, where it communicated by channels with the jet d'eaus in the apartments. This fountain is of white marble, embelliſhed with many feſtoons, and Arabic diſtichs, thus tranſlated:

"Seeſt thou not how the water flows copiouſly like "the Nile?"

"This reſembles a ſea waſhing over its ſhores, threat-"ening ſhipwreck to the mariner."

"This water runs abundantly, to give drink to the lions."

"Terrible

" Terrible as the lion is our king in the day of " battle."

" The Nile gives glory to the king, and the lofty " mountains proclaim it."

" This garden is fertile in delights; God takes care " that no noxious animal ſhall approach it."

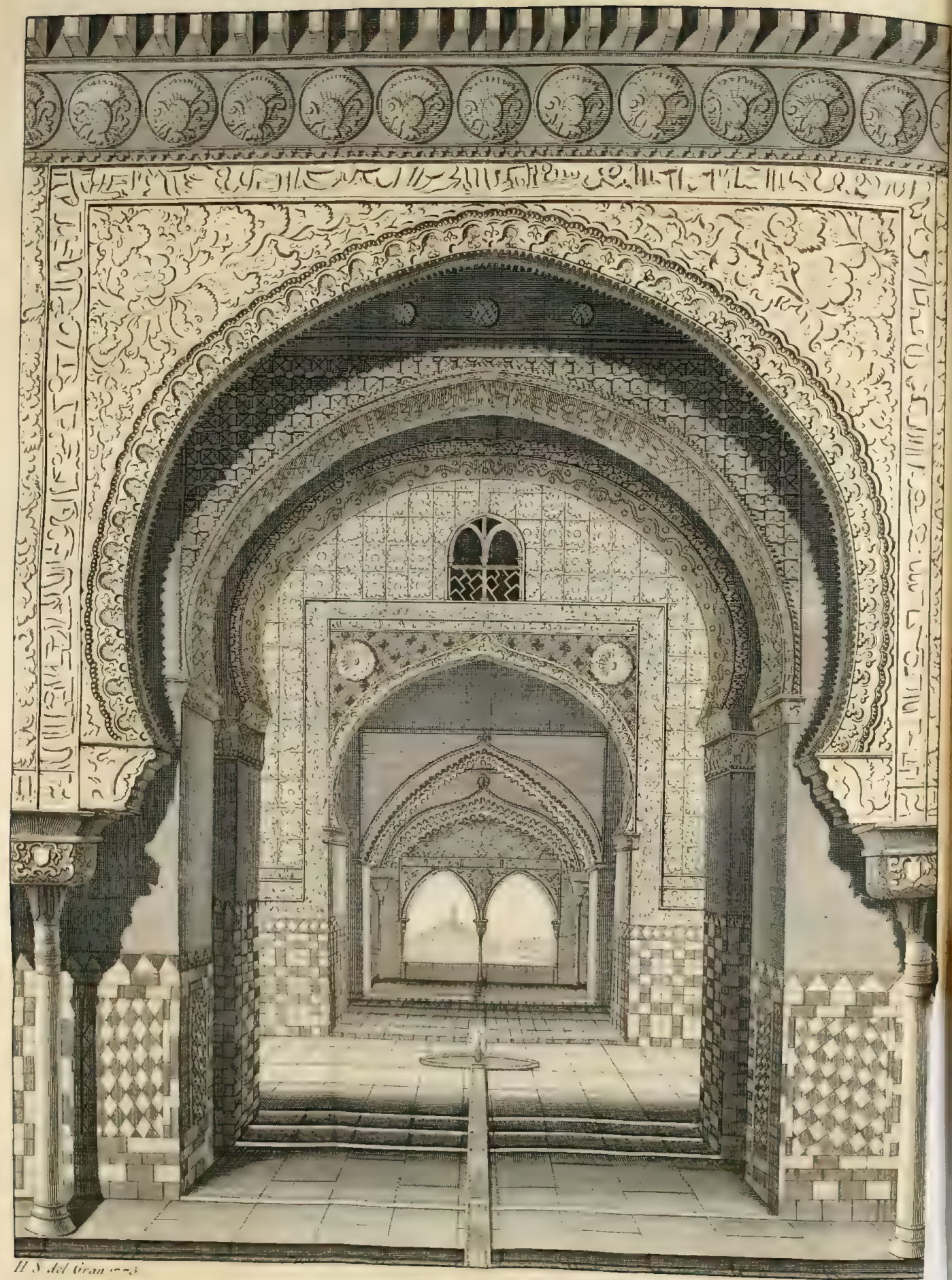
" The fair princeſs that walks in this garden, covered " with pearls, augments its beauty ſo much, that thou " may'ſt doubt whether it be a fountain that flows, or " the tears of her admirers [12].

Paſſing along the colonade, and keeping on the ſouth ſide, you come to a circular room uſed by the men as a place for drinking coffee and ſorbets in. A fountain in the middle refreſhed the apartment in ſummer. The form of this hall, the elegance of its cupola, the chearful diſtribution of light from above, and the exquiſite manner in which the ſtucco is deſigned, painted, and finiſhed, exceed all my powers of deſcription. Every thing in it inſpires the moſt pleaſing, voluptuous ideas: yet in this ſweet retreat they pretend that Abouabdoulah aſſembled the Abencerrages, and cauſed their heads to be ſtruck off into the fountain. Our guide, with a look expreſſive of implicit faith, pointed out to us the ſtains of their blood in the white marble ſlabs; which is nothing more than the reddiſh marks of iron-water in the quarry,

[12] This paſſage is very obſcure in the Latin tranſlation. I have endeavoured to make ſomething of it, but it ſtill remains a forced conceit.

or

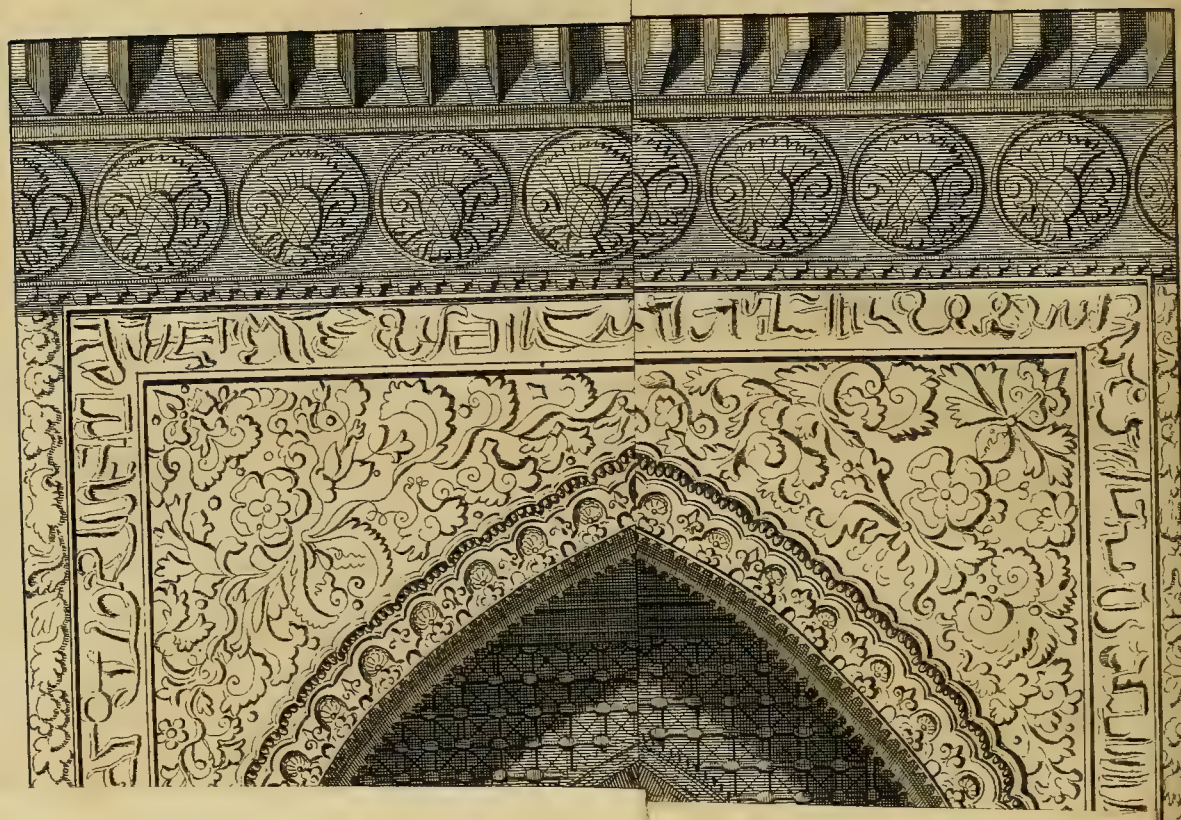
or perhaps the effect of being long expoſed to the air. Continuing your walk round, you are next brought to a couple of rooms at the head of the court, which are ſuppoſed to have been tribunals, or audience-chambers. In the ceiling are three hiſtorical paintings, executed with much ſtrength, but great ſtiffneſs in the figures and countenances. One of them ſeems to be a cavalcade; the other the entrance of ſome princeſs; and the third a divan. When theſe were painted, and what they are meant to repreſent, I could not make out; but our *Cicerone* naturally adapted them to the hiſtory of the Sultana and her four Chriſtian knights. If they are repreſentations of that doubtful ſtory, they muſt have been painted in the Emperor's time, or a little before, for it cannot be ſuppoſed that Abouabdoulah would wiſh to perpetuate the memory of a tranſaction in which he bore ſo very weak and diſhonourable a part. And beſides, the anathema denounced by the Koran againſt all repreſentations of living creatures, renders it next to impoſſible that theſe pieces ſhould have exiſted previous to the conqueſt. The lions of the great fountain may be brought as an argument againſt my laſt reaſon; and indeed they ſhew that the Granadine princes, as well as ſome of the oriental caliphs, who put their own effigy on their coin, ventured now and then to place themſelves above the letter of the law. Be this as it will, if the antiquity of theſe pictures can be proved to go as far back as the reign of Ferdinand,



H. S. del Gran 1775

F. Giomignani

ENTRANCE of the TORRE de las dos HERMANAS in the ALHAMBRA.



dinand, or at leaſt the beginning of that of Charles, which I take to be no very difficult matter to make out, I ſhould have much greater reſpect for the authority of Giles Peres than many think him entitled to. It can ſcarce be ſuppoſed that the events of the reign of Abou-abdoulah could be ſo totally forgotten ſo ſoon after, that a painter ſhould dare to invent a trial and combat, at which many ſtill living in Granada might have aſſiſted as ſpectators.

Oppoſite to the *Sala de los Abencerrages* is the entrance into the *Torre de las dos hermanas*, or the tower of the two ſiſters, ſo named from two very beautiful pieces of marble laid as flags in the pavement. This gate exceeds all the reſt in profuſion of ornaments and in beauty of proſpect, which it affords through a range of apartments, where a multitude of arches terminate in a large window open to the country. In a gleam of ſunſhine, the variety of tints and lights thrown upon this enfilade are uncommonly rich. I employed much time in making an exact drawing of it from the fountain, and hope it will help you to comprehend what I am labouring to explain by my narrative. The firſt hall is the concert-room, where the women ſate; the muſicians played above in four balconies. In the middle is a jet d'eau. The marble pavement I take to be equal to the fineſt exiſting, for the ſize of the flags, and evenneſs of the colour. The two ſiſters, which give name to the

room,

room, are ſlabs that meaſure fifteen feet by ſeven and a half, without flaw or ſtain. The walls, up to a certain height, are moſaic, and above are divided into very neat compartments of ſtucco, all of one deſign, which is alſo followed in many of the adjacent halls and galleries. The ceiling is a fretted cove. To preſerve this vaulted roof, as well as ſome of the other principal cupolas, the outward walls of the towers are raiſed ten feet above the top of the dome, and ſupport another roof over all, by which means no damage can ever be cauſed by wet weather, or exceſſive heat and cold. From this hall you paſs round the little myrtle-garden of Lindaraxa, into an additional building made to the eaſt end by Charles V. The rooms are ſmall and low: his dear motto, *Plus outre*, appears on every beam. This leads to a little tower, projecting from the line of the north wall, called *El tocador*, or the dreſſing-room of the ſultana. It is a ſmall ſquare cabinet, in the middle of an open gallery, from which it receives light by a door and three windows. The look-out charming. In one corner is a large marble flag, drilled full of holes, through which the ſmoke of perfumes aſcended from furnaces below; and here, it is preſumed, the Mooriſh queen was wont to ſit to fumigate and ſweeten her perſon. The emperor cauſed this little pretty room to be painted with repreſentations of his wars, and a great variety of groteſques, which appear to be copies, or at leaſt imitations, of thoſe in the

the loggie of the Vatican. They have been ſhamefully abuſed by idle ſcribblers; what remains ſhews them to be the work of able artiſts. From hence you go through a long paſſage to the hall of ambaſſadors, which is magnificently decorated with innumerable varieties of moſaics, and the mottos of all the kings of Granada. This long narrow antichamber opens into the *communa* on the left hand, and on the right into the great audience-hall in the tower of *Comares*, a noble apartment, thirty-ſix feet ſquare, thirty-ſix high up to the cornice, and eighteen from thence to the center of the cupola. The walls on three ſides are fifteen feet thick, on the other nine; the lower range of windows thirteen feet high. The whole hall is inlaid with moſaic of many colours, diſpoſed in intricate knots, ſtars, and other figures. In every part are repeated certain Arabic ſentences, the principal of which are the following:

"The counſel of God and a ſpeedy increaſe, and give "joy to true believers."

"Praiſe to God, and to his vicegerent Nazar, who gave "this empire, and to our king Abouabdoulah, to whom "be peace, elevation, and glory."

N. B. Nazar is an appellation of eminence, and ſuppoſed to mean the famous Emirmoumelin Jacob Almanzar.

"There is no God but God."

"Valour, ſucceſs, and duration to our king Abul-

" haghagh, king of the Moors; God guide his ſtate and " elevate his power!"

" Praiſe be to God, for I enliven this dwelling of " princes with my beauty, and with my crown. I ſtrike " firm root; I have fountains of pureſt water, and hand- " ſome apartments; my inhabitants are lords of mighty " puiſſance. May God, who guides his people, protect " me, for I attend to the ſayings of the holy! I am thus " adorned by the hand and liberality of Abulhaghagh, " who is a bright moon that caſts forth his light over " the face of heaven."

Theſe inſcriptions, and many others diſperſed over the palace, prove that there is very little of it remaining that is not the work of Abulhaghagh, or of Abouabdoulah.

Having thus completed the tour of the upper apartments, which are upon a level with the offices of the new palace, you deſcend to the lower floor, which conſiſted of bedchambers and ſummer-rooms: the back-ſtairs and paſſages, that facilitated the intercourſe between them, are without number. The moſt remarkable room below is the king's bedchamber, which communicated, by means of a gallery, with the upper ſtory. The beds were placed in two alcoves, upon a raiſed pavement of blue and white tiles; but as it has been repaired by Philip V. who paſſed ſome time here, I cannot ſay how it may have been in former times. A fountain played in the middle, to refreſh the apartment in hot

weather.

weather. Behind the alcoves are ſmall doors, that conduct you to the royal baths. Theſe conſiſt in one ſmall cloſet with marble ciſterns for waſhing children, two rooms for grown-up perſons, and vaults for boilers and furnaces, that ſupplied the baths with water, and the ſtoves with vapours. The troughs are formed of large ſlabs of white marble; the walls are beautified with party-coloured earthen ware; light is admitted by holes in the coved cieling.

Hard by is a whiſpering-gallery, and a kind of labyrinth, ſaid to have been made for the diverſion of the women and children.

One of the paſſages of communication is fenced off with a ſtrong iron grate, and called the priſon of the ſultana; but it ſeems more probable that it was put up to prevent any body from climbing up into the women's quarter.

Under the council-room is a long ſlip, called the king's ſtudy; and adjoining to it are ſeveral vaults, ſaid to be the place of burial of the royal family. In the year 1574, four ſepulchres were opened, but, as they contained nothing but bones and aſhes, were immediately cloſed again.

I ſhall finiſh this deſcription of the Alhambra, by obſerving how admirably every thing was planned and calculated for rendering this palace the moſt voluptuous of all retirements; what plentiful ſupplies of water were

brought to refreſh it in the hot months of ſummer; what a free circulation of air was contrived, by the judicious diſpoſition of doors and windows; what ſhady gardens of aromatic trees; what noble views over the beautiful hills and fertile plains! No wonder the Moors regretted Granada; no wonder they ſtill offer up prayers to God every Friday for the recovery of this city, which they eſteem a terreſtrial paradiſe.

LETTER XXIV.

Granada, December 30, 1775.

AFTER the Alhambra, I am afraid the reſt of the city will go down but poorly: indeed there is little worth ſeeing here.

The Alameda, along the banks of the Xenil, is as pleaſant a walk as any in Spain, but the river has ſeldom water enough to enliven the proſpect with a reflected landſcape. The hill riſes boldly, to back the avenue, with orange-groves, cypreſs-alleys, and cluſters of houſes, grouped upon the waving line of its ſides and ſummit. This, and another drive beyond the river, are the chief places of reſort for people on foot or in coaches; and the beauty

beauty of Granada is no where more ſtriking than from theſe points of view. The more diſtant parts of the hill are rather bare, and hollowed out into caverns, inhabited by a tawny, ill-favoured tribe, who have either excavated the mountain, or found it ready ſcooped out to their hands by the ancient poſſeſſors of the country. In winter, theſe grottos are ſo warm, that they ſleep in them without cloaths or covering to the bed; and in ſummer they are ſo cool as to be dangerous for ſuch perſons as come ſuddenly out of the heat of the external atmoſphere.

The environs of the town are charming even now. Every body tells us, that in ſummer Granada is a delicious abode, never too cold nor too hot, refreſhed by numberleſs ſtreams, and perfumed by all the ſweets wafted by the breeze from the gardens that lie ſcattered over the declivities of the neighbouring hills. Nothing can be more agreeable, in the mild ſunſhiny afternoons which we enjoy here, though at Chriſtmas, than the walks along the heights of the Alhambra. There is always a great concourſe of people ſitting on the graſs, baſking in the ſun, and diverting themſelves, as if it were a fair. Venders of cakes, toys, and liquors, call their wares through the crowd. The women come to ſhew themſelves in their holiday finery, dreſt out in black ſilk petticoats and veils. In that habit every woman has ſomething uncommonly alluring. Here indeed the ſex is

really

really handſome in any dreſs; their complexions are fairer, their ſkins clearer, and their cheeks glow with a brighter tinge than any faces we have met with in our journey down the coaſt. The diſtance of Granada from the ſea-ports has probably preſerved it from that general infection of the odious diſeaſe, which rages with ſuch virulence in all the trading towns. The ſurprizing purity of its air muſt alſo greatly contribute towards the freſhneſs of their looks. In many houſes, a current of water paſſes in an uncovered channel through bedchambers where people ſleep, winter and ſummer, without its having the leaſt bad effect upon their health. Fruit and butchers meat remain in the Alhambra an unuſual length of time without taint or putrefaction.

The walls and gates of the town, very few parts excepted, are demoliſhed or built up, and the city is open on all ſides. Moſt of the ſtreets are narrow and dirty. To the lanes and alleys the common people retire to perform the moſt filthy of nature's functions; but they do it with much decency, having by long practice acquired great expertneſs in caſting their cloak like a net, ſo as to fall exactly round at a proper diſtance from the body. Though it is common enough to find them ſquatted down in the ſtreets, you never ſee any body make water publicly, for when preſſed, they always retire behind a door, into an entry, or to ſome ſecret corner.

The Rambla is a very broad, long ſtreet, leading to the

the great walk: a lofty church, and ſome public buildings, give this ſtreet an air of grandeur not common in a Spaniſh city. Moſt of the ſmall houſes are Mooriſh built, or coarſe imitations of that manner, the modern maſons decorating their walls with uncouth copies of Saracenic moſaics. I believe there is ſcarce a houſe in Granada that has not over its door, in large red characters, the words, *Ave Maria puriſſima ſin pecado concebida*; which is the *cri de guerre* of the Franciſcan friars, who are the heads of the party that maintain the conception of the Virgin Mary to have been performed without her participating of the ſtain of original ſin. This is a favourite tenet in Spain, ſtrengthened and confirmed by the inſtitution of the new order of knighthood of Carlos Tercero, by the vows of the ancient military orders, and by the oath adminiſtered to all candidates for degrees. At their reception they ſwear to defend, by word and deed, the doctrine of the immaculate conception. The Dominicans are the grand antagoniſts of the Conceptioniſts.

The market-place is ſpacious, but its buildings are horridly ugly. They are Mooriſh, and from top to bottom ſeem to be nothing but rows of large windows, divided by narrow brick pilaſters. The ſhambles are a building apart, and clean enough. All meat bought in them muſt be weighed before a ſitting committee of magiſtrates, before the buyer is ſuffered to carry home his purchaſe. One of our ſervants was yeſterday hurried to jail, through ignorance

of

of this regulation. An alguazil, coming up behind him, ſeized on his catering baſket: this abrupt mode of proceeding was repulſed by a violent blow on the chaps with a ſhoulder of mutton, which brought the Spaniard to the ground. Our hero was marching off triumphant, when the pride of victory getting the better of his prudence, he ſuffered himſelf to be ſurprized by a detachment of alguazils, who lodged him in priſon, till our banker waited upon the magiſtrates, and procured his diſcharge.

The outſides of the churches are painted in a theatrical taſte, and their inſides ſet off with a profuſion of marbles, brought from the neighbouring mountains: the dark green, from the Sierra Nevada, is the moſt valuable. Tables of an extraordinary ſize have been lately cut of that marble, for the infant Don Lewis; but as the roads have been ſince quite deſtroyed by the torrents, the future carriage of ſuch large blocks from the mountain will be attended with great expence and trouble. There are alſo many handſome brown marbles and alabaſters, diverſified with an infinite number of ſhades and tints. One whole ſtreet of artificers is employed in making little boxes, bracelets, necklaces, and other knick-knacks, of ſuch materials, which they retail cheap enough. It is uſual in gentlemen's houſes to frame fine ſpecimens of marble, and hang them up in the apartments by way of ornament.

The

The cathedral, which, in point of architecture, ſtands very high in the opinion of the Granadines, is an aſſemblage of three churches. The firſt is a clumſy pariſh-church; the ſecond, a large chapel, erected by Ferdinand V. at that unfortunate æra of the arts, when all the lightneſs and beautiful caprice of the Saracenic taſte was laid aſide, to make room for an unwieldy, prepoſterous mode of building, and a few years before the magnificence, elegance, and purity of Grecian architecture came again to be underſtood, reliſhed, and copied. Both within and without, this chapel is incumbered with the weight of its own ill-proportioned ornaments. Ferdinand and Iſabella repoſe before the altar, under a large marble monument full of figures and groteſques, in a pretty good ſtyle; which proves what a ſurprizing revolution the arts had undergone ſince the time of building the chapel. The two catholic monarchs lie by the ſide of each other; and adjoining, on a ſimilar tomb, are ſtretched out the effigies of Philip the Fair, of Auſtria, their ſon-in-law, and of Joan their daughter, his wife. Over the great door is the emblem of the united monarchies, a bundle of arrows tied together, and clutched in the talons of a ſingle-headed eagle.

From the chapel you paſs into the main church, begun in the reign of Charles V. but not yet quite finiſhed. It has the advantage of receiving abundance of light in every part; but the architect, who has eſſayed every

order of architecture both on the outſide and inſide of the church, has combined and diſpoſed them in ſo heavy and confuſed a manner, that they produce none of that grand effect which reſults from the well-proportioned parts of one *whole*, when placed in perfect harmony with each other; ſuch as fills the eye with one great object, and affords the ſenſes a repoſe and ſatisfaction, undiſturbed by the irregular predominance of any of the component members. Here they have carried the extravagance of fancy to ſuch a pitch, that at one altar they have turned a ſet of twiſted columns of beautiful marble topſy-turvy, and placed the ſmaller end on the baſe: the uncouthneſs of the appearance correſponds with the abſurdity of the idea. The high altar is inſulated, after the Roman faſhion, under a very lofty dome, which would be entitled to the admiration of connoiſſeurs, had they taken leſs pains to load the arches, and the angles of the cupola, with ſtatues, pictures, and feſtoons. The area round its baſis, with the fine iron railing, and marble pavement, makes a great ſhew. I obſerved no very good paintings over any of the altars; but read an order, hung up in one of the iles, which thunders out the pain of the greater excommunication againſt all ſuch as walk here for their pleaſure, or converſe with women in any of the chapels. Leſt this anathema ſhould not reſtrain the idle and the amorous, the ſpiritual court has added to it a fine of four ducats for each offence.

The

The church of St. John of God is richly ornamented, and ſo are many others in Granada; but I ſaw none that did much credit to their architects, few of whom ſeem to have comprehended or admired the principles upon which Verruguete proceeded in building the new palace in the Alhambra.

The amphitheatre for bull-feaſts is built with ſtone, and paſſes for one of the beſt in Spain.

The court of chancery ſits in a new building, of a diſagreeable ſtyle, heavy and disjointed. There are ſome medallions, and pillars of fine marble, in the main front. This court of judicature (of which ſpecies there is but another in the kingdom, eſtabliſhed at Valladolid) comprehends within its juriſdiction more than half Spain, extending to the very neighbourhood of Madrid. Appeals lie to it from all the audiences and lower courts, and from it to the council of Caſtille only. Before the condemnation has been ratified here, no inferior judge is authorized to execute the ſentence of death upon a criminal, under the pain of forfeiting five hundred maravedis, a ſum ſo trifling, according to the preſent value of money, that it is not likely to deter a reſolute officer of juſtice from puniſhing an offender without delay.

This tribunal draws a ſwarm of lawyers to the place, who abſorb its riches, and are the only people that live with any degree of luxury or affluence. They ſoon conſume the little wealth a farmer or tradeſman may have

ſcraped together, by involving him in ſome law-ſuit or other, out of which he cannot extricate himſelf, as long as he has a farthing left to pay his attorney with. This, and many other kinds of oppreſſion, have reduced Granada to a ſtate of great poverty and deſpondency. Commerce is very feebly carried on, without encouragement or protection; the crops of the fertile Vega diminiſh annually; population gradually decreaſes. The city does not contain more than fifty thouſand inhabitants, of which number about eighteen thouſand only are uſeful working hands; the ſurplus is made up of lawyers, clergymen, children, and beggars. There are not leſs than a thouſand ſturdy, able-bodied raſcals, that live by alms and conventual donations. We this morning ſaw a whole regiment of them drawing off in great order from the gate of the Carthuſians, where they had been to receive a luncheon of bread and a platter of porridge apiece. Many of them afterwards adjourned to a ſhop, where ſeveral perſons were playing publicly at dice.

The play-houſe differs in ſome reſpects from thoſe we have ſeen in other parts of the kingdom: the men occupy all the ground-floor, and the women ſit very high up, in a crazy kind of gallery. The fire of the flints and ſteels was ſo quick among the men, who were all preparing to ſmoke, or ſmoking, that it looked like ſoldiers going through their exerciſe. They gave us one day a ſtrange farce, which it was impoſſible to make any thing of; it

was

was all metamorphoſis, a continual change of cloaths and character; at laſt out came a Capuchin friar, mounted on an aſs, who, after many grimaces and buffooneries, coupled the other actors in the bands of holy wedlock.

LETTER XXV.

Granada, January 1, 1776.

YESTERDAY morning we took a ſtroll behind the Alhambra, paſſing below the *Puerta de 'los ſiete ſuelos*, which was formerly the great entrance. This gate has been long blocked up, and the ſeven ſtories of vaults, from which it derived its name, filled with rubbiſh. A little farther on, the wall turns to the north-eaſt, where the towers are very high. Part of the hill, which is a ſtrong-cemented gravel, has been cut through, to make a dry ditch before them. A ſingle arch croſſes it, and conveys into the palace a copious ſupply of water. The path down this ſolitary, gloomy hollow, is rugged, and broken by the waſte waters. About the middle is a very low poſtern, through which the court paſſed, when it choſe to retire to the ſpring palace, which ſtands on a hill to the right.

Nearer

Nearer the Dauro, the water has burſt all its conduits, and broken the gravel-bank into a tremendous precipice. Here we deſcended into the charming vale of Dauro, where we remarked the remnants of a Mooriſh bridge and tower, that appear to have ſupported a gallery of communication between the Alhambra and Albaycin. The view from the little green bank near the river, tho' a confined one, is unſpeakably beautiful; at the bottom, where the cathedral and other ſteeples riſe in a group, in the narrow reach, the little ſtream winds its way into the heart of the city. To the ſouth, the fine verdant ſlopes are crowned with the turrets of the Alhambra, the hanging woods and gardens of the Generaliph, and the banks of the Sierra del Sol: on the north, are the Albaycin, innumerable gardens and orchards, and caverns full of inhabitants. We found our mules waiting for us here, and proceeded up the river, a very pleaſant ride, between villas and convents, romantically ſituated, mills and water-falls, gardens, and plantations of fruit-trees, and thickets of filberts. We turned off to the ſouthward, by the ruins of a ſmall aqueduct, and came back over the mountain, on the top of which is a long ridge of ſtones, ſaid to be the remains of the ancient Illiberia. It has more the appearance of a park-wall, or line of circumvallation. On the point that overlooks the Alhambra, ſtood formerly the fort of the Sun, or Saint Helena, under which run three canals, cut in the rock, one above the other,

other, which ſerve to convey water to the city, from the mountains, ſprings, and the river. Some large reſervoirs, of Mooriſh, or perhaps more ancient origin, ſtill ſubſiſt below, in perfect preſervation. The water of the largeſt is very limpid, and it was never known to be dry. Hiſtorians relate a very ſingular proof of the abundance of its ſprings and ſupplies, though none can be diſcerned to boil up in the baſon. When D. John of Auſtria marched a body of troops of five thouſand men into the Alpuxaras mountains, againſt the Moriſcos, at the hotteſt ſeaſon of the year, he halted at this reſervoir, to allow them time to quench their burning thirſt. They drank and waſted as much of its water as they choſe, yet there could not be perceived the leaſt diminution in the original quantity contained in the pond. We ſtopped at the Generaliph, which was the reſidence of the ſultan in April and May: it now belongs to the Conde de Campotejar, a Genoeſe nobleman, of the name of Grimaldi, deſcended in the female line from the royal family of Granada. The remains of the building are ſcarce worth looking at; for the nobleſt halls, and beſt finiſhed work, are almoſt entirely demoliſhed. The things yet exiſting, that claim attention, are the following: the double hedge of royal myrtle, above fifteen feet high; a row of cypreſſes of prodigious height and bulk—the ſervant pointed out a little receſs behind them, where the ſultana was accuſed of having committed adultery with Abencerrage;—great

abundance

abundance of water running through all the little courts, but the grand jet d'eaus are no longer kept in repair.

This day, being the anniverſary of the ſurrender of Granada to Ferdinand and Iſabella, was obſerved as a great feſtival, and day of rejoicing. Two or three feeble cracks from the cannon of the palace announced the feaſt to the populace, who flocked to the hill to pay their annual viſit to the Mooriſh palace, which is this day open to all comers that can pay an acknowledgment to the governor's ſervant. He accounts to his maſter for theſe perquiſites, which in ſome years amount to five hundred pezzettas. The preſent alcalde, or governor, reſides in a ſmall corner of the palace, where the emperor had made his chapel, and from a little window ſuperintends the buſineſs, counting the heads that paſs the threſhold, and calculating the ſum they may have taxed themſelves at. He lives quite retired in his caſtle, and employs his many leiſure hours, not in profound ſpeculations or learned reſearches, but in emptying as many bottles of wine as the only arm he has left (for he has loſt one) has ſteadineſs to pour into his glaſs.

We entered the Alhambra with the crowd, and took a laſt farewell of that charming ſpot, where we have paſſed many delicious hours every day during our ſtay in Granada.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

Antequera, January 8, 1776.

THE ſecond day of this new year, we ſet out from Granada, by the way of the Vega, in which we ſaw neither vines nor mulberry-trees, but all arable lands, which, near the city, let at about a *doblon* the fanega for the upper grounds, and in the low, well-watered parts, at a *doblon de à ocho:* ſome ſpots, that are proper for growing water-melons, run up to near ſix doblons a year. The fanega contains 31,700 ſquare feet. Copiouſneſs of water fertilizes theſe plains; but in rainy weather the roads are not paſſable. We came for dinner to the Soto de Roma, where we had already paid a viſit. This was originally a hunting-ſeat for Charles V. ſince occaſionally inhabited by his ſucceſſors, and now granted for life to Lieutenant-general Richard Wall, late prime miniſter of Spain. It was quite in ruins when he came to live here: he has rebuilt part of it, cleaned it, and fitted up the houſe with elegant Engliſh furniture, in the ſtyle of one of our villas. The waters of four rivers meet here, and cauſe frequent inundations in winter. In ſummer the air is very un-

wholeſome, as the woods and ditches at that ſeaſon abound with reptiles and vermin of all ſorts. The foreſt round it contains about four thouſand acres, and was reſerved to the crown by Ferdinand the Catholic, when he divided the conquered country among his followers. Elm, poplar, and ſome oak, are the kind of trees that grow here in any quantity: they are cut down for repairs of the eſtate, and for the ſervice of the royal arſenals. Mr. Wall has drained moſt of the woods, opened pleaſant drives throughout, filled up the naked ſpots with plantations of uſeful timber trees, and thinned the old quarters with great judgment. This is almoſt the only place in Spain where pheaſants thrive and multiply. In the beginning of ſpring, at the end of autumn, and during the winter months, this is a very agreeable rural habitation. Mr. Wall reſides at the Soto from October to May; he then goes to Aranjuez, to attend the court for a month; after which he comes for the ſummer to the city of Granada. The king has given up to him all the revenues ariſing from theſe demeſnes, and they are laid out in improving and beautifying the place, which Mr. Wall ſeems to underſtand perfectly well. He has every thing within himſelf: his own flocks, herds, and poultry, ſupply his table with meat proviſions; the woods furniſh it with game, the rivers with fiſh, and the kitchen-garden with every

every kind of vegetable. He is now in his eighty-third year, a man of a ſpare, neat make, active, and fond of exerciſe, of a fair complexion, and engaging countenance. He riſes betimes, walks ſeveral hours a day, ſuperintends his workmen, and, though he ſees but little company, takes the greateſt care to have every thing that is excellent in its kind ſerved up at his table, where his behaviour is as eaſy and chearful as if he were only thirty years of age; not the ſmalleſt grain of miniſterial reſerve or affectation: he is free and communicative in his converſation, which he renders infinitely agreeable, by ſeaſoning it with a variety of lively anecdotes of events and perſons, which ſo long a life of public employment has furniſhed him with in great abundance. He is fond of talking, but acquits himſelf ſo well of the taſk, that the moſt loquacious muſt liſten with patience and pleaſure to his diſcourſe, always heightened with mirth and good-humour. Courts and miniſters he treats with the ridicule they, for the moſt part, deſerve. A man who has paſſed ſo many years behind the curtain, muſt often reflect with contempt on the futile, abſurd ſprings, that ſet in motion the grand political machine. It was with the greateſt regret that we took leave of this moſt amiable ſtateſman [13],

[13] Mr. Wall died in the beginning of 1778.

and purſued our journey to Loja, a large town on the Xenil, where we got in juſt in time to eſcape a moſt terrible ſtorm of thunder and lightning, followed by a very heavy ſhower.

The next morning we ſaw all the mountains covered with ſnow. This ſtorm ſoaked ſo deep into the fat, greaſy ſoil, that it was not without very extraordinary efforts that our mules dragged us up the ſteep hills. The country between Loxa and this place is very hilly, except an extenſive plain in this neighbourhood. We paſſed through ſome very fine woods of evergreen oak.

Antequera is a large ſtraggling town, at the extremity of the plain, ſituated on ſeveral hillocks in a nook of the mountains.

On the 5th inſtant we hired a guide, and ſet out on horſeback for Malaga, by the mountain road, which is a ride of about ſeven leagues, whereas it requires a couple of days to go round in a carriage. At a ſhort league from Antequera we came to the foot of the Eſcaruela, an almoſt perpendicular rocky mountain, which we aſcended by a very dangerous winding path. A fellow employed to keep the mule-track in repair, lives in a hut half way up, and ſells brandy to travellers, who very often ſtand in great need of a cordial in this cold region of the air. Having gained the ſummit, we traverſed a plain encircled by ſhaggy rocks, and

and then rode for ſome hours up and down a chain of high wild mountains. We then deſcended gradually to lower hills in cultivation. The vines are planted in rows, without props: the intervals are ploughed with oxen once a year, and the ſhoots pruned, which is almoſt all the dreſſing they require. Theſe are the outſkirts of the high-country vineyards, which produce the wine we drink in England by the name of Mountain.

We next got down to ſtill lower land, where we found the almond-trees white with bloſſoms, and the hedges full of periwinkle, myrtle, marigold, oleander, ciſtus, honeyſuckles, and many other flowers in full blow. We dined upon ſome cold meat, at the door of a venta, in the ſhade, for the ſun was too powerful to ſit in. An itinerant beggar made no difficulty, though it was Friday, of partaking of what we could ſpare from our repaſt; and in return for our kindneſs, rolled up a little minced tobacco in a piece of white paper, put it in his mouth, to try if the roll was properly conſtructed, and then preſented it, ready lighted, to my friend S. T. as the moſt polite acknowledgment he could make.

After dinner, we jogged on over hills and dales, along very narrow paths, to the playa or plain of Malaga, at which city we arrived about four o'clock; and

and here met our miquelet, whom we had diſpatched from Granada acroſs the mountains with a letter. He had paſſed a ſevere night in the Sierra during the great ſtorm, and was very near being impriſoned on his arrival, for being the bearer of a letter, which nobody is allowed to carry in Spain without leave from the poſt-office.

Malaga ſtands in the very corner of the plain, which is quite bare of wood, except the little that grows about the country-houſes; the naked craggy mountains hang over the ſhore, and ſcarce leave room for the city. A Mooriſh caſtle, on the ſharp point of a rock, commands every part of it. This ſituation renders Malaga moſt inſufferably hot for eight months in the year. I was aſſured it was hardly poſſible to breathe in it in ſummer. The port and road ſeem ſafe enough, but will be much improved, when the new mole is carried out its full intended length into the ſea. The ſolid manner in which it is built, by rolling large maſſes of rock into the water, to form a foundation for the wall of the pier, inſures an almoſt eternal duration to the work, but at the ſame time makes it difficult to compute the number of years it will require to complete the undertaking. The ſea has loſt ground here, on account of the ſand hurried down from the mountains by a neighbouring river, and accumulated annually along the ſhore.

ſhore. The Darſena, or docks where the Moors kept their gallies, are ſtill remaining on the wharf, and now ſerve as warehouſes. The ſtreets are narrow: ſome ſquares are of a good ſize; but I do not recollect any very remarkable building, except the cathedral, which is indeed a ſtupendous pile, begun by Philip II. while married to Mary queen of England. Their united arms are ſtill to be ſeen over the door. Two gentlemen, who ſaid they had meaſured both churches, aſſured me this cathedral was as large as that of St. Paul's in London; but I am not convinced of the exactneſs of their meaſurement. The church of Malaga may be as wide, but I cannot think it near as long. No doubt a Proteſtant church appears larger within than a Roman Catholic one of the ſame dimenſions, as the latter is incumbered with pictures, tapeſtry, altars, &c. The outſide of this edifice is crowded with columns and embelliſhments. The two belfreys are already of a prodigious height, and an order or two more are yet to be added. Its interior appearance is pleaſing and majeſtic.

The biſhop's palace, in the ſame ſquare, loaded with frivolous ornaments, is a large building, but looks inſignificant ſo near the other. Its prelate enjoys an income of £. 16,000 ſterling.

General O'Connor, an old Iriſh officer, is governor of this

this province, and reſides at Malaga. Brute beaſts are his delight, and all his apartments are ſtuffed with bears, dogs, cats, and monkies, to the great terror and annoyance of his viſitors.

There are about fourteen foreign houſes ſettled in trade at Malaga, who export five thouſand butts of wine a year, of which the average price is from ten to thirty pounds a butt. Till within the laſt fifteen years, the quantity ſent off was ten thouſand butts; but, as no difference is made in England, in the duties, between old and new wine, the exporter grew careleſs in the quality of the wine ſent, and the demand for it fell one half. The grapes, of which the choiceſt raiſins are made, (a capital branch of commerce here) are half cut off the ſtem, and left four days to dry and candy in the ſun. If preſſed, they would make a rich white wine. The raiſins dried upon the coaſt of Valencia are of an inferior quality, being dipped in a lye of lees of wine and aſhes.

Yeſterday I took a long walk into the Vega, and after enjoying the ſight and perfumes of the orange-groves near every villa, was very much ſurprized to perceive in a farmer's yard a large buſh of yellow roſes in full beauty. This exceeded all idea I before had of the warmth of the climate, and earlineſs of its ſpring. In the evening we aſſiſted at a very bad Italian

lian opera. In the middle of a ſong, all the actors and audience dropped upon their knees at the ſound of a ſacring bell, which let them know that the hoſt was paſſing by. In a few minutes the ſinger reſumed his amorous ditty.

We returned this afternoon from Malaga by the ſame road. The great variety of flowers blown ſince we had paſſed, made the mountain ride very agreeable, till we were overtaken by a ſtorm of wind and rain that has not yet abated any of its violence.

Between Malaga and Gibraltar are twelve ſugar-mills, where they have wrought time out of mind. The tradition is, that the ſugar-cane was firſt brought into Spain by the Arabs.

Being now upon the point of taking leave of this eaſtern coaſt of Spain, which we have ſeldom loſt ſight of for theſe three months, it might be proper to introduce ſome general remarks upon the inhabitants and country; but I really have not preſumption enough to attempt it, as I am conſcious that the diſpoſition of a people, their habitual character, cuſtoms, and manners, are not to be learnt without a long ſtay among them, and without becoming in ſome ſort a meſſmate and familiar acquaintance of theirs. With all due reſpect for the Spaniſh nation, I don't wiſh to ſacrifice the time ſuch a ſtudy would require, as I apprehend I

ſhould not be very amply rewarded for my pains. The peaſantry ſeems very poor, and frugal in their diet: bread ſteeped in oil, and occaſionally ſeaſoned with vinegar, is the common food of the country-people from Barcelona to Malaga.

LETTER XXVII.

Puerto Santa Maria, January 13, 1776.

ON the 9th inſtant, on leaving Antequera, we were ſtopt by a river much ſwelled by the late rain, and loſt a great many hours in ſeeking a road to the diſtant bridge. This was a real diſaſter to us, as, by retarding us half a day, it broke the chain of our ſtages, and laid us under the diſagreeable neceſſity of ſtopping each enſuing night at a very bad inn, the good ones being placed at our dining diſtances. From Antequera to Pedrera the country is champaign and pleaſant; ſome large lakes appearing between us and the mountains, and now and then ſome foreſt-land and olive-plantations, ſerving to enliven the proſpect.

About Oſſuna, a large ſtinking town, we obſerved a great

great many croſſes ſet up along the road-ſide, to mark the places, as we were informed, where murders had been committed: but I very much doubt that piece of intelligence. Before we came into Spain, we had been ſo much alarmed by all we had heard of the number of banditti in the kingdom, and the danger of paſſing from one province to another, that we thought we could not take too many precautions, and accordingly made ample proviſions of arms and ammunition; but having ſeldom heard any mention of robbers ſince we came into the country, our apprehenſions have inſenſibly worn off, and we walk unarmed along the roads, about the villages, and in the bye-paths, without the leaſt fear, or indeed reaſon to fear. In Catalonia and Valencia, where a regular police is eſtabliſhed for apprehending thieves and preventing robberies, travellers go without arms; further ſouth, I have obſerved that no horſeman, muleteer, or aſs-driver, is without his gun or ſabre ſlung at the pommel of his ſaddle. Whether this implies any real danger, or only an ancient cuſtom, I cannot pretend to determine. Whatever riſks a ſingle paſſenger may be ſuppoſed to run in a croſs road, and unfrequented waſte, I am very certain that a caravan like ours need be under no apprehenſions of attack.

At Oſſuna we found we were come to the country of

large white hats, few of the men wearing any other. The environs of the town are handſome; gentle eminences covered with young corn, and large olive-yards on the declivities.

On the 11th, a beautiful park-like country, where the ſwells are covered with foreſts of pines and cork-trees, or rows of olive-trees. The intermediate vallies in paſture, full of herds of brood mares feeding at large. That afternoon we came to a flat heath of ruſhes and palmetos, where we ſaw great flights of vultures, ſtorks, and plover. We paſſed the night in a moſt infamous *poſada* at Molares; the place ſo wretched as to afford no wine. No innkeeper is allowed to ſell liquor, and the wine-houſes are generally near the inn; but in this miſerable hamlet there was no ſuch thing.

On the 12th, boundleſs heaths and arable grounds; on the former innumerable herds of cattle; on the latter we ſaw no leſs than twenty-four ploughs at work in the ſame field, each drawn by a pair of oxen. We had now fairly entered the rich plains of Andaluſia, where we found the roads cruelly ſpoiled by the wet weather, and our wheels almoſt buried in the ſtiff clay. At Alcanterilla is a bridge of two arches, over a deep runner, guarded by an old Mooriſh tower at each end. The lower part of the bridge is Roman, as it is very eaſy to diſcern by the regular ruſtic cut of the ſtones,

ſtones, and the words AVGVST....PONTEM, the remains of an inſcription, between the arches. A little beyond a place called Cabecas we met the firſt travelling coach we had ſeen on the road ſince we left Barcelona.

Farm-houſes are diſperſed about this country, as they are with us in England. The harveſt is gotten in by the Galliegos, that travel from Galicia to aſſiſt thoſe provinces, where the inhabitants are too lazy or too few in number to gather the riches which Nature, almoſt unſolicited, throws before them with profuſion. The exceſſive badneſs of the highway obliged us to drive through the lands, which in their year of fallow run up into the thickeſt and ſtrongeſt crops of French honeyſuckle I ever beheld. Were this province properly peopled there would be no bounds to its produce, for the ſoil is inexhauſtible, ſo eminently rich, that through all this luxuriancy of vegetation the wheels penetrated many inches into the loam. To balance theſe advantages, it muſt be confeſſed that the crops in Andaluſia are very precarious, for if a ſudden glare of ſunſhine ſucceeds too rapidly to a morning fog, the whole country is blighted.

We paſſed by the lake of Lebrixa, a handſome piece of water, ſurrounded by ſloping grounds, and regular plantations of olive-trees.

Xeres

Xeres is a large town, with winding ſtreets, and horrible kennels of black ſtagnated water; as the wheel broke the cruſt upon them, there aroſe an almoſt ſuffocating ſtench. The hills about the town are pretty, and the views towards Cadiz very pleaſing. Some poets have placed the Elyſian fields in this neighbourhood, and pretended that the Guadalete was Lethe or the river of oblivion. If ſo, they had never ſeen the place, or it has undergone ſtrange alterations ſince their days; for this paradiſe is now an immenſe marſhy flat, through which a narrow river, much reſembling thoſe in the Lincolnſhire fens, winds its courſe to the ſea: not a ſtick of wood to be ſeen near it. We are to paſs this Lethe to-morrow, and, leſt the influence ſhould operate upon me, I think it adviſable to end my letter with aſſuring you, while I yet remember the ties and friendſhip of this upper world, that I am your's affectionately.

Cadiz, January 14.

Our carriages were ſent off this morning, ſeven leagues round, by the bridge of Suaço, which joins the iſland of Leon to the main land of Spain; and we hired a bark, and fell down the Guadalete. Port St. Mary's is a long town, pleaſantly ſituated on the river ſide. The bar at the mouth of the river is often very dangerous;

gerous; our maſter made a collection among us for the ſouls of ſuch as have periſhed there. The view of the bay, ſhipping, and city ſtretching into the ocean, is one of the moſt beautiful in the world. The paſſage, which is about nine miles broad, took us two hours, as the wind failed us, but it may be done in leſs than half the time.

LETTER XXVIII.

Cadiz, January 30, 1776.

I SCARCE hope to ſee a fair day again, for we have had nothing but rain ſince our arrival. The ſea has been very boiſterous, and ſeveral ſhips have been caſt away along the coaſt. Yeſterday two men coming to town with proviſions were ſwept off the iſthmus by a ſudden ſwell of the waves, and never heard of more.

Cadiz occupies the whole ſurface of the weſtern extremity of the iſle of Leon, which is compoſed of two large circular parts, joined together by a very narrow bank of ſand, forming all together the figure of a chain-ſhot. At the ſouth-eaſt end, the ancient bridge of

Suaço,

Suaço, thrown over a deep channel or river, affords a communication between the iſland and the continent; a ſtrong line of works defends the city from all approaches along the iſthmus; and, to render them ſtill more difficult, all the gardens and little villas on the beach were in 1762 cleared away, and a dreary, ſandy glacis left in their room, ſo that now there is ſcarce a tree on the whole iſland. They expected an attack from the Engliſh during the laſt war; but it would be madneſs in an enemy to attempt it on this ſide; and a by-ſtander is apt to think an immenſe ſum of money has been laviſhed on theſe fortifications without any apparent neceſſity; but the Spaniards are warranted in their caution by the authority of hiſtory, from which we learn that the earl of Eſſex ſtormed Cadiz in 1596, by an aſſault on the land-quarter.

Except the *Calle Ancha*, all the ſtreets are narrow, ill-paved, and inſufferably ſtinking. They are all drawn in ſtrait lines, and moſt of them interſect each other at right angles. The ſwarms of rats that in the nights run about the ſtreets are innumerable; whole droves of them paſs and repaſs continually, and theſe their midnight revels are extremely troubleſome to ſuch as walk late. The houſes are lofty, with each a veſtibule, which being left open till night, ſerve paſſengers to retire to; this cuſtom, which prevails throughout Spain, renders

renders theſe places exceedingly offenſive. In the middle of the houſe is a court like a deep well, under which is generally a ciſtern, the breeding-place of gnats and moſquitos; the ground-floors are warehouſes, the firſt ſtories compting-houſe or kitchen, and the principal apartment up two pair of ſtairs. The roofs are flat, covered with an impenetrable cement, and few are without a *mirador* or turret for the purpoſe of commanding a view of the ſea. Round the parapet-wall at top are placed rows of ſquare pillars, meant either for ornament according to ſome traditional mode of decoration, or to fix awnings to, that ſuch as ſit there for the benefit of the ſea-breeze may be ſheltered from the rays of the ſun; but the moſt common uſe made of them, is to faſten ropes for drying linen upon. High above all theſe pinnacles, which give Cadiz a moſt ſingular appearance, ſtands the tower of ſignals: here flags are hung out on the firſt ſight of a ſail, marking the ſize of the ſhip, the nation it belongs to, and, if a Spaniſh Indiaman, the port of the Indies it comes from. The ſhips are acquainted with the proper ſignals to be made, and theſe are repeated by the watchmen of the tower: as painted liſts are in every houſe, perſons concerned in commerce ſoon learn the marks.

The city is divided into twenty-four quarters, under the inſpection of as many commiſſioners of police, and

its population is reckoned at one hundred and forty thouſand inhabitants, of which twelve thouſand are French, and at leaſt as many more Italians.

The ſquare of Saint Antonio is large, and tolerably handſome, and there are a few ſmaller openings of no great note. The public walk, or Alameda, is pleaſant in the evening: it is fenced off the coach-road by a marble rail. The ſea-air prevents the trees from thriving, and deſtroys all hopes of future ſhade.

From the Alameda, continuing your walk weſtwards, you come to the Campoſanto, a large eſplanade, the only airing-place for coaches; it turns round moſt part of the weſt and ſouth ſides of the iſland, but the buildings are ſtraggling and ugly; the only edifice of any ſhew is the new orphan-houſe; oppoſite to it is the fortreſs of Saint Sebaſtian, built on a neck of land running out into the ſea. The round tower at the extremity is ſuppoſed to have ſaved the city, in the great earthquake of 1755, from being ſwept away by the fury of the waves. The building proved ſufficiently ſolid to withſtand the ſhock, and break the immenſe volume of water that threatened deſtruction to the whole iſland. In the narrow part of the iſthmus the ſurge beat over with amazing impetuoſity, and bore down all before it; among the reſt, the grandſon of the famous tragic-poet Racine, who ſtrove in vain to

eſcape,

eſcape, by urging his horſe to the utmoſt of his ſpeed.

On Saint Sebaſtian's feaſt, a kind of wake or fair is held in the fort; an aſtoniſhing number of people then paſſing and repaſſing, on a ſtring of wooden bridges laid from rock to rock, makes a very lively moving picture.

From hence to the wooden circus where they exhibit the bull-feaſts, you keep turning to the left cloſe above the ſea, which on all this ſide daſhes over large ledges of rock; the ſhore ſeems here abſolutely inacceſſible. This part of the walk is dirty, and infected with all manner of naſty ſmells, for here the whole filth of the town is brought, to be tumbled through a hole in the wall, into the ſea. It might puzzle an obſerver, what cauſe to aſcribe this piece of management to, whether to the great diſtance from garden or tillage grounds, which renders the carriage of the dung too expenſive; or to the lazineſs of the citizens, who are glad to rid themſelves, with the leaſt poſſible trouble, of the obligation laid upon them of removing that dirt, which they had rather were left to rot under their noſes. As water-carriage muſt be cheap, I am inclined to attribute this waſte to the latter cauſe.

On this ſhore ſtands the cathedral, a work of great

expence, but carried on with ſo little vigour, that it is difficult to gueſs at the term of years it will require to bring it to perfection; I think fifty have already elapſed ſince the firſt ſtone was laid, and the roof is not yet half finiſhed. The vaults are executed with great ſolidity. The arches, that ſpring from the cluſtered pilaſters to ſupport the roof of the church, are very bold; the minute ſculpture beſtowed upon them ſeems ſuperfluous, as all the effect will be loſt from their great height, and from the ſhade that will be thrown upon them by the filling up of the interſtices. From the ſea, the preſent top of the church reſembles the carcaſe of ſome huge monſter caſt upon its ſide, rearing its gigantic blanched ribs high above the buildings of the city. The outward caſings are to be of white marble, the bars of the windows of bronze; but I fear the work will be coarſely done, if one may draw an inference from the ſample of a ſmall chapel, where the ſquares are ſo looſely jointed and ill fitted, that in a few years the facing will be quite ſpoilt. It is unfair to prejudge a piece of architecture in ſuch an imperfect ſtate, but I apprehend the ſtyle of this will be crowded and heavy.

Next, croſſing before the land-gate and barracks, a ſuperb edifice for ſtrength, convenience, and cleanlineſs, you come down to the ramparts that defend the city

city on the ſide of the bay. If the proſpect to the ocean is ſolemn, that towards the main land is animated in the higheſt degree; the men of war ride in the eaſtern boſom of the bay; lower down the merchantmen are ſpread far and near; and cloſe to the town an incredible number of barks, of various ſhapes and ſizes, cover the ſurface of the water, ſome moored and ſome in motion, carrying goods to and fro. The oppoſite ſhore of Spain is ſtudded with white houſes, and enlivened by the towns of Saint Mary's, Port-real, and others, behind which, eaſtward, on a ridge of hills, ſtands Medina Sidonia, and further back riſe the mountains of Granada. Weſtward, Rota cloſes the horizon, near which was anciently the iſland and city of Tarteſſus, now covered by the ſea, but at low-water ſome part of the ruins are ſtill to be diſcerned.

In a large baſtion, jutting out into the bay, they have built the cuſtom-houſe, the firſt ſtory of which is level with the walk upon the walls. When it was reſolved to erect a building ſo neceſſary to this great emporium of trade, the marquis di Squillace gave orders that no expence ſhould be ſpared, and the moſt intelligent architects employed, in order to erect a monument, which by its taſte and magnificence might excite the admiration of poſterity; the reſult of theſe precautions

precautions proved a piece of vile architecture, compoſed of the worſt of materials.

Don't expect from me a long, ſcientific detail of the operations of commerce in this port; ſo much has been written on the ſubject by perſons verſed in theſe matters, that, as it would be impertinent to repeat their obſervations *verbatim*, ſo it would be ridiculous in me, who am not initiated in the myſteries of trade, nor long reſident in the place, to attempt to add any thing to their accounts; all I have to obſerve amounts to this, that of late years the Spaniards have entered with more ſpirit into the concerns of the flota [14] than they did formerly; and that there have been ſome egregious breaches of that ſo-much-celebrated punctilio of honour, which, added to the immenſe profits expected from the riſk, induces foreigners to truſt their property upon this venture, with no other ſecurity than the bare word of a Spaniſh ſupercargo. Not along ago, one of theſe, upon his landing at Vera Cruz, made a declaration before the governor, that the cargo entered and ſhipped in his name was not his own, but belonged to a French houſe. Matters turned out rather contrary to his expectations;

[14] The flota is a fleet of large ſhips (fourteen this year) which carry out the goods of Europe to the ports of America, and bring back the produce of Mexico, Peru, and other kingdoms of the new world,

for

for the governor threw him into gaol, where he ſtill remains; but I believe the French owners give up their merchandize for loſt.

The ſtir here is prodigious during the laſt months of the ſtay of the flota. The packers poſſeſs the art of preſſing goods in great perfection; but, as they pay the freight according to the cubic palms of each bale, they are apt to ſqueeze down the cloths and linens ſo very cloſe and hard, as ſometimes to render them unfit for uſe. The exportation of French luxuries in dreſs is enormous; Lyons furniſhes moſt of them; England ſends out bale-goods; Brittany and the north, linens.

As the king exacts four per cent. on all gold and ſilver coin exported, and puniſhes very ſeverely all delinquents taken in the fact, the ſmugglers have long followed a very ſimple but ſure method of defrauding him of his duty:—A man well known in the town comes to any merchant that he thinks may want to make a remittance of dollars, and propoſes to ſend the ſum wanted on board ſuch a ſhip, at two and a half per cent. the ſmuggler to advance the money, and to be repaid upon producing the captain of the ſhip's receipt. As the officer at the gates is commonly one of the confederates, this practice has been long carried on with tolerable ſecurity; but ſince the late coinage, the profits upon running money are ſcarce equivalent to the riſks

of

of having the ſhip confiſcated, and all concerned in the tranſaction ſent for life to the African preſidios.

Great intereſt is made to protract the departure of the flota beyond the day fixed for its ſailing, that all the goods expected may have time to arrive; and in this caſe, as in moſt others, money properly diſtributed ſeldom fails of producing the deſired effect.

Every commercial nation has a conſul reſident at Cadiz; thoſe of England and France are the only ones not allowed to have any concern in trade.

This ſmall, populous, and well-incloſed city has the misfortune of being under worſe regulations of police than any place in Europe. All this winter, ſtreet-robberies and houſe-breakings have been frequent, and no effectual ſteps taken to prevent the diſorder. I have heard that the Conde de Xerena Bucarelli, the governor, has made a vow to ſhed no blood during his regency; this cruel clemency has given ſuch ſpirit to the operations of the robbers, that they have had the audaciouſneſs to paſte up an advertiſement in the ſtreets, cautioning all people whatever to avoid reſiſtance, and to ſubmit quietly to be rifled, that their plunderers may not be reduced to the diſagreeable neceſſity of employing the poniard. A very little diligence, with the aſſiſtance of ſo ſtrong a garriſon, would reſtore the public ſafety in a ſhort time; but, as a burgher always accompanies

accompanies the patrol, the military cannot act but under his direction, and he will never hurt or moleſt any of his countrymen or neighbours, for the ſake of preſerving the lives and property of ſtrangers: indeed, if a native be apprehended for the moſt enormous offence againſt the laws of his country, it is next to impoſſible to procure a ſentence againſt him; for, as long as he has a groat in the world to ſpend in priſon, or a friend to ſolicit in his favour, the *alcade* or judge will never bring him to trial; and when at laſt his purſe is drained, and his crimes proved againſt him, it is ten to one they can get no body to make a gallows to hang him upon. A ſoldier is ſoon diſpatched, if he falls under the ſame predicament. Burglaries have been committed, and large ſums of money carried out of compting-houſes, the thieves taken and lodged in gaol, yet the owners have not been able to recover any part of the caſh; which the gentlemen of the robe and the culprit have ſpent in carouſing together. Nay, one villain, in an attempt to carry part of his prize out of the gates, in order to take ſhipping for the Indies, being ſtopt, and the money ſeized as contraband, the perſon who had been robbed could not prevail upon the governor to reſtore his property to him, notwithſtanding the cleareſt proofs of the robbery. Take notice, that in caſes of con-

fiſcation, one half of the ſeizure goes to the informer, the other to the governor. However, this moſt glaring piece of injuſtice could not be tamely ſubmitted to, and the cauſe was laid before the council of Caſtille, where it is ſtill depending. In leſs conſiderable loſſes, the beſt way is to ſit down contented with your misfortune, and take better care for the future, as it would coſt you double the ſum loſt, were you to purſue any of the methods pointed out by the law for redreſs.

The way of life here is not very brilliant. The different nations keep much among themſelves. The French houſes follow rather a gayer plan than the others. Our countrymen ſettled here, live in a very hoſpitable, ſocial ſtyle, and are always happy to contribute every thing in their power towards rendering the place agreeable to ſuch travellers as viſit their city. Indeed this is a tribute of praiſe our gratitude will ever prompt us to pay to the Britiſh merchants eſtabliſhed beyond ſeas, having in many parts of Europe had occaſion to experience their friendly diſpoſition.

At this time of the year neither the meat nor the fiſh is excellent. The bottom of the bay being muddy, and the fiſhermen not venturing from the coaſt, the quality of the fiſh brought to market is not ſo firm and good as might be expected; at ſome ſeaſons the oyſters taken

taken here are rank poiſon; the water of the iſland is bad, and what moſt families drink comes from Port Saint Mary.

The uſual afternoon amuſements in winter are, a ſaunter on the Alameda, and the theatres. The Spaniſh play, which exhibits but a poor ſet of actors, begins about four; the Italian opera, not much better provided, about ſeven; and the French houſe opens rather earlier, and ends ſooner, by which means the company may partake of great part of each of the entertainments in the ſame evening. The laſt-mentioned theatre is upon a very grand footing, ſupported by the voluntary ſubſcriptions of the French merchants ſettled here. As the out-goings exceed the profits, they begin to be ſick of ſo heavy a load, and it is likely their ſtage will be given up, upon the expiration of the term for which the factory entered into engagements with the actors.

LETTER XXIX.

Gibraltar, March 9, 1776.

THE end of the carnival at Cadiz differed very little from the beginning; no public balls or maſquerades being allowed; the only marks of the feſtivity of ſhrove-tide, were the pailfulls of water which the women in the balconies poured upon the men in ſlouched hats and cloaks that paſſed within their reach. There were, however, many aſſemblies and balls of a lower claſs, where the fandango was danced *a la ley*, that is, in all the perfection it is capable of. Among the gipſies there is another dance, called the *Manguindoy*, ſo laſcivious and indecent, that it is prohibited under ſevere penalties; the tune is quite ſimple, little more than a conſtant return of the ſame ſet of notes; this, as well as the fandango, is ſaid to have been imported from the Havannah, being both of negro breed. I have been told, that upon the coaſt of Africa they exhibit a variety of ſtrange dances, pretty ſimilar to theſe. Whatever may have been the birth-place of the fandango, it is now ſo thoroughly naturalized in Spain, that every Spaniard may be ſaid to be born with it in his head and heels; I have

I have ſeen a child of three years of age dance it to the mother's ſinging, with ſteps and turns ſcarce to be credited in an infant of that age. Towards the cloſe of the great balls given heretofore in the theatre, when all the company appeared drooping with fatigue and overpowered with ſleep, it was a conſtant trick of the fidlers to ſtrike up the fandango. In an inſtant, as if rouſed from the ſlumbers of enchantment by the magic touch of a fairy's wand, every body ſtarted up, and the whole houſe reſounded with the uproar of clapping of hands, footing, jumping, and ſnapping of fingers.

As I have mentioned the gitanos, or gipſies, who ſwarm in this province more than in any other part of the realm, I think it a proper place to note down ſome particulars relative to this ſingular ſept, who have kept themſelves ſeparate from the reſt of mankind ever ſince their firſt appearance recorded in hiſtory. Their origin remains a problem, not to be ſatisfactorily ſolved, and I doubt whether the gitanos themſelves have any ſecret tradition that might lead to a diſcovery of what they really were in the beginning, or from what country they came. The received opinion ſets them down for Egyptians, and makes them out to be the deſcendants of thoſe vagabond votaries of Iſis, who appeared to have exerciſed in ancient Rome pretty much the ſame profeſſion as that followed by the preſent gipſies, viz.

fortune-

fortune-telling, ſtrolling up and down, and pilfering. Few of them employ themſelves in works of huſbandry or handicraft; indeed the Spaniards would not work with them. Except a ſmall number that follow the trade of blackſmiths or vintners, moſt of the men are makers of little iron rings, and other trifles, rather to prevent their being laid hold of as vagrants than really as a means of ſubſiſtance. Several of them travel about as carriers and pedlars, but none enliſt as ſoldiers or ſailors, or bind themſelves as ſervants. Though they conform to the Roman catholic mode of worſhip, they are looked upon in the light of unbelievers; but I never could meet with any body that pretended to ſay what their private faith and religion might be: all the gipſies I have converſed with, aſſured me of their ſound catholiciſm; and I have ſeen the medal of Nueſtra Señora del Carmel ſewed on the ſleeves of ſeveral of their women. They ſeldom venture upon any crimes that might endanger their lives; petty-larceny is the utmoſt extent of their roguery. Their men are tall, well built, and ſwarthy, with a bad ſcowling eye, and a kind of favourite lock of hair left to grow down before their ears, which rather increaſes the gloomineſs of their features: their women are nimble, and ſupple-jointed; when young, they are generally handſome, with very fine black eyes; when old, they become the worſt-favoured

voured hags in nature. Their ears and necks are loaded with trinkets and baubles, and moſt of them wear a large patch on each temple. Both ſexes are remarkably expert at dancing, and ſing the wild ſeguidillas with a peculiar turn of humour or tenderneſs, according to the ſubject. The preſent king had thoughts of baniſhing the whole race out of his dominions; but I believe the project is dropt, as the gipſies are rather an uſeleſs than a miſchievous people. Their abode in the country, or their expulſion, ſeems a matter of little conſequence, for the loſs would not be ſeverely felt, except in the apparent diminution of population; as they are of little or no ſervice in the ſtate, neither cultivating its lands, forwarding its manufactures and commerce, conveying its productions to foreign parts, or fighting its battles. Perhaps they render themſelves neceſſary to the amuſement of the common people, out of whoſe ſimplicity they work themſelves a maintenance.

The weather being tolerably ſettled, we ſet out on horſeback from Cadiz, about a fortnight ago, taking with us our beds and proviſions, a precaution of great conſequence in this journey. We left Cadiz in the afternoon, travelling along the ſandy iſthmus to the Iſla, a town of a ſingle ſtreet, that leads down to the bridge and redoubt of Suaço, where we got once more upon the main land. Soon after we ſtruck off the great Xeres road,

road, into a flat marſhy country, interſected by numberleſs drains and ponds for making ſalt, of which we ſaw many large heaps. This commodity is made with ſo little trouble, and ſold to ſo ſmall an advantage, that the makers don't think it worth their while to ſet up ſheds, or build magazines, but prefer running the riſk of loſing half of it by the wet. Paſſing through a great mill, acroſs many bridges and creeks, and through a very fine wood of pines, we arrived by moonlight at Chiclana, the Clapham or Hampſtead of the merchants of Cadiz. It is a large well-built town, upon a navigable river, that winds through the low lands into the bay. After Eaſter, all is mirth and jollity here, for it is then crowded with families that retire hither to divert themſelves, and to rub off the dull ruſt of Lent. The houſes are exact copies of thoſe of Cadiz, and the ſtreets very near as offenſive to the ſmell; but the environs are charming, and beautifully rural.

The next morning we were out very early, expecting a long laborious ride. After a troubleſome aſcent up ſome greaſy hills, we paſſed through a noble pine wood, into an immenſe expanſe of heath-land, ſpeckled with an incredible variety of flowers, moſt of them unknown to me in their natural uncultivated ſtate. I here ſaw a great many of the ſmall red and yellow tulip, which, I am told, is the only ſpecies indigenous

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in Europe, and many beautiful kinds of the orchis, ſome repreſenting bees and flies ſo naturally as to deceive at firſt ſight.

On our right we left Conil, once famous for its tunny-fiſhery, which of late has dwindled away to nothing. We had afterwards an hilly corn country to paſs, where the peaſants, at work weeding the fields, amuſed themſelves with giving us a volley of abuſe, which to us was utterly unintelligible, but was no doubt very witty, as every ſpeech the orator of the crew made raiſed loud peals of laughter in his companions. Their mirth was a little diſturbed by a piece of humour of our Catalans, who, ſetting their ſharp three-cornered hats up perpendicular on their heads, in imitation of horns, and ſticking out their fingers, began to whiſtle with might and main. The Andaluſians did not ſeem to reliſh the joke, and after ſome ſilence, ſet a ſcolding at us in a very angry tone of voice, which laſted as long as we were within hearing.

From theſe bare heights, we deſcended into a narrow vale, which almoſt encompaſſes the mountain that the town of Vegel ſtands upon. Seven pictureſque aqueducts, or rather diviſions of one, convey a fine ſupply of water from the hills to ſeven mills belonging to the Duke of Medina Sidonia. Each mill is placed at a conſiderable diſtance below the other, the ſeventh ſtands

quite in the level at the bottom. Nothing can be prettier than theſe terraces, and little falls of water. Round each dwelling is a ſweet orange-grove. The hedges along the ſteep ſides of the road are thick ſet with lauruſtinus, now in flower, and many other handſome plants. The loweſt part of the valley is a delightful ſpot, full of orchards and gardens, refreſhed by innumerable ſtreams of clear water running through the meadows into a deep river, which falls into the ſea a few miles below.

We intended to have dined at the foot of the mountain of Vegel, but the hovel, called an inn, was ſo intolerably naſty, and the appearance of the ſky ſeemed ſo much to threaten us with a dark, rainy evening, that we determined to paſs by, and content ourſelves with eating a morſel on horſeback, as we jogged on. We croſſed the river on an ancient Roman bridge, plain and ſolid, and then mounted a very ſteep ſandy bank, on the top of which I found a ledge of mouldering rocks, full of *oſtracites* and *pectinites*, ſome in a hard natural ſtate, others ſo ſoft as to crumble to duſt under the finger. The road lay afterwards through a foreſt of cork-trees, and the latter part of the day along a wet open paſture country. After being thirteen hours on horſeback, with a drizzling rain upon us half the time, we were glad to ſtop at *Los Cortijos* about eight at night.

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Here had formerly been a venta, but all we could find was the cabin of a retailer of tobacco. This miſerable dwelling conſiſted of one room, not well enough thatched to prevent the rain from beating through, and yet too cloſe to let out the ſmoke of a few ſticks burning in the middle of the houſe. The landlord, his wife, and children, occupied one end of the habitation, and abandoned the remainder to us, who were ſeven in number, ſqueezed into the ſpace of a few feet ſquare. The ſmoke grew ſo powerful, and the company ſo ſtreightened for room, that after ſupper I retired acroſs a kind of yard, to a manger in the ſtable, where I lay down, wrapped up in my cloak, upon the ſtraw, and got a very comfortable nap till day-break, when we proceeded on our journey.

We travelled through a large tract of wet paſtures, full of herds of cattle, with here and there a wretched hut for the herdſmen. After a long dreary ride over the hills that encircle theſe plains, we entered the woodlands, where we found the roads ſo wet and ſtony, that our baggage-mules were more than once laid faſt. This foreſt extends many miles, during which we ſaw but one houſe; and that being white, and placed at the head of a lawn, environed with hanging woods, made a moſt romantic appearance. The proſpects in theſe wilderneſſes are delightful, and we ſhould have

found the ride through them charming, had our attention been leſs engaged by the continual apprehenſions we were under of our horſes falling in the deep broken roads. High mountains, and bold rocky cliffs, hang on every ſide over the groves; the timber trees are oak and cork, the underwood, ſhrubs of numberleſs kinds, growing with the greateſt vigour and luxuriancy; ſuch as the lauruſtinus, arbutus, brooms, citiſus, ſorb, maſtick-tree, privet, phylirea, ciſtus, oleander, pomegranate, bay, laurel, myrtle, butcher's broom, wild pear, heath at leaſt fifteen feet high, &c. but the moſt remarkable is the rhododendron ponticum, with large purple flowers; it grows by the edge of the torrents that tumble down through the woods, and is a plant of ſingular beauty.

Upon leaving the thickets, we had a fine view of the rock of Gibraltar and the coaſt of Africa, a very grand marine ſcene. We then came to a rich vale of cornland, and a pretty meandring river, which we croſſed twice near *Los Barios*, a ſmall hamlet. From thence we found all the country marſhy by the ſide of the bay of Gibraltar, or bare and hilly near San Roque, a large village on the top of a hill, overlooking the whole bay. Here the Spaniſh governor of the lines reſides.

The next day we waited upon Don Joachim de Mendoza, the governor, who gave us the neceſſary paſſports.

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By his perſuaſion, we depoſited what caſh we had in the hands of his ſecretary, as it is forbidden to take above a crown apiece out of the Spaniſh territory. This proved a very ſuperfluous caution, for we paſſed unſearched through the lines, and might have carried out of the Spaniſh bounds as much gold as we pleaſed. The lines are a fortification, that runs acroſs the iſthmus which ſeparates Gibraltar from the continent. A regiment of infantry, ſeveral batteries, and a fort at each end, defend this barrier of the Spaniſh monarchy. It is about half an hour's ride from the land-gate of the Engliſh garriſon.

The moſt extraordinary fortreſs and mountain, from which I date my letter, have been ſo often deſcribed by particular hiſtories, prints, and drawings, that I ſhall not take up your leiſure with needleſs repetitions. The views publiſhed by Major Macé are exact, and convey a very good idea of the four different faces of the mountain. Since the time of their publication, general Boyd has compleated the roads up the hill in every neceſſary direction: a carriage may now go up to the ſignal-houſe, which before ſeemed a place where none but goats could climb up to.

The hoſpitality of the governor, officers, and inhabitants; the buſtle, military muſic, and parade; the fine appearance of the troops; the variety of tongues ſpoken

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and of dreſſes worn here, are themes I could enlarge upon for whole pages. After ſo long a journey through the ſtill waſtes and ſilent ſtupid towns of Spain, where every thing bears the marks of languor and indolence, we were at firſt quite flurried and confounded with the hurry in the garriſon, the perpetual noiſe of cannon, and the reports of the ſoldiers going through their firing exerciſe. In the firſt nights we were ſtartled with the frequent paſſing of the parole, which runs like a train of fire round the line of fortifications. It ſeemed ſtrange to hear our native language ſpoken in the ſtreets, to read it under the ſigns, and to meet ſo many Engliſh faces. I ſhould have forgotten how far I was from home, had I not been reminded of the latitude by the brilliant clearneſs of the deep blue ſky, and the ſight of the African mountains, whoſe ſnowy tops, and even the objects at their feet, are very diſtinctly ſeen by the naked eye. You may diſcern all the buildings in Ceuta, and even in Tangier the houſes may be diſtinguiſhed in a clear day. We indulged the honeſt pride of Engliſhmen, in admiring the tall, handſome figures, and ſpirited, martial preſence of the ſoldiers, and in drawing very comfortable parallels between them and the dirty melancholy dwarfs we had ſeen mounting guard in the Spaniſh garriſons.

We are now waiting for a fair wind to carry us over

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to Tetuan or to Tangiers. The boat-loads of freſh oranges brought over almoſt every morning from the coaſt of Barbary, and tumbled out into the ſtreets, increaſe the eagerneſs we have long felt for that expedition: but the wind is very cruel, and I begin to have my fears about the poſſibility of it. The Barbary oranges are exquiſite, but, as the ſummer advances, are apt to grow too luſcious, though they preſerve their juicineſs.

Gibraltar, March 11.

We are wind-bound, but remain in hourly expectation of ſailing to Africa. Our *ſettee*, or bark, and baggage, are ready, and we ourſelves on the watch for an eaſterly breeze. Yeſterday the wind came about to the eaſt, and in a trice the bay was covered with Dutch men of war, and all ſorts of merchantmen, crowding ſail to get through the Gut before the wind ſhould change: above fifty ſail came from the Mediterranean, round Europa Point, but in leſs than an hour the wind ſhifted to its old corner again, and every one of them was driven back into the bay, or behind the rock, where they may beat about for weeks againſt wind and current. Never was there known ſo long a continuance of weſterly winds at this time of the year.

Gibraltar,

Gibraltar, March 13.

Laſt night all the Jews were in maſquerade, dancing and merry-making; a fine contraſt with the gloomineſs of Lent, a few miles to the north of us. This place may literally be ſtyled the Paradiſe of that diſperſed nation; for here they ſeem to be at home, carry on a great retail trade, and ſupply the garriſon with many common articles of conſumption. They are Barbary Jews, a comely race of men, and much better featured than their Portugueſe or German brethren. Their dreſs differs from that of the common Moors in nothing but the cap, which the latter wear red, the Jews black, though here they venture frequently to put on red ones.

All religions ſeem welcome to this town, and meet without animoſity, as on ſome neutral ground. The Spaniſh church is ſerved by a jolly prieſt, who, beſides very ample emoluments and caſualties, receives from the Engliſh government a ſtipend of fifty pounds: with this income he gives balls and entertainments to his pariſhioners, and lives in a very jovial manner. He ſeems perfectly well pleaſed with his Proteſtant neighbours, and quite reconciled to ſeeing the Cordelier convent converted into the reſidence of an Engliſh governor.

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The Barbary beef, furniſhed on contract by the Moors, is excellent, and the fiſh taken in the bay is the beſt I have taſted ſince I left Bourdeaux.

The mountain abounds with partridges, which breed in peace, and paſs their lives undiſturbed, as no body is allowed to ſhoot within the garriſon. The young officers take the diverſion of fox-hunting on the Spaniſh hills, where there is abundance of foxes, but little running: the great number of holes among the rocks prevents the game from being kept going, after the firſt burſt.

That beautiful bird, the whoopoop, or March cock, is common on the mountain; and high up are herds of large monkies, but I never was lucky enough to get a ſight of them.

On the eaſt ſide, in the moſt broken part of the precipices, is a *ſtratum* of bones of all ſizes, belonging to various animals and fowls, enchaſed in an incruſtation of a reddiſh calcarious rock.

LETTER XXX.

Seville, April 8, 1776.

ALAS! all our ſchemes upon Africa came to nothing: the inflexible weſt wind continued blowing with uninterrupted fury, till the time fixed for our ſtay at Gibraltar was elapſed. At firſt we intended to croſs over to Tetuan, and there hire horſes or mules to carry us over land to Tangiers, which would have afforded us an opportunity of ſeeing a good deal of the country: but this project was dropped, in conſequence of an order iſſued out by the emperor of Morocco, prohibiting all Chriſtians from approaching, or even looking upon the holy city of Tetuan, where ſome Engliſh had lately committed an outrage upon the Mooriſh women. Being diſappointed in our firſt plan, we pitched upon that of running over to Tangiers, and from thence making an excurſion into the inland parts. Both theſe hopes were defeated by the contrary winds, and we were under the neceſſity of giving up ſo favourite a point, which, you may believe, was a moſt ſenſible mortification to us both.

We returned to Cadiz by our former route, ſome trifling deviations excepted; one of which was, to viſit the

the almoſt imperceptible remains of the city of Carteia, where Cneius, ſon of Pompey the Great, took refuge after the battle of Munda. Theſe ruins, of which ſcarce any thing but part of a wall is to be ſeen, ſtand on a r ſing ground at the mouth of a little river, which falls into the north-weſt corner of the bay. Writers have blundered ſtrangely about the ſituation of this town, ſome placing it at Algeçiras, or Old Gibraltar, and others ſo far off as Tariff. The rubbiſh, and the quantity of its own coins found here, which are common enough among the Jews of Gibraltar, leave no room to doubt of the truth of the tradition which fixes it upon this ſpot. In paſſing the woods beyond *Los Varios*, we raiſed a prodigious eagle of the golden kind : our ſervants, who went before, took it for a boy muffled up in a yellowiſh cloak, and were ſo ſurprized when it took wing, that we could not prevail upon the man who carried the blunderbuſs to fire at it, till it was got out of reach. Its colour was a duſky yellow ſhaded with green, its head very ſmooth and dark ; about the belly it was of a muddy brown.

At nightfall we came to a farm-houſe belonging to the duke of Medina Sidonia, where the ſervants, in the abſence of the maſter farmer, refuſed to give us leave to paſs the night. One of our men being diſpatched into the field, brought the farmer with him, very much out

of humour at his houſe being made an inn of, and fully determined to pack us off about our buſineſs, as he ſuſpected us to be little better than rogues and ſmugglers; indeed the appearance of our meſſenger was not unfavourable to that opinion. S. G* exhibited a ſet of ſtern features, with a thick black beard; an old laced hat fiercely cocked hanging over his eyes; a military jacket, acroſs which was ſlung a ſcimitar and a pair of piſtols; dirty leather ſpatterdaſhes, a hoarſe voice, ſtrange language, and foreign accent. All this together could hardly, in ſuch a country, convey the idea of any thing but a captain of banditti. When the farmer entered his court-yard, and ſaw ſuch a formidable ſet of armed men in poſſeſſion of his caſtle, he thought it adviſeable to alter his tone, and be very civil. We accepted his offer of a new barn or granary, where we pitched our tents, ſupped, and ſlept very comfortably, having previouſly ſtuffed with ſtraw the holes which had been left in the wall for the free ingreſs and egreſs of the pigeons.

Theſe farms are very extenſive, and entirely unconnected with their neighbours. Each farm has its own baker, who twice a week diſtributes a certain quota of bread to each houſe-ſervant, herdſman, plough-boy, and ſhepherd. The plain about the houſe is a deep rich ſoil, the paſturage luxuriant, but in many places over-run with

with weeds and rank graſs; a muddy rivulet winds through the flats, and is often a very troubleſome paſs for travellers.

We met with nothing remarkable on the road to Vegel; ſtorks, whoopoops, and a fox, were the only living creatures we ſaw. The ſun grew ſo extremely powerful, that we were glad to paſs the noon-tide hours under a large tree before the door of one of the *ſiete molinos*, by the ſide of a brook. The miller and his neighbours were very civil, and furniſhed us with a table, chairs, glaſſes, and every thing neceſſary for our repaſt, one of the moſt delicious I ever made. The old and young formed a circle round us, while we devoured our cold ham and turkey. As I perceived one of the young fellows ſmile and look very arch, I told him I hoped he was not ſcandalized at our eating meat in Lent, as we were allowed that liberty, as travellers. "No, no," replied he, "not I indeed; for I know you belong to a happy "ſet of people, with whom *to-day* is always the *holiday*, "and to-morrow the *vigil* and *faſt*." His joke made us laugh, and ſet all his companions in a roar: in the height of our mirth and good-humour, a little old woman ventured to aſk a taſte of a bumper of Malaga, which being the bottom of a bottle I had given my man to drink, he endeavoured to put her off, with telling her that it was the wine of the Moors, conſequently ungodly,

ungodly, and ſuch as a zealous Spaniard would think himſelf poiſoned were he to put it to his lips; however the old dame begged ſhe might taſte it out of curioſity, and having once got the glaſs into her hands, ſwallowed every drop of the wine at one gulp, to the great aſtoniſhment of poor S. G*** ; to comfort him, ſhe aſſured him ſhe ſhould have a better opinion of the Moors as long as ſhe lived, ſince they made and drank ſuch excellent liquor.

In about three hours ride we got to Chiclana, and next day hired a bark to carry us to Cadiz. The rowing down the river was very pleaſant, as by its continual winding we kept in ſight of the pretty hill of Chiclana, till we paſſed through the arches of the bridge of Suaço into the bay. The channel through the ſhallows is very narrow and crooked. The king's dock-yards at the Caraccas lie near the entrance; and farther down is the Trocadero, or magazines and docks for merchantmen. The approach to the city was beautiful; but the ſlowneſs of our motion, retarded by contrary winds and currents, made us heartily ſick of our water party.

On the 3d of April we left Cadiz, and in leſs than an hour landed at Port Saint Mary, where we were received and entertained for three days by general count Alexander O'Reilly, with every poſſible demonſtration of

of politeneſs and cordiality. This gentleman has been of late ſo much talked of, that I was eager to ſeize the opportunity of paſſing ſome time with him. To attempt to draw his character is far above my powers, or thoſe of any three days' acquaintance. It would be unfair and preſumptuous to decide upon the merits or demerits of any man on ſuch ſlight grounds. He appears to be very active, intelligent, and ſevere, in the poſt of inſpector-general of the Spaniſh infantry, an employment of great buſineſs. I believe him ſkilled in tactics; to have read a great deal in his more advanced time of life (for I don't imagine his education furniſhed him with any great ſtock of learning;) to have ſeen with a penetrating eye, and to have ſtudied profoundly the characters and weakneſſes of men. His intrepidity in facing, and ſteadineſs in conquering, all difficulties, that may lie in his way to preferment, are ſufficiently known and variouſly deſcanted upon: his memory is prodigious; his judgment of men and things quick and preciſe, perhaps too peremptory. He has much ready wit at command, eſpecially when he has a mind to turn the laugh againſt any particular perſon, in which caſe he is accuſed of often carrying the joke too far; and I don't know but he may owe ſome of his many enemies to the ridicule he has ſometimes thrown upon them. Some think him rather too fond of talking, and of making himſelf the ſubject of his

his diſcourſe, but they muſt acknowledge he ſpeaks with great eloquence in a variety of languages. His countenance and figure are rather comely; but a wound in his knee cauſes him to limp, an imperfection which has afforded his enemies great ſcope for raillery: the king's fondneſs for him bears him up againſt all their efforts to ruin him; his majeſty, who thinks himſelf indebted to O'Reilly for his life, in the ſedition of Madrid [15], ſupports him with inflexible conſtancy. When the new road was making to the palace of the Pardo, a little, ugly ever-green oak was found to ſtand in the line marked out for the highway. This tree, by its oddity and ſolitary poſition, had attracted the notice and gained the favour of the king, who forbade the engineers to meddle with it. In ſpite of all the remonſtrances of the miniſter and ſurveyors, the oak ſtill remains ſtanding in the middle of the road; the king often ſhews it to his courtiers, and, obſerving with a ſmile, that it has no friend but himſelf, calls it O'Reilly.

The only morning we had free from rain, we employed in a ride to Sanlucar, to ſee the mouth of the Guadalquiver, the ancient Bætis, where the fleets of Spain were wont to rendezvous, before Cadiz was made the

[15] He rode into the crowd of rioters, and ſhot a fellow dead that had taken up a ſtone and was going to throw it at the king.

ſtaple

ſtaple for Indian goods, and before the bar at the mouth became ſo conſiderable as to impede the navigation of large veſſels.

The ground riſes very beautifully weſt of Saint Mary's; it is a perfect garden: ſpring, which is now in full vigour, and every hedge and buſh covered with flowers, rendered our jaunt delightful. The kermes or holme-oak is in great beauty, quite on fire with the ſcarlet gall-nuts of the little inſect which produces the falſe cochineal. Near the Guadalquivir, the country is arable, with few incloſures. In times of remote antiquity Sanlucar was called Fanum Luciferi. It was once the port of Seville, and at the ſeaſons for the arrival or departure of the fleets, the moſt ſtirring place in Europe: at preſent it is a neat, quiet town, without much buſineſs. The ſmall ſhips that carry on its trade, lie half a league farther up in the Anſa, where the Indian flota uſed to moor. The river is wide and very rough at the bar; the oppoſite ſhore ſo dead a flat, that it is difficult to diſtinguiſh it from the water. I ſauntered along the Playa de Sanlucar, without meeting a ſoul: how changed from what it was in the days of Cervantes; when it was crowded with the buſy and the idle, the honeſt and the profligate.

On Friday evening we came to Xeres. I was much ſurprized to hear, from good authority, that this city

contains no leſs than forty thouſand inhabitants, of which a twentieth part are eccleſiaſtics. We went next morning to the monaſtery of Carthuſian monks, a few miles off, remarkable for its breed of horſes, and for a very fine view over the plains towards the bay and ſhipping of Cadiz. The day was ſultry, and I could with pleaſure have lolled it out in the prior's garden, under the ſhade of a noble lemon-tree, refreſhed by the ſoft perfumes aſcending on every ſide from the neighbouring orchards.

This convent, founded in 1482 by Alvaris de Valleto, a citizen of Xeres, is grand, and well laid out: water is conveyed into every public hall and private cell. We were diſappointed of the principal end of our journey, which was to ſee their fine ſtallions, but they were all out in the country at the covering-ſtables. The earth, in the cemetries of Xeres, has the quality of preſerving corpſes incorrupted for years and ages.

Upon leaving Xeres, we found the roads much the worſe for the heavy rains; and two days were ſpent in travelling a few miles through ſtiff, deep clays, where we expected to ſtick faſt every inſtant, as the wheels were clogged to a great height. We ſaw ſome buſtards in theſe plains.

This morning we arrived in Seville, which appears to great advantage from the hills, at the diſtance of a couple

ple of miles. The ſoil upon the heights is ſandy, planted with pine-trees and vines, incloſed with hedges of various kinds of ſhrubs, among which there is a great quantity of yellow jaſmine. Round the city is a great plain of corn-lands, paſtures, and gardens; the Guadalquivir, which runs through it, is very ſubject to overflow its banks, and lay all the adjacent country under water; the lowlands by the river ſide are common, and two years cropped with corn, the third left to run up into graſs.

When we entered the city, our muleteers were obliged to ride as poſtillions on the foremoſt mules, to comply with the orders of the magiſtrates for preventing ſtoppages and accidents in the ſtreets, which are uncommonly crooked and narrow.

LETTER XXXI.

Seville, April 9, 1776.

WE arrived yeſterday morning in this capital of Andaluſia; and as ſoon as we had dined and dreſt ourſelves, walked out with no particular object in view, but merely to ſtroll through the ſtreets, by way of making ourſelves acquainted with the city; chance led us into the court of the Alcazar, or royal palace, and the centry directed us to a gallery, which he ſaid would bring us to the gardens. You have often heard me launch out in praiſe of ſome hanging-gardens in Italy, ſo refreſhing and voluptuous in the ſummer evenings; this of the Alcazar is exactly ſuch another; ſeveral parterres, ſurrounded by galleries and terraces, interſected by myrtle hedges and jaſmine bowers, and perfumed by clumps of orange-trees, have alſo the advantage of abundance of water. A large party of ſprightly damſels and young men that were walking here, were much indebted to us for making the water-works play, by means of a ſmall bribe to the keeper. Nothing can be more delicious than theſe ſprinklings in a hot day; all the flowers ſeemed to acquire new vigour, the

the odours, exhaled from the orange, citron, and lemon-trees, grew more poignant, more balſamic, and the company ten times more alive than they were; it was a true April ſhower. We ſauntered near two hours in the groves, till we were quite in extaſy with ſweets. 'Tis a moſt heavenly reſidence in ſpring; and I ſhould think the ſummer heats might be tempered and rendered ſupportable enough, by the profuſion of water that they enjoy at Seville.

Philip the Fifth reſided here many years, and paſſed his time in drawing with the ſmoke of a candle on deal boards, or angling for tench in a little reſervoir.

On our firſt entrance into the palace, which is a *paſticcio* of Saracenic, Conventual, and Grecian architecture, I was much taken with the principal front of the inner-court; a piece of as good Moriſco work as any I had yet ſeen. Having read that the Moors built one part of this palace, I concluded I was admiring ſomething as old as the Mahometan kings of Seville; but upon cloſer examination was not a little ſurprized to find *lions*, *caſtles*, and other armorial enſigns of Caſtille and Leon, interwoven with the Arabeſque foliages; and ſtill more ſo, to ſee, in large Gothic characters, an inſcription informing me, that theſe edifices were built in the fourteenth century, by the moſt mighty king of Caſtille and Leon, Don Pedro.

Within

Within this portico is a court ninety-three feet by ſixty-nine: it is flagged with marble, and ſurrounded with a colonnade of white marble columns of the Corinthian order, elegantly proportioned, and well executed; the walls behind are covered with groteſque deſigns in the Mooriſh taſte: Charles the Fifth has contrived to foiſt his eagle and his *plus oultre* into every corner. The great hall adjoining, called the *Media naranja*, or half-orange, from the form of its cupola, is richly gilt and ſtuccoed in the ſame manner. Here I own, my little knowledge of architecture was fairly nonpluſſed; I was convinced that the portion of the fabric, called by the travel-writers the *Mooriſh part*, was the work of Peter the Cruel, who might eaſily procure ſkilful artiſts from the kings of Granada, with whom he was connected moſt part of his reign; but there was no accounting for the Corinthian pillars, unleſs I ſuppoſed them to have belonged to ſome Roman edifice, deſtroyed for the ſake of ſupplying materials for the palace, or to have been placed by the emperor under the old gallery, in lieu of others in a barbarous ſtyle or ruinous ſtate. Next to the court of the lions in the Alhambra, this ſquare is the moſt pleaſing piece of Arabic building I have met with, though in delicacy of deſign and execution, the ornaments of the Sevillian are much inferior to thoſe of the Granadine palace.

Near

Near the weſtern entrance was formerly to be ſeen a ſtone ſeat, with its canopy ſupported by four pillars, all now deſtroyed. Here that ſevere judge, Don Pedro, ſat to decide cauſes, and give ſentence upon malefactors. His juſtice was ſo very inflexible, that in thoſe days of feudal anarchy, it was looked upon in the light of wanton cruelty and tyranny; perhaps that unfortunate monarch owes to the hatred of thoſe he meant to reduce to order, much of the obloquy which has been ſo plentifully beſtowed upon him by hiſtorians, who have painted him to us as a tyrant ſo bloody, ſo wicked, as almoſt to exceed the bounds of probability. In Andaluſia, where he fixed his reſidence, and ſeemed moſt to delight, his memory is not held in the ſame abhorrence. The Sevillian writers ſpeak of him very differently; and inſtead of his uſual appellation of *Pedro el cruel*, diſtinguiſh him by that of *El Juſticiero*. It is certain that his baſtard-brother and murderer, Henry of Tranſtamare, was guilty of crimes full as atrocious as any of thoſe imputed to Don Pedro; but as he deſtroyed him, his family, and adherents, the friends of the new ſpurious race of monarchs were left at full liberty to blacken the characters of the adverſe party, without fear of being called to an account for calumny, or even contradicted. Truth is now out of our reach; and for want of proper proofs to the contrary, we muſt ſit down contented with what

what hiſtory has left us, and allow Don Pedro to have been one of the moſt inhuman butchers that ever diſgraced a throne.

We devoted this morning to an excurſion in ſearch of the ruins of Italica, where Trajan, Hadrian, and Theodoſius the Great, are ſuppoſed to have been born; a ſearch it may moſt properly be called, for we wandered a long league wide of the mark, but had no reaſon to be ſorry for the miſtake, whatever our Catalan running-footman might think of the matter. We took too much to the left, after croſſing the river on the bridge of boats, and ſtrayed along the walls of a convent, where the monks were ſelling the lemons of their gardens through a hole in the wall. The wind was rather briſk, and wafted ſuch perfumes from the orange-groves, as almoſt lulled us to ſleep; the meadows and corn-fields that we rode through were delightful, as rich and luxuriant as any I ever ſaw in Flanders. On our right hand a range of orange-gardens perfumed the breeze before it reached us; and on the left the Guadalquivir ran winding through the plain. Our ſoft reveries were diſturbed by a full ſtop, that our runner Chriſtoval made at a gully, where a brook falls into a river. It could only be paſſed on foot, as there was no bridge but a few yawning planks, on which our horſes, however willing, could not pretend to find a footing; this obliged us to diſmount,

diſmount, and ſend our horſes round half a league to join us at the ruins of Italica, which we thought appeared very conſpicuous upon a hill before us. The ſun was hot, but the ſpirit of antiquarianiſm gave us ſtrength and courage to climb up to the platform of Saint John de Alfarache. After ſitting awhile to take breath under ſome arborjudas in full flower, we proceeded to explore every corner of the crown of the hill; it is almoſt ſquare, incloſed with the ruins of vaſt towers and bulwarks, built of cemented mud and pebbles. From the knowledge I had acquired of the different modes of building, ſince I came into the ſouth of Spain, I ventured to pronounce, that if this was Italica, the Moors had built upon the ſite, and antiquaries were groſly miſtaken when they talked of Roman edifices and amphitheatres; not but what I thought the ſituation ſuch, as the judicious Romans might have preferred to that of Hiſpalis, the preſent Seville, both for beauty and ſtrength. The view from it over that city, the courſe of the river, and the rich plain, are worth more than the labour it coſt us to get ſo high: at this blooming ſeaſon of the year, when every thing is in full vegetation, green and freſh, I don't remember to have ſeen a finer country.

An old peaſant ſet my heart at eaſe (for I confeſs I was a little out of humour, as every diſappointed

virtuoſo would have been) by informing us that this was a Mooriſh caſtle, [16] and that Sevilla Vieja, or old Seville (the name they give to Italica) was a little beyond a great church of Hieronymites, a league to the north in the ſkirts of the plain. Our error once diſcovered, we trotted away through the flats to that convent, and there picked up a fellow without ſhirt or ſtockings, with a patched cloak, white hat, and long black beard; which gentleman undertook to ſhew us the antiquities.

Of the ancient colony of Italica, ſuppoſed to have been compoſed by Scipio of his veteran ſoldiers, ſcarce the leaſt veſtige remains. It is ſaid the Moors deſtroyed it, not to have a rival ſo near Seville, where they intended to fix the ſeat of their empire; but I doubt this is the mere ſurmiſe of ſome modern hiſtorian. I could not poſitively aſcertain it, but from a view of the ground, am apt to believe it was built in imitation of Rome, on ſeven hills, and that the river Bœtis ran at the foot of them. By accidental obſtructions and banks of ſand, accumulated in a long ſeries of inundations, the river may have been driven from its ancient bed, and forced more into the heart of the plain, where it

[16] After the loſs of Seville, the Moors are ſaid to have remained ſome time at Alfarache, under the government of a kind of king.

now

now takes its courſe. Such an event as this would account for the ruin of ſo conſiderable a city as Italica; and without ſuppoſing that the Saracens were at the pains of demoliſhing it, would afford ſufficient cauſe for giving the preference to Seville, which ſtands upon the Guadalquivir.

On the ſummit of the firſt hill are ſome ruinous brick walls, called *El Palacio*, not in the leaſt remarkable. The peaſants that were here at work in the olive-yards, told us, that underneath there had formerly been found columns of ſilver and braſs; but as they were bewitched by ſome magician, nobody was ever able to draw them up; and now-a-days, not a ſoul has the courage even to dig for them, as they have all the reaſon in the world to believe, that the conjurer would twiſt their heads off for attempting it. This is a popular ſuperſtition, which I have found to be common to moſt countries, wherever any great remains of vaults and ancient edifices are to be ſeen.

On the moſt diſtant eminence are conſiderable ruins of an amphitheatre, built with pebbles, and brick arches; moſt probably the marble caſing has been carried away, or deſtroyed by burning to lime. The form is a moſt perfect oval; the arena meaſures, as near as the corn would allow me to be exact, one hundred yards in its greateſt length, and ſixty in its greateſt breadth;

ſome of the vomitoria, cells, and paſſages, are yet diſcernible, but ſcarce any traces of the ſeats; however I made out twenty rows, two feet ſix inches wide, and two feet high; each ſtep of the ſtairs of communication is one foot high and one wide. This amphitheatre is now more like Stonehenge than a regular Roman edifice [17].

Not far from it is a fine pool of water, in a large vault under the hill; which I take to be the remains of ſome aqueduct, as the water is too warm to be near the ſpring head.

Being very hot and hungry, we made the beſt of our way home through large plantations of orange-trees, which here grow to the ſize of moderate timber trees; the fruit is much more pleaſing to the eye, if leſs ſo to the palate, than the oranges of Portugal, as the rich blood-colour is admirably contraſted with the bright tint of the leaves.

[17] The corporation of Seville, having occaſion for ſtones to embank the river, which, by its frequent inundations, cauſed great damage to the city, ordered the amphitheatre of Italica to be knocked down. Many hands were employed to batter the walls, and to blow up with gunpowder ſuch parts as reſiſted the pick-ax. By theſe means they procured ſufficient materials for their embankment; but, as if the Guadalquivir meant to revenge the cauſe of taſte upon theſe barbarians, the very firſt flood ſwept away the whole fabrick.

LETTER XXXII.

Seville, April 11, 1776.

SEVILLE is ſuppoſed to have been founded by the Phenicians, who gave it the name of Hiſpalis: the Romans called it Julia; in after-ages the old name returned, and after a variety of corruptions, ſeems to have been revived in the modern appellation of Sebilla, or Sevilla, for the Spaniards uſe both indiſcriminately.

Under the Roman government, it was embelliſhed with many magnificent buildings, deſtined for purpoſes of public utility and amuſement; but I believe the very ruins of thoſe edifices have long ago diſappeared.

The Gothic kings reſided here before they removed their court to Toledo.

Muſa, the Saracen viceroy, took Seville by ſtorm, ſoon after the victory obtained at Xeres over king Rodrigo.

In the general confuſion that enſued upon the downfal of the kingdom of Cordova, in 1027, Seville became an independent ſovereignty, which was annihilated by the violence of the African prince Juſef Almoravides, who came into Spain in 1097.

Ferdinand

Ferdinand the third, king of Caſtille, (who, in conſideration of his great ſucceſs againſt the Mahometans, as well as for his ſanctity, was canonized after his death, and is ſtill honoured as a ſaint of the firſt rank) took Cordova, and many other important places, from the enfeebled, diſunited Muſſulmen; drove them from poſt to poſt, till he reduced the bounds of their empire to a very confined corner of the peninſula; after a year's ſiege he forced Seville to open its gates to him, and acknowledge his ſway. Three hundred thouſand Moors are ſaid to have left the city upon the capitulation, and to have carried their arms and induſtry to ſuch countries, as were ſtill obedient to the law of Mahomet. It is difficult to conceive how Seville could continue to be a great and populous town after ſuch an emigration; yet we find it in a few years enlarged, adorned with new buildings, the chief of which was the cathedral, and long enjoying the rank of one of the moſt conſiderable cities in Spain.

Its moſt brilliant epocha was ſoon after the diſcovery of America, when all the new-found treaſures were poured into Europe from the fleets that returned from the new hemiſphere into the Guadalquivir, and made Seville the magazine of its invaluable productions. The ſovereign frequently honoured this place with his preſence; merchants from all parts flocked hither to open houſes

houſes of commerce, or to provide themſelves with goods for foreign markets; the ſailors and adventurers of the Indian fleets rendezvouſed here, and with wanton prodigality laviſhed the wealth, which they had acquired in America. Then indeed was the time, when the Spaniard cried out in the fullneſs of his heart, *Quien no a viſto Sevilla, no a viſto meravilla* [18]. Its court was then the moſt ſplendid in Europe; its ſtreets were thronged with an immenſe concourſe of people; its river was crowded with ſhips, and its keys covered with bales of precious merchandize. Great were the buildings begun, and ſtill vaſter the projects for future ones. Its proſperity ſeemed proof againſt the fickleneſs of fortune; but in the courſe of a very few years, it fell from the higheſt pitch of grandeur to ſolitude and poverty, by the danger and embarraſſments in the navigation of the Guadalquivir. The ſuperior excellence of the port of Cadiz, induced government to order the Galeons to be ſtationed there for the time to come.

The ſhape of Seville is circular, without any great riſing in the whole ſpace. The walls ſeem of Mooriſh conſtruction, or of the ages which immediately followed the diſſolution of the Saracen empire; as I gueſs by their form and materials. The ditch is filled up in

[18] He that has not ſeen Seville, has not ſeen the wonder of the world.

many

many places. The circumference of the walls is not more than five miles and an half. The ſuburb of Triana, on the weſt ſide of the river, is as large as many towns, but remarkable for nothing but its gloomy Gothic caſtle, where, in 1482, the inquiſition formed its firſt eſtabliſhment in Spain.

The ſtreets of Seville are crooked, dirty, and ſo narrow, that in moſt of them two coaches find it difficult to paſs a-breaſt. The wideſt and handſomeſt place is the Alameda, or great walk of old elms, in the heart of the city; it is ſix hundred yards by one hundred and fifty, decorated with three fountains, and the ſtatues of Hercules, the reputed founder, and Julius Cæſar, the reſtorer of Seville.

Moſt of the churches are built and ornamented in ſo barbarous a ſtyle, that I had not the patience to examine them; the cathedral, the capuchins, and the charidad, are the only ſacred edifices really intereſting; the firſt by its antiquity, ſize, and reputation; the two latter by the chef-d'œuvres of Murillo.

The cathedral is more cried up than I think it deſerves; it is by no means equal to York minſter, for lightneſs, elegance, and Gothic delicacy. The cluſtered pillars are too thick, the ailes too narrow, and the choir, by being placed in the center, ſpoils the whole coup d'œil, and renders the reſt of the church little better than a heap

a heap of long paſſages. The ornamental parts, commonly ſaid to be after the Gothic manner, ſeem rather to be clumſy imitations of the models left by the Moors. Not one of the great entrances or porches is finiſhed; and to disfigure the whole pile, a long range of buildings, in the modern ſtyle, has been added on to the old part.

Don Sancho the Brave began this church, near the cloſe of the thirteenth century; and John the Second finiſhed it about an hundred years after. Its length within is four hundred and twenty feet; its breadth two hundred and ſeventy-three; and its greateſt height one hundred and twenty-ſix. The circumference of each cluſter of pillars is forty-two feet. It has nine doors, eighty windows, and eighty altars, at which five hundred maſſes are ſaid every day. The pavement is brick, but they are now new-laying it with marble. The great gate of the cloyſters, (the only remains of the moſque) is a piece of handſome Mooriſh architecture. The large orange-trees that ſhade the fountains in the middle of the cloyſters, make them a moſt agreeable walk. At one angle ſtands the Giralda, or belfry, a tower three hundred and fifty feet high, and fifty ſquare: the Moors erected it about the year 1000: the Chriſtians have added two ſtories, and a prodigious weathercock, which, altogether, agree much better with the ancient

building than patchwork is wont to do: the ſculpture of the Saracenic part, which is two hundred feet high, is in a much ſimpler taſte than their artiſts were accuſtomed to diſplay in public works. The effect of this tower riſing far above every edifice in Seville, is extremely noble. Tradition relates, that to form a ſolid foundation for it, the Moors made a deep hole, into which they caſt all the marble and ſtone monuments of the Romans that could be found: when repairs have been neceſſary, and the ground has been opened near the bottom, many broken ornaments and inſcriptions have been diſcovered. The whole work is brick and mortar; a winding ſtair-caſe is contrived within, ſo eaſy and wide, as to admit of two horſemen riding a-breaſt, above half way up. For ſome purpoſe, unknown to us, the architect has made the ſolid maſonry in the upper half, juſt as thick again as that in the lower, though on the outſide the belfry is all the way of the ſame dimenſions.

Murillo has adorned the charidad and capuchins with ſeveral moſt valuable pictures, which may be ranked among his very beſt performances; his manner puts me much in mind of Guercino: the deſign of his hands and arms is generally faulty, as he gives them rather too great a length; there is ſuch expreſſion, ſuch truth of colouring, and intelligence, in the compoſition of his groupes,

groupes, that a trifling defect of that kind is eaſily overlooked.

In the firſt of thoſe churches, Saint Elizabeth, queen of Hungary, curing ſome lepers, and other diſeaſed perſons, by anointing them with holy oil, is an admirable picture; there is an old woman, and a boy under the hand of the ſaint, full of truth, character, and expreſſion. In the repreſentation of Moſes ſtriking the rock, are ſeveral excellent figures, and a very beautiful white horſe.

In the church of the capuchins, out of many of his pictures, which hang in every chapel on each ſide, thoſe that gave me moſt pleaſure, were a Saint Anthony of Padua, holding the infant Jeſus on a book; a friar embracing Chriſt crucified, who ſtoops from the croſs, and brings down an arm to preſs the ſaint's ſhoulder; an adoration of the ſhepherds; and Saint Thomas of Villanova, archbiſhop of Valencia, diſtributing alms at his palace-gate; which laſt I like the beſt of the whole collection.

In our way to this church, which ſtands without the walls, we looked into many others; but found nothing particular in any, except in one, a liſt of the books lately condemned by the inquiſition; among many others we ſaw the famous *Fray Gerundio* by father Iſla; ſome common French books relative to geography; ſome

of Voltaire's late publications; and the political hiſtory of the European ſettlements, by Raynal, prohibited not only as favouring of deiſm and infidelity, but alſo as containing many paſſages derogatory to the glory of the Spaniſh nation.

We returned by the great road round the walls, paſſing near the gate and tower where Saint Hermenegild was put to death by order of his father Leovigild, king of the Goths, for deſerting arianiſm, and for raiſing an unſucceſsful rebellion againſt him.

Further on we walked under the Caños de Carmona, or the great aqueduct; which is eſteemed by the Sevillian hiſtorians, one of the moſt wonderful monuments of antiquity exiſting in the univerſe. We were much diſappointed to find none of that beauty or grandeur they talk ſo much of; on the contrary, it is rather ugly, its arches unequal, the architecture neglected, and its direction very crooked. The conduit is ſo leaky, that a rivulet is formed of the waſte water. Authors are divided in their opinions concerning this aqueduct; whether to look upon it as a Roman, or as a Mooriſh work. I believe it was originally planned and built by the former; but the innumerable repairs it has undergone have almoſt obliterated every trace of their manner: however, what it wants in ſhew, it certainly makes up for in utility; it conveys a very abundant ſupply of

water

water, ſeveral leagues from a place called Alcalá. The rocks are there bored, in various directions, an immenſe length of way under ground, in order to intercept every little runner, and collect ſo conſiderable a ſtream as to turn ſeveral mills, and bring ſuch a volume of water down to Seville, that almoſt every houſe in town has the benefit of it; except thoſe of the quarters, which are ſupplied by the pipes from the fountain of the archbiſhop.

We re-entered the city at the new gate, which forms an elegant termination to a handſome ſtreet of regular houſes one ſtory high, behind the Alcazar. The ſnuff manufactory is ſituated in this ſtreet: for the more convenient carrying on this lucrative branch of commerce, Ferdinand the Sixth erected a moſt magnificent, roomy palace, in a grand but rather heavy ſtyle of architecture. It was finiſhed in 1756. One thouſand men are employed conſtantly, at the rate of ſix or four reals per diem, for about nine hours work. One hundred and eighty mules work twenty-eight mills or machines for grinding and mixing the tobacco with the red earth of Almazarron; the exceſſive adulteration with this earth, practiſed of late years by the directors, has occaſioned a prodigious falling off in the exportation of this commodity, and unleſs they alter their method, the trade will ſoon be confined to Spain and its dominions; the northern markets have long refuſed to take any off their

hands.

hands. The leaves of the tobacco are imported from Cuba and the Braſils; the beſt ſnuff is called *Grance*. Thirty-two reals a pound is the current price of the ſnuff, but none is allowed to be ſold by retail in the manufactory. We viſited every part of the houſe, at the hazard of being ſuffocated; in one room we found four hundred and ſixty men ſitting at work, making *cigarros* [19], and tying them up in bunches worth four reals a-piece, for each of which they are paid for their labour four quartos. The officer that attended us, told us that the neat profits of laſt year, upon all the ſnuff and tobacco ſold out at the office, amounted to more than ſix millions of dollars.

Near the cathedral is the *Lonja*, or exchange, formerly a place of great reſort, but now, being deſerted by merchants, it is appropriated to other uſes; I believe, to the holding of ſome inferior courts of juſtice. The building is ſquare, its ſtyle plain and noble, and it remains a monument of the good taſte of the Spaniards at that brilliant period of their hiſtory, which takes in the reign of Charles the Fifth, and of his ſon Philip. The Lonja was erected in 1583, upon a deſign of Juan de Herrera.

[19] Theſe are little rolls of tobacco, which the Spaniards ſmoke without a pipe.

Olavides,

Olavides, the preſent Intendant, is ſaid to have great ſchemes for the embelliſhment of Seville; but as he is likewiſe director of all the new colonies in the Sierra Morena, and not upon the moſt ſolid footing at court, I doubt he has more projects in hand and in idea, than he can poſſibly bring to bear, during the time he may probably remain in power [20].

His preſent operation, is to embank with a ſtrong brick wall, the bed of the river above the town, thereby to turn off the impetuous currents, that have ſo often burſt their way into the very heart of the city. Along the banks he has planted avenues of an ever-green tree, very like a poplar. It was brought from South America, and is called *Sapota*.

The great hoſpital de la Sangre, and the college of Sant Elmo, founded for a marine ſchool, are more remarkable for their ſize than for any other merit; the other buildings are little worthy of notice. The police of this city is very ſevere, but perhaps not uniformly and impartially ſo. My man has been a day and a night in priſon, only for carrying my piſtols through the ſtreets to the gunſmith's. There has been as much writing as would do for a moderate ſuit in chancery,

[20] In 1776 he was taken up and impriſoned in the dungeons of the inquiſition, where he will probably end his days.

but

but it ſeems to be cheap enough, as I believe the value of a guinea will procure his releaſe, and pay the fees as well as the expences of the procedures.

LETTER XXXIII.

Eccija, April 12, 1778.

HAVING ſeen every thing in Seville that was recommended to our notice, we left it yeſterday, and came to lie at Carmona; the road is through a perfect foreſt of olive-trees, which are much hacked and pruned, and ſet at the regular diſtance of twenty-ſeven feet aſunder.

Carmona is a large town, ſtanding boldly on a high hill. Its caſtle, in ruins, covers a vaſt extent of ground, and contains many buildings that ſerved for palace and fortreſs to Don Pedro the Cruel, and his family. He placed his main hope in the ſtrength of this caſtle, and in the faithful attachment of Don Martin Lopes de Cordova, grand-maſter of the order of Calatrava, to whoſe care he entruſted his ſons Sancho and Diego, whom he had had by a lady he had taken to his bed, after

after the death of his famous miſtreſs, Maria de Padilla. Henry of Tranſtamare, after the defeat and murder of Pedro in the plains of Montiel, laid ſiege to Carmona, took it by capitulation, together with the children and treaſures of the late king, and baſely breaking his word of honour, cauſed Lopez to be beheaded for his obſtinate reſiſtance.

Like every place in this province, Carmona makes a figure in Roman hiſtory, and has many remains of their walls, inſcriptions, &c. to ſhew as proofs of its ancient importance. The country about it is hilly and champaign, but far from unpleaſant, as it is all green, and has ſome wood and water in different parts of the view.

We dined to-day at the ſolitary venta of Monclova, and rode on hither to get a ſight of the town, but it proved farther off than we imagined, and it was dark before we got in. We were obliged to leave the carriage with our baggage at Carmona, to get the axletree mended, and hitherto we have had no tidings of it, ſo ſhall lie down in our cloaths on a few chairs.

The road from Seville hither, is better than any I have ſeen in Spain, ſome of the new road near Barcelona excepted; it is all gravel, which not being the ſoil of the country, muſt have been brought from a great diſtance, and has ſubſiſted in all probability, unaltered and unrepaired ſince the Moors were driven out of

Andaluſiá; it is raiſed above the level of the fields, and commonly runs in a direct line from weſt to eaſt. As there are no viſible remains of pavement, I rather attribute it to the Saracens than to the Romans, although both nations are known to have attended particularly to the highways of this province, and to have made ſeveral cauſeways and roads of communication between the great towns.

We paſſed through La Luiſiana, a tract of land lately put into cultivation by a colony of Germans, who have their habitations not far from the ſide of the highway, placed at regular diſtances of two or three hundred yards, all built after one ſimple model, with an allotment of corn-land round the houſe: this is the moſt weſtern of the new ſettlements.

Eccija ſeems prettily ſituated upon the river Xenil, and to have ſome pleaſant walks, and an aſtoniſhing number of ſteeples.

Cordova, April 14th.

Yeſterday we dined at La Carlotta, another plantation of Germans of great extent, made eight years ago, in a hilly foreſt. The houſes are ſcattered about. The pariſh church, inn, director's houſe, ſome ſhops and dwelling houſes for handicraft men, form a very neat village on an eminence: as they have left ſtanding all the

the evergreen oaks of any tolerable ſize, the face of the country is very handſome, the green corn being checquered with groves, clump, and ſingle trees. About twenty or thirty acres is an allotment for a family, under the obligation of remaining on the ſpot ten years; during which period, they are ſubject to no taxes of any kind. At the expiration of the term, if they chooſe to ſettle here, the land is made over to them in fee, and they commence payment of a ſmall quit-rent. The king furniſhes them with ſeed corn, but they are obliged to replace it in his granaries after harveſt; except the walls of a houſe, and ſome trifling inſtruments of huſbandry, this is all the encouragement they meet with; and as this is by no means a ſufficient help, and much of the ſoil is poor and hungry, and falls off at every crop, there is great reaſon to apprehend, that this colony will prove one of thoſe ephemeral productions that ſo often ſpring up in monarchical governments, and almoſt immediately after birth, ſink into their original nothing. Some hundreds of the Germans have died ſince the eſtabliſhment, through poverty, intemperance, bad food, and change of climate.

The country, as you approach Cordova, is all bare, hilly, and arable. The view of the river, city, and woods, on the oppoſite hills, is extremely agreeable and pictureſque.

LETTER XXXIV.

Cordova, April 15th, 1776.

WE have ferreted out the few things in this city, that can be accounted worthy of any attention from a traveller; have ridden up and down the environs as often as the weather would permit, and have ſtudied the moſque by day-light, and by torch-light; but ſtill this temple is ſo intricate a labyrinth, and contains ſo many extraordinary things, that I ſhall take one or two farther ſurveys of it before I attempt to deſcribe it. The abundance of ſubject-matter, and its celebrity, will entitle it to figure in a letter apart. This ſhall be dedicated to objects of leſs importance, and when I ſhall have informed you of the preſent ſtate of the town, it will be proper to ſelect for you, from the beſt author I have by me, ſome curious particulars relative to its ancient hiſtory.

The environs are delightful, and enjoy a rich variety of woods, hillocks, and culture, vivified by abundance of limpid water. The flat land produces olives and corn, and much of it is laid out in gardens, where the fruit-trees grow to a remarkable ſize, and ſeem perfectly

1. Tower of the Bridge.
2. Moorish Bridge.
3. The Episcopal Palace.
4. Statue of the Arch Angel Raphael
5. Inquisition.
6. The Mosque, now the Cathedral.
7. The Cloysters
8. The New Steeple.
9. A Roman Tower.
10. The Mills.
11. The River Guadalquivir, anc. Bætis.

CORDOVA

fectly clean and healthy. The upper-grounds are over-run with evergreen oaks and pines, which the farmers grub up in the good ſpots to plant olive and carob bean trees in their ſtead. The farm houſes are built in the midſt of incloſures and orchards of orange-trees. Corn-land is let for ſo many meaſures of corn, either a fixed number for each harveſt, or an indefinite quantity according to the crops; the highlands are all let out at a certain rent in caſh.

The Guadalquivir runs before the town, which it has worn into a perfect half moon. A bridge of ſixteen arches, defended by a large Mooriſh tower, leads from the ſouth into Cordova, and near the end of the bridge ſtands the moſque, now the cathedral. The walls of the town are in many places juſt as the Romans left them; the method they have followed here in laying the ſtones is rather different from what I have obſerved in other Roman edifices. Here each long ſquare ſtone is terminated and flanked by two thin ones ſet up an end.

The ſtreets are crooked and dirty; few of the public or private buildings conſpicuous for their architecture; the new hoſpital for the education of orphans, has ſomething bold and ſimply noble in its cupola and portico. The palaces of the inquiſition and of the biſhop are extenſive, and well ſituated.

We

We are juſt returned from a bullfeaſt, where no horſemen were allowed, as the animals were not of a breed ſufficiently noble to try the lance upon. One poor bull that would not fight, was very dexterouſly run through the heart; two oxen were tormented a little, and then ſent to the adjoining ſhambles; and a ſmall cow, after behaving mighty well as to jumping and ſkipping, got a reprieve in conſideration of her exceſſive leanneſs. It was too tireſome even to make us laugh, but we are in hopes of ſeeing this exhibition in greater perfection at Aranjuez. The motive of this paltry ſpectacle is extremely laudable. The Corregidor (i. e. the triennial governor of the town, always a native of a different part of Spain from that wherein he is appointed to ſuperintend the police) gives theſe little ſhews to the people on Sundays and feſtivals; and out of the profits and hire of the ſeats, raiſes a ſum ſufficient to carry on the new walk he is laying out under the walls.

After the entertainment, the nobility paraded about in their coaches; and I was ſurprized to ſee ſuch elegance as I little expected in an inland town in Spain; very handſome Engliſh and French carriages, ſmart liveries, and excellent horſes. The nobility of this place live in a manner not to be met with any where elſe in the kingdom; if their union and mutual emulation in rendering

rendering ſociety agreeable be ſuch as they are repreſented to me, they deſerve the higheſt encomiums from every lover of humanity: thirty families or more, meet every night at a houſe choſen by rotation, where the ladies do the honours of genteel refreſhments, merry good-natured converſation, and ſome low card-playing. The general run of the women ſeems to be handſome; ſome we ſaw on the walks were extremely beautiful. We have been much preſſed to frequent the aſſemblies; but as the weather is ſo uncertain, we keep ourſelves ready in our boots and great coats, in order to ſeize every fair moment to get out and ſee the town and country.

Having thus marked out the little that modern Cordova has to ſhew, give me leave to carry you back to more remote times; to a period, when it figured to much greater advantage on the theatre of politics and commerce. This is not to be fixed at the time of its being a Roman colony [21], though it boaſts of having given birth to Seneca and Lucan; nor in the ages during which it acknowledged the dominion of the Goths. To the Saracen Caliphs of the Ommiad family, Cordova is indebted for its glory; as we hear but little of it be-

[21] Strabo ſays, that Corduba was founded by Marcellus, and was the firſt Roman colony eſtabliſhed in Spain. Its Latin appellation was *Patricia*.

fore

fore the year 755, when Abdoulrahman, only heir-male of the Ommiad line, paſſed over from Africa, at the head of a few deſperate followers, and found means to raiſe a rebellion in Spain. After a battle fought on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in which he overthrew the lieutenant of the Abaſſid Caliph of Damaſcus, Abdoulrahman became king of all the Mooriſh poſſeſſions in the ſouth of Spain, and in 759 fixed his royal reſidence at Cordova.

Then began thoſe flouriſhing ages of Arabian gallantry and magnificence, which rendered the Moors of Spain ſuperior to all their contemporaries in arts and arms, and made Cordova one of the moſt ſplendid cities of the world. Agriculture and commerce proſpered under the happy ſway of this hero; and the face of the country was changed from a ſcene of deſolation, which the long wars and harſh government of the viceroys had brought on, into a moſt populous flouriſhing ſtate, exceeding in riches, number of inhabitants, activity, and induſtry, any prior or ſubſequent era of the Spaniſh hiſtory. He added new fortifications to the town, built himſelf a magnificent palace with delicious gardens, laid cauſeways through the marſhes, made excellent roads to open a ready communication between the great towns, and in 786 began the great moſque, which he did not live to finiſh.

During

During the courſe of two centuries, this court continued to be the reſort of all profeſſors of the polite arts, and of ſuch as valued themſelves upon their military and knightly accompliſhments; while the reſt of Europe was buried in ignorance, debaſed by brutality of manners, or diſtracted by ſuperſtitious diſputes. England, weakened by its Heptarchy, was too inconſiderable even to be mentioned in the political hiſtory of the times; France, though it had a gleam of reputation under Charlemagne, was ſtill a barbarous unpoliſhed nation; and Italy was in utter confuſion, the frequent revolutions and change of maſters rendering it impoſſible for learning, or any thing good, to acquire a permanent footing in ſo unſtable a ſoil; Greece, though ſtill in poſſeſſion of the arts and luxury of ancient Rome, had loſt all vigour, and ſeemed abſorbed in the moſt futile of all purſuits; viz. that of ſcholaſtic argument, and religious ſubtilties.

The reſidence of the Ommiad Caliphs, was long conſpicuous for its ſupreme magnificence, and the crowds of learned men, who were allured to it by the protection offered by its ſovereigns, the beauty of the country, the wholeſomeneſs of the climate, and the variety of pleaſures that returned inceſſantly in one enchanting round.

Cordova became the center of politeneſs, induſtry,

and genius. Tilts and tournaments, with other coſtly ſhews, were long the darling paſtimes of a wealthy happy people; and this was the only kingdom in the weſt, where geometry, aſtronomy, and phyſic, were regularly ſtudied and practiſed; muſic was no leſs honoured, for I find that in 844, a famous muſician, called Ali Zeriab, came to ſettle at Cordova, and formed ſeveral pupils, who were ſuppoſed to equal the moſt celebrated performers that were ever known, even in the eaſt. That architecture was greatly encouraged, we need no other proof than the great and expenſive fabrics undertaken and completed by many of theſe Spaniſh monarchs: whatever faults may be juſtly condemned in their manner by the connoiſſeur, accuſtomed to the chaſte noble graces of the Grecian proportions; certainly nobody can behold what remains of theſe Mooriſh edifices, without being ſtrongly impreſſed with a high idea of the genius of the artiſts, as well as the grandeur of the prince who carried their plans into execution.

Theſe Sultans not only gave the moſt diſtinguiſhed protection to arts and ſciences, and to the perſons learned in any of them, but were themſelves eminently verſed in various branches of knowledge. Alkehem the ſecond, collected ſo immenſe a quantity of manuſcripts, that before the end of his reign, the royal library contained

tained no leſs than ſix hundred thouſand volumes, of which the very catalogue filled forty huge folios. The univerſity of Cordova was founded by him, and under ſuch favourable auſpices, roſe to the higheſt pitch of celebrity.

Abdoulrahman was ſucceeded by his ſon Hiſſem; whoſe paſſion for glory and architecture was not in the leaſt inferior to that of his father. He put the finiſhing hand to the moſque, which the plunder of the ſouthern provinces of France enabled him to complete in the courſe of a few years. Several hiſtorians have repreſented the terror of his name ſo great, that the inhabitants of the Narbonne, in order to purchaſe peace and liberty, agreed to tranſport from their city to Cordova, all materials neceſſary for the conſtruction of the moſque. This ſtory is hardly credible; Mariana ſuppoſes it to have been a ſort of fine ſand proper for mixing with lime, that the Narbonneſe engaged to carry; but if there be any truth in the affair, I ſhould imagine it to be more probable, that they furniſhed him with columns and other monuments of antiquity, which Narbonne abounded with, and which were undoubtedly employed in great quantities in the building of the moſque. The bridge over the Guadalquivir was a work of Hiſſem's, after his own plans.

Alkahem ſucceeded Hiſſem.

Abdoulrahman the ſecond was alſo paſſionately fond

of building. He was the firſt that brought ſupplies of water to Cordova, by means of leaden pipes laid upon aqueducts of ſtone. The quantity was ſo conſiderable, that every part of the palace, the moſques, baths, ſquares, and public edifices, had all of them their fountains conſtantly playing. A great many of theſe works ſtill ſubſiſt. He paved the whole city, and erected ſeveral moſques.

After him reigned Mahomet Almundar, Abdallah, and Abdoulrahman the third, who ſurpaſſed all his predeceſſors in ſplendour, riches, and expence. His ſubjects vied with each other in profuſion and magnificence. I cannot give you a greater proof of the prodigious opulence and grandeur of the Arabians in the tenth century, than by enumerating the preſents made to this prince by Aboumelik, named in 938 to the poſt of grand vizir. He cauſed to be brought before the throne, and laid at the feet of his maſter,

Four hundred pounds of virgin gold.

Lingots of ſilver to the value of 4,20,000 zequins.

Four hundred pound of lignum aloes, one piece weighing one hundred and forty pounds.

Five hundred ounces of ambergreaſe.

Three hundred ounces of camphire.

Thirty pieces of gold tiſſue, ſo rich that none but the Caliph could wear it.

Ten ſuits of Khoraſſan ſables.

One

One hundred ſuits of fur of a leſs valuable ſort.
Forty-eight ſets of gold and ſilk long trappings for horſes.
Four thouſand pounds of ſilk.
Thirty Perſian carpets.
Eight hundred iron coats of mail for war horſes.
One thouſand ſhields.
One hundred thouſand arrows.
Fifteen led horſes of Arabia, as richly capariſoned as thoſe the Caliph was wont to ride.
One hundred horſes of an inferior price.
Twenty mules with all their accoutrements.
Forty young men, and twenty girls of exquiſite beauty, and moſt ſumptuouſly decked out.

This diſplay of riches was accompanied with a moſt flattering poem, compoſed by the miniſter in praiſe of his ſovereign, who in return for this homage, aſſigned him a penſion of an hundred thouſand pieces of gold.

Abdoulrahman built a new town [22] three miles from Cordova, called Zehra or Arizapha, from the name of his favourite miſtreſs. The palace was erected upon the plans of the moſt celebrated architect of Conſtantinople, at that time the beſt ſchool and nurſery of

[22] Suppoſed to have been at a place called Cordova la Vieja. There is nothing but a few ruins to ſupport the conjecture.

artiſts

artiſts in the world. In this edifice, were one thouſand one hundred and fourteen columns of African and Spaniſh marble, nineteen of Italian, and one hundred and fourteen of moſt exquiſite workmanſhip, a preſent of the Greek emperor. The richneſs of the ſtate-room exceeded the bounds of credibility. The walls were incruſted with marble, inlaid with golden foliages: in the middle was a marble baſon ſurrounded with various figures of animals ſpouting water; all theſe ſtatues were gilt and enriched with precious ſtones: the baſon was cut at Conſtantinople, and the figures were eſteemed the maſter-pieces of the moſt expert ſculptors of that city. Above the fountain, hung a famous pearl which the emperor Leo had ſent to Abdoulrahman. The other apartments of the palace fell little ſhort of this hall in magnificence. The moſt retired part was allotted to his wives, concubines, ſlaves, and black eunuchs, in all ſix thouſand. Over the principal enterance, in open defiance of the expreſs mandate of the prophet, ſtood the ſtatue of the fair Sultana, who gave her name to this new city, now become the conſtant reſidence of the court. Here the emperor was wont to take the diverſion of hunting, attended by twelve thouſand horſemen, accoutred with belts and ſcimitars, imboſſed with gold. At his return from the chace, he uſually retired to reſt himſelf in a ſplendid pavillion

erected

erected in the middle of the gardens, overlooking all the adjacent country. This banquetting houſe was ſupported by columns of the whiteſt marble; the gilding and painting of the ceiling vied with the precious ſtones ſcattered over it; and in the center was a vaſe, in which quickſilver ſupplied the place of water; it ſhook with every motion of the room, and reflected the rays of the ſun, which were admitted through ſome holes contrived in the roof.

You will no doubt be backward in crediting theſe relations; and the inconceivable expence this prince muſt have been at in theſe undertakings, will be apt to ſtagger your belief. The town of Zehra, with the palace and gardens, coſt him for twenty-five years, the annual ſum of three hundred thouſand dinars [23]; add to this, the vaſt ſums requiſite for the maintenance of a ſeraglio of ſix thouſand perſons, a moſt numerous houſhold, a guard of twelve thouſand lancemen, and an incredible number of horſes, and it can ſcarce be conceived where he could find revenues ſufficient to anſwer ſuch prodigious demands. All his life he kept on foot, and frequently ſent into the field, very powerful armies. The ſalaries of the governors of provinces,

[23] Reckoning the dinar at 9*s*. 2*d*. the annual expence amounts to £. 137,500 and in twenty-five years, this makes the ſum of £. 3.437,500 ſterling.

towns,

towns, and forts; of the adminiſtrators of juſtice; the repairs of the fortified places, and the current outgoings of a formidable regular marine eſtabliſhment, are objects of ſuch expence, that it is eaſier to wonder than to believe, how they could be ſatisfied. But upon taking a review of the opulence of Spain at that epocha, of its trade, population, tributes, and taxes; that aſtoniſhment which we muſt be ſeized with, on the hearing of theſe accounts, will in a great meaſure ſubſide.

The Moors were then maſters of all the richeſt provinces of Spain, populous to an exceſs. In Cordova alone, they reckoned two hundred thouſand houſes, ſix hundred moſques, and nine hundred public baths [23].

The Arabian hiſtorian, from whom the preſent detail is taken, informs us, that in his time there were in Spain [24] eighty large cities, three hundred of the ſecond order, and that the number of villages and hamlets was not to be counted; upon the banks of the Guadalquivir, were no leſs than twelve thouſand villages; a traveller, in the courſe of a day's journey, met with

[23] In all probability, moſt of theſe houſes were very inconſiderable huts of one room, as the Moors never dwelt more than one family under the ſame roof.

[24] It does not appear from his account, whether he means the whole peninſula or only the portion of it ſubject to the Saracens.

three

three or four conſiderable towns, and could not travel an hour without coming to a hamlet.

The revenues of the Ommiad caliphs in the time of Abdoulrahman the third, amounted annually to twelve million nine hundred and forty-five thouſand dinars, or about five millions five hundred and twenty thouſand ſix hundred twenty-five pounds ſterling. Beſides this income in ſpecie, a great number of impoſts were paid in kind, which it is not poſſible to aſcertain or fix any average value upon; but it is certain they muſt have been in proportion to the produce of the land, and conſequently very great in a country inhabited by a numerous and indefatigable nation, devoted to agriculture, which they had carried to a pitch of perfection unknown to the reſt of Europe [25].

The mines of gold, ſilver, and other metals, which Spain abounds with, were another inexhauſtible fund of wealth to the Arabs, who kept a great number of miners conſtantly employed. The diſcovery of America and of its treaſures, which ſeem to have brought contempt upon the riches of the old world, has deterred the

[25] This calculation of the Arabian hiſtorian favours much of exaggeration; as the ſums mentioned, far exceed all ideas we have of the quantity of gold and ſilver coin in circulation at that era: but I have given it in his words, without any farther comment.

kings of Spain from continuing to work the mines they have at home.

The extenſive commerce carried on by the Moors with other nations, brought an incredible flow of wealth into their country. I ſhall not ſpeak of their inland traffic, as I find nothing in their authors that can throw light upon it, or enable us to form any preciſe judgment of its extent and importance. I intend to confine myſelf to the operations of their foreign commerce, which was diſtributed into various channels, many of them rendering an exceſſive profit. It conſiſted either of the natural unwrought productions of Spain, or part of the ſame productions manufactured at home, and exported to foreign markets.

Gold, ſilver, copper, raw-ſilk, oil, ſugar, falſe cochineal, quickſilver, pig and caſt iron, and above all, their ſilk and woollen manufactures, were the moſt lucrative articles of exportation.

Ambergreaſe, yellow amber, loadſtone, antimony, ſalt, talc, marcaſſites, rock chryſtal, tuttie, ſulphur, ſaffron, ginger, myrrh, and various other drugs, formed other objects of trade, which though inferior in value and quantity, produced nevertheleſs great and clear returns.

Much coral was fiſhed on the coaſt of Andaluſia, and that of Catalonia had a pearl fiſhery.

Spain contained many mines of rubies and other precious

precious ſtones; thoſe of rubies near Malaga and Bejar, and that of amethyſts near Carthagena, were in the higheſt repute.

Theſe different commodities were conveyed to Barbary, Egypt, and all the Eaſt.

The temper of the Spaniſh arms was held in the greateſt repute by all the Africans; Spain was in a manner their arſenal from which they drew their cuiraſſes, bucklers, caſques, ſcimitars, and daggers.

The demand for raw-ſilk, and for the ſilk and woollen ſtuffs of various colours made at Granada and Baça, and for the woollen cloths manufactured at Murica, was very great throughout Africa: there can be no doubt, but their trade with Egypt muſt have been upon a more extenſive plan than that with Barbary; the Spaniſh Arabs carried thither the goods of their country to barter againſt thoſe productions of Egypt, which Spain ſtood in need of. The immenſity of their traffic with the Eaſt, is not to be conceived; for reaſons of ſtate, the Ommiads conſtantly endeavoured to keep upon the beſt footing poſſible with the court of Conſtantinople, which they hoped would prove a check upon the enterprizes of the caliphs of Damaſcus, who never ceaſed repining at the diſmembering of their empire by the firſt Abdoulrahman. All the ports of the Grecian dominions were open to the Spaniſh traders, who im-

ported rich cargoes of merchandize adapted to the calls of that refined luxury, by which Conſtantinople was then diſtinguiſhed; the profits upon ſuch operations of commerce may eaſily be ſuppoſed to have been prodigious.

Alkahem the ſecond ſucceeded his father. The Arabian writer relates the following ſingular proof of courage given by a cadi, in reproving this prince for a piece of injuſtice committed againſt one of his ſubjects.

A poor woman at Zehra, poſſeſſed a ſmall ſpot of ground contiguous to the royal palace. The caliph being deſirous of extending his gardens that way, made propoſals to the old woman to diſpoſe of her land for a ſum of money; but ſhe continuing deaf to every argument employed to induce her to part with the inheritance of her forefathers, the head gardener took by force what ſhe refuſed to yield to entreaty. The woman in an agony of deſpair, flew to Cordova, to implore the ſuccour of Ibn Bechir, the chief cadi of the city. This magiſtrate immediately mounted his aſs, taking with him a ſack of extraordinary ſize, and preſented himſelf before Alkahem, who was then ſitting in a magnificent pavillion on the very ground in queſtion. The arrival of the cadi, and the appearance of the wallet, ſurprized the ſultan. Bechir having proſtrated

proſtrated himſelf, entreated the prince to allow him to fill his ſack with ſome of the earth they were then upon. This requeſt granted, and the bag full, the cadi deſired him to help him to lift it on his aſs. This ſtrange demand was ſtill more amazing than the reſt: however the caliph conſented; but upon putting his ſhoulder to it, could not help complaining of the exceſſive weight of the load. "Sir," replied the cadi, "this bag, which you find ſo heavy, contains but a "very ſmall portion of the earth which you have un-"juſtly taken from a poor woman; how then do you "expect to be able at the day of judgment to ſupport "the weight of the whole field you have had ſo little "ſcruple of uſurping." Far from being incenſed at this audacious rebuke, the caliph generouſly acknowledged his fault, and ordered the land to be reſtored to the proprietor with every thing he had cauſed to be erected upon it.

This monarch left a minor to ſucceed him, and the kingdom to be governed by the famous viſier Mahomet Abenamir, ſirnamed *Almanzor* or *the defender*, from his great victories and wiſe conduct. His deſcendants inherited from him the viſierſhip, and a power as abſolute as if they had been caliphs, until the weakneſs of the ſovereigns encouraged, and the inſolence of the miniſters provoked the grandees to diſturb the ſtate with

with their jealouſies and diſſentions; theſe broils occaſioned ſuch a ſeries of civil wars and anarchy, as overthrew the throne of Cordova, and deſtroyed the whole race of Abdoulrahman. Thus the glorious edifice founded by the valour and prudence of that conqueror, and cemented by ſimilar virtues in many of his ſucceſſors, ſunk into nothing, as ſoon as the ſceptre devolved upon weak enervated princes, whoſe indolence and incapacity transferred the management of every thing to a viſier. Many petty kingdoms ſprang up out of the ruins of this mighty empire; and the Chriſtians ſoon found opportunities of deſtroying, by ſeparate attacks, that tremendous power, which when united had proved an overmatch for their utmoſt force.

But it is high time I ſhould put an end to this long letter, which, I am afraid, you will look upon in no better a light than that of an Arabian night's entertainment: The writers of the Mooriſh hiſtory, though often contemporaries of the princes, whoſe lives they relate, may with good reaſon be ſuſpected of exaggeration in their diſplay of the wealth and atchievements of their heroes; but nevertheleſs, there muſt be ſome truth at the bottom, and their details cannot fail of being entertaining to every curious reader. My heart bleeds, while I tell you, that of all theſe glories, except the moſque, not even a ruin remains. Zehra,

with

with all its delices, is eraſed from the face of the earth; no one even knows where it ſtood, and its very exiſtence may paſs for a fable. The piety of the Chriſtians in converting the moſque into a church, has preſerved it from a ſimilar fate.

That the wonders which have been the ſubject of this letter, may obtain ſome degree of probability in your eyes, I ſhall haſten to ſketch out an exact deſcription of that ancient place of worſhip.

LETTER XXXV.

Cordova, April 16, 1776.

I Did not intend ſending you another letter from this city, as our plan was to have left it this morning by day-break; but there is no depending on the things of this tranſitory world, much leſs on the ſkill of a Spaniſh wheelwright. After waiting with impatience till he had completed the repairs of our ſhattered chaiſe, which had been overturned the day we came from Eccija, we at laſt received from him our travelling orders, and ſet off in great ſpirits; when, behold! directly

directly oppoſite to the *Potro*, a place well known to Don Quixote's firſt landlord, one of our wheels flew into fifty pieces, and brought us to the ground in the middle of the kennel: upon this, we had no choice left but of returning to our inn to paſs this day and to-morrow in the beſt manner we can. I ſhall employ it in writing to you what I intended ſhould ſerve to make a letter, to fill up part of my tedious hours in ſome venta between Cordova and Madrid.

The *Potro*, our *ne plus ultra*, is nothing more than a large fountain with a paltry ſtone ſtatue of a *colt* on the top; when Cervantes wrote his Romance, Seville was the mart of Europe, and all the neighbouring places under the benign influence of commerce, were much more frequented and better known than at preſent; we walked on the playa of San Lucar, without ſeeing a ſingle idle fellow, and the *compras* of Seville are now as empty as the ſquare before the Potro of Cordova.

The moſque, in Spaniſh called La Meſquita, from the Arabic word *maſgiad*, *a place of worſhip*, was begun by Abdoulrahman the firſt, and deſtined by him to remain to after-ages as a monument of his power and riches, and a principal ſanctuary of his religion. His ideas were ſublime, and he was fortunate enough to find an architect whoſe genius was equal to the taſk of putting them in execution. He laid the foundation of the

On the
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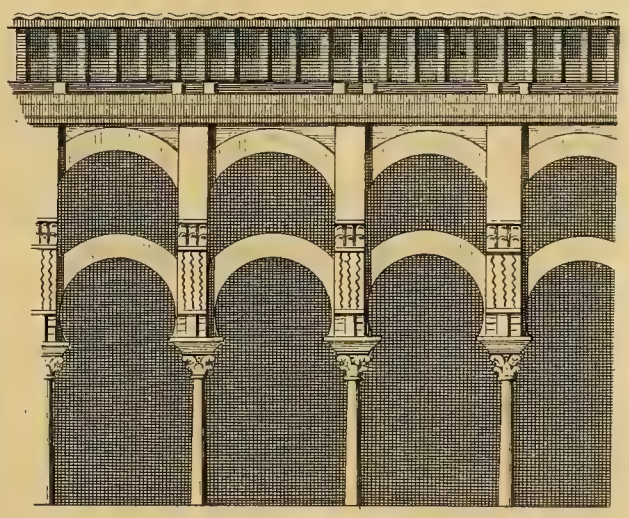
or Sanctum

U
Za
Sa

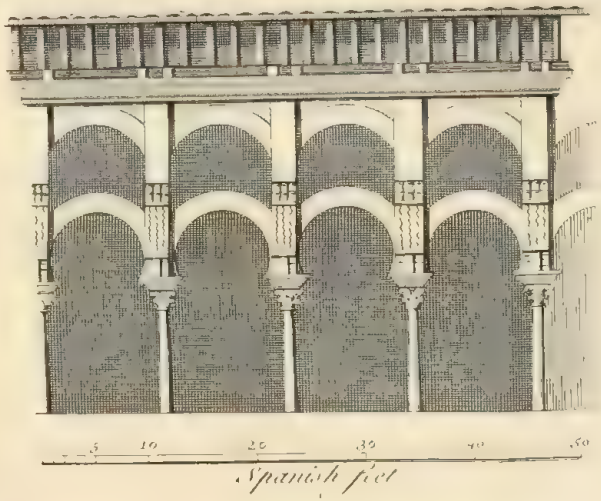
Section of the great Ile



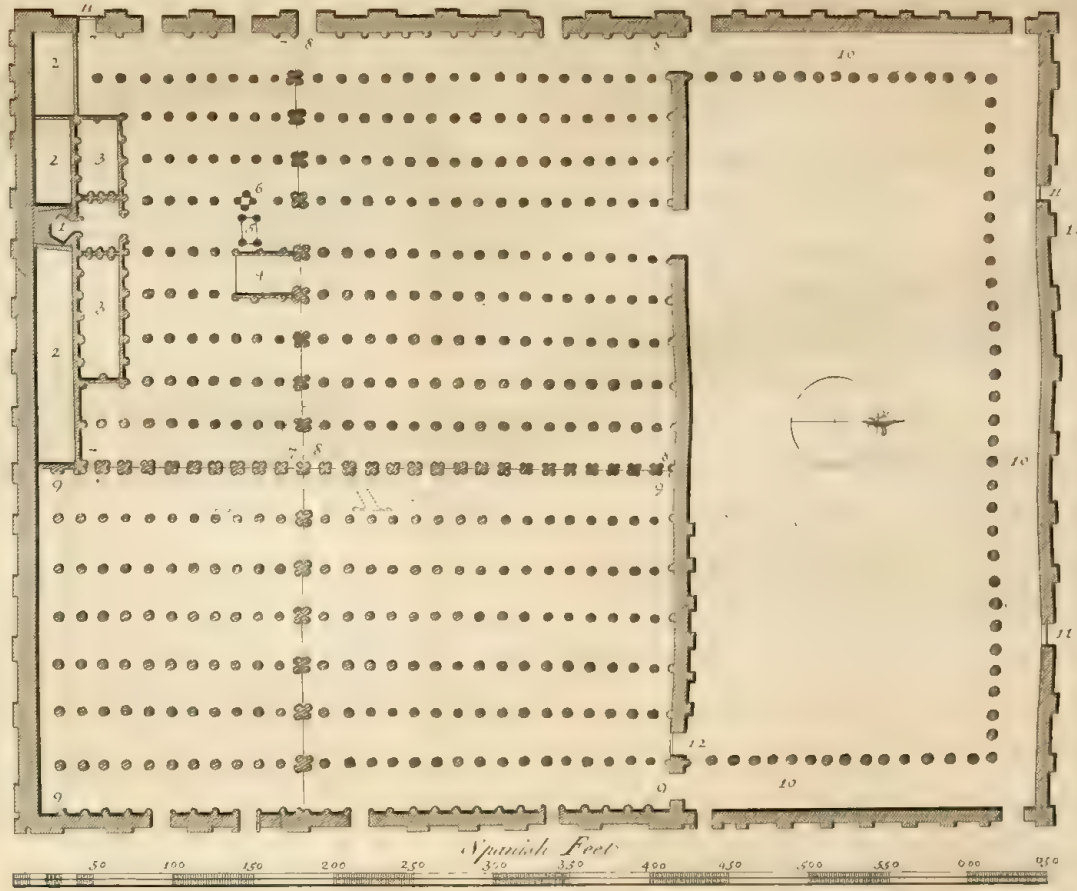
H.S. del. 1776

On the Wall of the Zamarron or Sanctum Sanctorum

Section of the great Ile



Plan of the Mosque of Cordova in Moorish Times



References

A. The Mosque
1 Zamarron
2 Priest's Rooms
3 Part where none but Priests entered
4 Seat of the Mouffti
5 Throne of the Caliph
6 Seat of the Cadi
7 The Court of Ablutions
8 Part where the Nobles state
8 Part for the People
9 Addition to the first Mosque
10 Porch where they left their Shoes
11 Doors now walled up
12 New Doors opened by the Christians

H. S. del. 1776

the work two years before he died: his ſon Hiſſem or Iſcan finiſhed the whole moſque about the year 800. It was more than once altered and enlarged by the Mahometans themſelves, and has ſince undergone ſeveral changes ſince it became a Chriſtian church. The greateſt alteration was made in the fifteenth century, by building a cupola in the center upon Gothic arches, and ſcooping away part of the ancient edifice to form a large choir.

In the days of the Muſſulmen, the moſque was a ſquare building, with a flat roof upon arches, which did not riſe more than thirty-five feet above the pavement. It was four hundred and twenty in breadth, and five hundred and ten in length, including the thickneſs of the walls. The roof was borne up by near a thouſand columns according to ſome accounts, and by ſeven hundred and ſeventy-eight according to others, which formed nineteen iles from eaſt to weſt, and twenty-nine from north to ſouth, if we may truſt to the deſcription given by Morales, and many other hiſtorians; but I own I cannot ſee how there could ever have been more than ſeventeen, and the plans of the academy mark no more [26]. The columns were of the richeſt

[25] From my own obſervations, and an examination of the plans taken by the academicians, ſent by the king to meaſure and draw this and other

richeſt marbles; the twenty-four gates were plated with bronze, emboſſed in a moſt curious manner. The principal entrance had its folding doors covered with plates of gold. Upon the higheſt cupola were three golden balls, bearing up a pomegranate and a flower de luce of the ſame precious metal. Four thouſand ſeven hundred lamps burned in the moſque every night, and conſumed in a year near twenty thouſand pounds of oil; it alſo required annually ſixty pounds of wood of aloes, and ſixty of ambergreaſe, for the perfumes.

Such is the deſcription of this famous temple left us in the writings of the Arabian and old Spaniſh authors.

I now proceed to give you a minute account of its preſent ſtate, after the notes I took down upon the ſpot with the utmoſt attention.

The ſtreets round the moſque are narrow, and ill calculated for affording a general view. But indeed there is nothing very ſhewy on the outſide. The walls are plain enough, and not very high: the roof is hid behind battlements cut into ſteps. On the eaſt

ancient buildings in the ſouth of Spain, I find the meaſurements given by moſt hiſtorians, who deſcribe the dimenſions of this church, to be extremely difficult to reconcile, and I believe erroneous, at leaſt not much to be depended upon; for which reaſon I have adhered to the plans above mentioned.

ſide,

ſide, the whole length is divided by buttreſſes into thirteen diviſions, and about the ſame number on each of the other three ſides. The doors opened in many of theſe compartments are ornamented with ſtucco of different colours. On the north ſide is a lofty belfry, a modern building, that has made a total alteration in the appearance of that front. Seventeen gates admit you into the church and cloyſter. The cloyſter, or court, which ſerved the Mahometans for their ablutions, and as a place to leave their ſlippers in, before they entered the holy houſe, is an oblong ſquare of five hundred and ten feet, (the length of the church) by two hundred and forty. A portico of ſixty-two pillars environs it on three ſides, about twenty-five feet wide. The middle is taken up with three handſome and copious fountains, groves of orange-trees, and ſome towering cypreſſes and palms, which form a moſt delightful retreat in the ſultry hours. We have had occaſion to experience the comforts of this ſhade at noon-day, when the natives being all retired to their *ſieſta*, we were left in full poſſeſſion of this ancient fabric. Contrary to the cuſtom of the reſt of Spain, the doors are left open all day, and nobody finds fault with thoſe that ſaunter about in the church out of idleneſs or curioſity.

Near the great gate, that leads from the cloyſter into

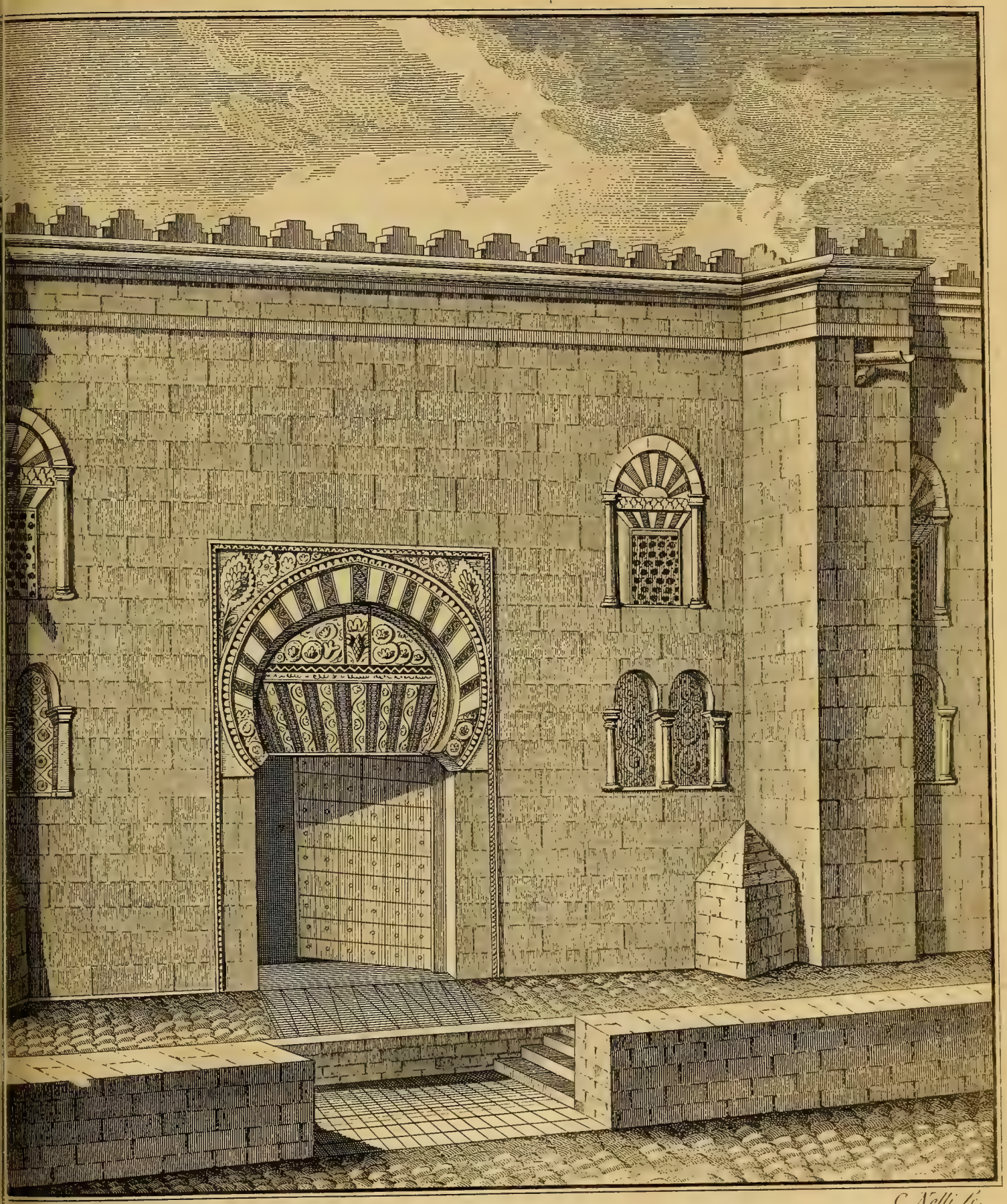
the moſque, are three pieces of columns, each with an inſcription, which vary from each other only in the name of the emperor, the reſt of the words being alike in all three.

T.I. C.A.E.S.A.R. D.I.V.I. A.V.G.V.S.T.I. F.
D.I.V.I. I.V.L.I. N.E.P.O.S. A.V.G.V.S.T.V.S.
P.O.N.T.V.F.E.X. M.A.X. X.X.I. C.O.S.
V. I.M.P. T.R.I.B. P.O.T.E.S.T. X.X.X.V.I.I.
A.B. I.A.N.O. A.V.G.V.S.T.O. Q.V.I. E.S.T.
A.D. B.O.E.T.I.M. V.S.Q.V.E. A.D.
O.C.E.A.N.V.M.
L.X.I.I.I.I.

The others bear the names of Auguſtus and Caius. What theſe kind of mileſtones, and the Janus Auguſtus were, I confeſs I am not able to inform you, nor can I procure any information from Maffei's collection of inſcriptions, as, inſtead of explaining theſe lines, he doubts of there being any ſuch exiſting.

The grand entrance of the church is at the thirteenth ile from the eaſt wall, which is rather wider and loftier than the reſt, and the parts more decorated.

Nothing can be more ſtriking than the firſt ſtep into this ſingular, rather than beautiful edifice. To acquire ſome idea of it, you muſt repreſent to yourſelf a vaſt gloomy labyrinth, like what the French are ſo fond of in



Swi. 1776

C. Nolli fc.

Part of the East Front

in their gardens, a fine *quincunx*. It is divided into ſeventeen iles, or *naves*, (each about twenty feet wide) by rows of columns of various marbles, viz. blue with white veins, yellow, red, red veined with white, grey, and Granadine and African green. Theſe pillars are not all of the ſame height; for the Arabs having taken them from Roman buildings, ſerved them in the ſame manner as the tyrant Procruſtes did his gueſts: to the ſhort ones they clapped on monſtrous capitals, and thick baſes; thoſe that were too long for their purpoſe had their baſe chopped off, and a diminutive ſhallow bonnet placed on their head. However, the thickneſs of the ſhaft is pretty equal throughout, about eighteen inches diameter, and the capitals are generally barbarous imitations of thoſe of the Corinthian order. A couple of arches, one above the other, riſing from the columns, run along the rows; and from the ſame baſis ſprings an arch that forms the roof of each ile.

By ſeveral alterations and additions, the Moors had divided the whole moſque into four parts, marked out by two lines of cluſtered pillars, croſſing each other at right angles: three of theſe portions were allotted to the populace and the women; the fourth, in the ſouth-eaſt angle, was reſerved for the nobility and clergy. In this laſt quarter was the zancarron, or holy chapel, where they depoſited the books of the law. The door

of

of it faced the great gate, down the principal ile. The ornaments and architecture of this ſanctuary, and of the throne of Almanſor, which is in front, at the diſtance of ſix intercolumniations from it, are very different from thoſe employed in the other parts. Two ranges of columns that ſupport the ſcreen before this *penetrale*, are about ſix feet high; the upper ones of red and white marble, the lower of green, with capitals moſt minutely carved and gilt. The roof of the dark inner ſanctuary is ſaid to be of one block of marble, eighteen feet wide: if ſo, it is not only curious for its ſize and quality, but alſo for the ingenuity of the architect, in placing it in ſo perfect an equilibrium as to remain unſhaken ſo many ages. The manner of caſting the arches, grouping the columns, and deſigning the foliages of this ſcreen and throne, (which is an exact repetition of it) is very heavy, intricate, and barbarous, unlike all the Mooriſh architecture I ſaw at Granada. Indeed it is many centuries more ancient than any ornamental work at that place.

The zancarron is now the property of the duke of Alba, who has his family vault under it.

Behind this chapel, and on each ſide of it, were the lodgings of the derviſhes, which now ſerve for chapter-houſe, ſacriſty, and treaſury. This church is extremely rich in plate, and has lately added to its ſtore four ponderous

1776. F. Giomignani sc.

CHAPEL OF THE ALKORAN IN THE MOSQUE OF CORDOVA.

ponderous ſilver candleſticks, very nicely wrought: they were made in Cordova, and coſt about eight hundred and fifty pounds ſterling apiece.

It is ſcarce poſſible to aſcertain the exact number of columns in the moſque, as they originally ſtood, becauſe great changes have been made, many taken away, diſplaced, or built up in the walls of chapels, and ſeveral added when the choir was erected in the center of the whole. Were it in any other church, it would deſerve great praiſe, for the Gothic grandeur of the plan, the loftineſs of the dome, the carving of the ſtalls [27], and the elegance and high finiſhing of the arches and ornaments: but in the middle of the Mooriſh moſque, it deſtroys all unity of deſign, darkens the reſt, and renders confuſed every idea of the original general effect of the building. Many chapels, ſtuck up in various parts between the pillars, interrupt the enfilade, and block up the paſſage. The worſt of all, is a large chapel of the Virgin, that cloſes the main ile exactly in the middle; and the throne of Almanſor is now occupied by a poor piece of legendary painting.

I can imagine no *coup-d'œil* more extraordinary than that taken in by the eye, when placed in ſuch ſpots of the church as afford a clear reach down the iles, at right

[27] The ſtalls were carved after the deſigns of Cornejo of Seville. It took twelve years to finiſh the work, and one to put it up.

angles,

angles, uninterrupted by chapels and modern erections. Equally wonderful is the appearance, when you look from the points that give you all the rows of pillars and arches in an oblique line. It is a moſt puzzling ſcene of confuſion.

Light is admitted by the doors, and ſeveral ſmall cupolas; but nevertheleſs the church is dark and awful: people walking through this chaos of pillars ſeem to anſwer the romantic ideas of magic, inchanted knights, or diſcontented wandering ſpirits.

In one of the cupolas hangs the tooth of an elephant; which, our guide told us, had formerly belonged to one of thoſe animals, that was particularly uſeful in carrying ſtones, and other materials, for building the moſque.

A very extraordinary circumſtance attending this church, which we have been thrice eye-witneſſes of, is, that when the foundlings given out to pariſh-nurſes die, they are brought into the cathedral, and laid upon a particular altar, that the chaplain may take them away to bury them. I went up to the firſt I ſaw, miſtaking it for a votive waxen ſaint, prepared for ſome ceremony; nor was I undeceived till I touched the poor little creature. The ſecond was laid down while we were there, and had all the ſymptoms of having been ſtarved to death. There are not leſs than five hundred children

loſt

loſt to the population of Cordova every year in this manner, by neglect or ill treatment.

An officer took us out this afternoon to the biſhop's country houſe down the river. The late prelate was very fond of it, and had made it a pleaſant, comfortable retreat; but ſince his death it is become very ruinous. The revenues of the ſee amount to three thouſand five hundred pounds ſterling a year. As the biſhops cannot deviſe by will, all they die poſſeſſed of eſcheates to the king.

I wiſh I could contrive a method of carrying you ſome of the fine earthen jars, called *buxaros*, which are made in Andaluſiá. They are remarkably convenient for water-drinkers, as they are light, ſmooth, and handy: being not more than half baked, they are very porous, and the outſide is kept moiſt by the water's filtering through: though placed in the ſun, the water in the pots remains as cold as ice. The moſt diſagreeable circumſtance attending them is, that they emit a ſmell of earth refreſhed by a ſudden ſhower, after a long drought.

I am juſt informed that our wheel will require another day to be refitted; which is a terrible piece of news indeed this rainy weather; for every day the roads will grow worſe and worſe, and we are not able to ride about to ſee the environs. Were there ſuch a thing as

a bookſeller in this once learned city, I would buy Seneca, and try what conſolation his philoſophy affords in his native country.

LETTER XXXVI.

Santa Cruz, April 21, 1776.

I Write this from the Campo de Montiel, not very far from a *Lugar de cuyo nombre no quiero acordarme*[28]: Have paſſed over the Sierra Morena, and being now fairly entered into Don Quixote's own country, cannot reſiſt the temptation of beginning a letter, let the end of it be written where it may ſo happen.

On the 18th we made our departure good from Cordova; but proceeded with fear and trembling, every moment peeping out to examine the ſtate of our wheels, and, at each unmerciful jolt, biting our lips, and drawing up into our reſpective corners, to prepare for an overturn. Time gave us courage, and the anxiety paſſing off by degrees, we ventured to look out, and enjoy

[28] The firſt words in Don Quixote.

the

the fine vale of the Guadalquivir, which runs between two ridges of hills, covered with hanging woods and olive yards; ſeveral clear ſtreams traverſe the plain, and fall into the river. The ancient raiſed road, be it Roman or Mooriſh, was always moſt acceptable to us, whenever we got upon it; for it is a fine hard gravel above the level of dirt and water. Every brook had its bridge, but ſcarce one in twenty now remains.

At the bridge of Alcolea, where we paſſed to the ſouth of the river, are kept the king's ſtallions. One or two of them are noble horſes; but an Andaluſian breeder values a horſe for ſuch points in the make, as would deter an Engliſh jockey from buying him. The former requires his horſe to be forward and bulky in the ſhoulders, with his forelegs far back under his belly, and the tail ſet ſo low, as always to be ſqueezed cloſe to his hams; he never ſuffers him to lie down, but keeps him conſtantly on a clean pavement ſloping from the manger, with his forelegs cloſe chained to the ground. You know Cordova has long been famous for its breed of horſes, but it ſeems to be ſtrangely fallen off; very few good looking ones are now to be met with. A gentleman of that city aſſured us, as indeed we had heard before, that the breed was much neglected, and little care taken to preſerve it pure and genuine; the king having given the ſuperintendence

of his ſtud to a ſtranger, a foot officer, who perhaps never rode any thing but an aſs or a mule in his life. Before this change, the employment was always held by a Cordoveſe nobleman, who, as well as his friends, piqued himſelf upon breeding and exhibiting the choiceſt horſes poſſible; but now in diſguſt, they have entirely laid aſide all thought or taſte for that purſuit, and ſeem quite indifferent about the animals they ride or drive.

For two days we travelled up the river. The country it waters is very rich and beautiful; the plains extending far and near, charmingly ſtreaked with rows of olive-trees; towns and caſtles near each other along the banks; the northern hills darkened with woods, and all the diſtant eminences to the ſouth, green with corn: this luxuriance of vegetation and fatneſs of ſoil, rendered the roads abominably deep; our baggage was obliged to be carried upon mules half a day to eaſe the draught of the carriages. The cliffs along the river-ſide ſwarmed with flocks of a moſt elegant water bird, called an *Abejaruxa* or Bee-eater: we ſhot ſeveral of them, and longed much to be able to preſerve them in their feathers, or to have time and opportunity to paint them for your inſpection, as I am certain the ſight of them would give you great pleaſure. They are about the ſize of a blackbird; their back is of a light

light brown colour, ſhaded with burniſhed gold, growing more deep and ardent towards the head, ending in a pale yellow, mixed with a greeniſh blue about the beak, which is very long, black, ſharp, and ſtrait; a black ſtroke runs from the beak round the eye, which is of a bright ſcarlet colour; the throat is yellow; the breaſt, down which runs a narrow black line, is of a fine blue, that becomes lighter along the belly; the upper part of the tail is azure, the under brown; the wings of a browniſh yellow, ſurrounded with a blue ſtripe, tipped with black.

At Carpio is a Mooriſh mill or engine, with three huge wheels, which raiſes water to a great height, and conveys it to enrich a large tract of level. The landſcape near it is remarkably pleaſing.

At Anduxar we took our leave of the Roman road, and of the river, which however we had now and then a diſtant peep of from the heights.

Yeſterday we entered the Sierra Morena, a chain of mountains that divides Caſtille from Andaluſiá; rendered famous by the wars of the Chriſtians and Mahometans, but perhaps better known by being the ſcene where the immortal Miguel de Cervantes has placed the moſt entertaining adventures of his hero. As we were near the eaſtern extremity, the land, though very high, and commanding a vaſt proſpect to the ſouth,

ſouth, did not in the leaſt reſemble a ridge of mountains, ſuch as the Alps, the Pyreneans, or many others. It did not appear much more broken and elevated than many parts of England, which are well inhabited and cultivated.

The journey was very agreeable up the courſe of the Rio de las Piedras, a clear roaring torrent, tumbling over a bed of rocks, through glens of beautiful woods: the waſtes are covered with a profuſe variety of flowering ſhrubs; particularly ciſtus of many ſorts, among which the gum-ciſtus or rock-roſe is the handſomeſt: they gather manna from it in ſpring, by beating the buſhes with ſmall twigs, to which the viſcous ſubſtance of the plant adheres. Sumach alſo grows in great abundance on theſe hills; it is cut down in Auguſt, the leaves, flower, and ſtalk, are all pounded together, and uſed in lieu of oak-bark in dreſſing hides.

We now entered the new Colony of La Carolina, and its dependencies, planted eight years ago by the king, in a very extenſive tract of woody mountainous country. The firſt ſettlers were Germans; but from eating unwholſome herbs, and drinking too much wine and brandy, above half of them died, and now the inhabitants are the mixture of Germans, French, Savoyards, Catalans, and other Spaniards. The reach of land in cultivation, and full of houſes and villages, where

where there was nothing before but foreſts, the retreats of banditti, extends at leaſt three leagues in length, and, I believe, very little leſs in breadth. They talk of ten thouſand families being already ſettled here; but I do not ſee how it is poſſible there can be any thing like that number.

La Carolina, the capital of all the colonies, ſtands on a fine hill that towers over the whole ſettlement, and indeed over moſt part of the provinces of Granada and Cordova. For the ſake of thus overlooking the reſt of the plantations, they have placed it in a ſpot deficient in wood and water; and reduced themſelves to the neceſſity of digging an incredible number of wells for the purpoſes of drinking, and watering their gardens. The whole town is new from the foundations, for there was not a cottage there eight years ago, the ſtreets are wide, and drawn in ſtrait lines, but the ground is not ſufficiently levelled; the houſes are upon an uniform plan, without the leaſt decoration: the church fronts the principal ſouth road; and a tower placed at each angle marks the extent of the town, which is to be an exact ſquare: the market place and another ſquare, are very ſpacious and ſhewy. All the flat on the crown of the hill before the town is laid out in kitchen gardens, and planted with avenues of elms, which are to ſerve hereafter for public walks.

I never

I never ſaw a ſcene more pleaſing to the eye, or more ſatisfactory to the mind of every perſon that feels himſelf intereſted in the welfare of his fellow-creatures: his humanity muſt exult at the probability of their lot being ſo much ameliorated: for my part, I enjoyed the moſt agreeable ſenſations at the ſight of this abſolute creation, this new world riſen out of the very heart of deſolation and ſolitude; every thing ſeems ſo alive, ſo green, neat and thriving; in a word, ſo unlike the reſt of this unactive kingdom. About a year ago, the department or diſtrict of the town of La Carolina, contained near eight thouſand ſouls, but I was not able to obtain any exact information of the extent comprized under that denomination; three hundred Catalan manufacturers came to ſettle here in the courſe of laſt year: cloth and other manufactures ſeem to go on briſkly; but I fear there is an inconſtancy, a languor in the purſuit of projects, inherent in the very eſſence of the Spaniſh government, that will greatly retard the further progreſs of this colony; in the beginning, they ſpare neither pains nor expence to carry on a ſcheme, as may be ſeen here, where it is aſtoniſhing to behold how much has been done in a very ſhort ſpace of time. Our maſter muleteer, who had never been here ſince the Miquelets were ſent to ſcour the country, and deſtroy the gang of robbers, that harboured hereabouts, could

could ſcarce believe his eyes, and did nothing but raiſe his hands to heaven and croſs himſelf, as if he had got into a land of witches. It was no ſmall enhancement of the merit of the place, to find an excellent inn and good dinner, and to regale ourſelves upon excellent cow's milk and butter, to which we had been long ſtrangers; for though they have cows in many parts of Spain, they ſeldom milk them, but keep them for breeding, and fattening in their old days for ſlaughter.

Now I have ſhewn you the fair ſide of La Carolina, I cannot, as a juſt and impartial correſpondent, avoid informing you of the vices of its conſtitution, the defects in its eſtabliſhment and direction, with the reaſons I have for ſuſpecting it will fall off every year, 'till it dwindles away to a petty Spaniſh town, juſt kept alive by the monies ſpent at the inns by muleteers and paſſengers.

The foreigners complain, with what juſtice I know not, of not having been treated with the indulgence and tenderneſs an infant colony requires; if any of them expreſſed diſcontent, or ſeemed deſirous of returning to his native country, he was inſtantly ſecured, and chaſtiſed by a long and ſevere impriſonment. Many families were two or three years before their allotments were made out, during which time they were

obliged to work gratis for the other ſettlers; unmarried people were allowed no ſhare of land, but employed as ſervants to the reſt; when the poor Alſacians or Savoyards had the good fortune to be placed upon a rich patch of ſoil, and had brought it into tolerable condition, they were frequently ouſted by the governor, their habitation transferred to a Spaniſh family, and themſelves ſent to improve a more bleak and barren part of the hills. The king gives all new-comers one year's ſeed corn, two cows, ten goats, ſome implements of huſbandry, and ſome houſhold ſtuff, which is generally infinitely worſe than his majeſty intends it ſhould be: he pays them a ſtipend for their maintenance for the firſt three years. Some few foreigners, having numerous families grown up, thrive and improve in their circumſtances, but the reſt will in all probability leave the country as ſoon as the time of their contract expires, provided they be allowed to remove. The Spaniards have gradually got poſſeſſion of the beſt plantations, and the town of Carolina has ſcarce any other inhabitants. The worſt of all is, that there ſeems to be no outlet from this ſettlement, in caſe their manufactures ſhould arrive at any degree of perfection, for it is on every ſide extremely remote from the ſea, and many days journey by land from the great cities of Spain, where the conſumption of their commodities might

might be expected to turn to any conſiderable account.

A little north of Carolina, we paſſed through a new village called Las Navas de Toloſa, from the old name of the defile in the neighbouring mountains; where, in 1212, Alfonſo the ninth, king of Caſtille, Peter the ſecond, of Aragon, and Sancho the ſeventh, of Navarre, with their joint forces, attacked and cut to pieces the army of Mahomet, king of Morocco. Hiſtorians gravely tell us, that there fell no leſs than two hundred thouſand Moors, more than half their army, with the loſs of only twenty-five Chriſtians. In a letter ſaid to have been written by Alfonſo to the Pope, this liſt of the ſlain is given. I always thought it a moſt extraordinary ſtory, but now that I have ſeen the field of battle, I look upon it to be full as wonderful how three hundred and fifty thouſand Moors, without reckoning the Spaniſh forces, could contrive to ſqueeze themſelves into ſuch a heap of mountains jumbled together, where you could not find twenty yards of level ground for ſome miles round the ſpot.

The evening was very fine, and the hills ſteep, which induced us to walk moſt part of the way. Having got a good diſtance before the carriages, among ſome woody dells, we began to be in great hopes and conſtant expectation of ſome *Cardenio* or *Dorothea* bolting out

upon us. While we were amuſing ourſelves with ſuch Quixotic reveries, the ſound of a guitar ſuddenly ſtruck our ears. At a turn of the road, cloſe by the ſide of a ſweet murmuring brook, we met with about a dozen well dreſſed men, and as many ſmart, handſome damſels, dancing upon a platform of large level ſtones. The females that were not buſy dancing, were ſeated under fine hanging woods, on a natural amphitheatre of rocks. The principal men came very politely up to us, and invited us to partake of their ſport, while a very pretty girl preſented us with ſweetmeats and ſugar-plumbs. A jolly friar ſeemed to do the honours of this *fête champêtre*, and to have the privilege of throwing his handkerchief at which of the ſultanas he pleaſed; for they all courted his ſmiles and careſſes. We ſtayed ſome time with this merry crew, who danced ſeveral ſequidillas, and ſang ſeveral ſongs at our requeſt. They preſſed us much to go back up the hill, and paſs the night with them at the houſe they belonged to, where they intended to be very frolicſome: but as it began to rain, we declined the kind offer, and parted with our new friends, whoſe muſic and jovial ſhouts we had the pleaſure to hear re-echoed by the rocks, almoſt during our whole walk up to our inn at Miranda.

This morning, the heavieſt of our trunks being put upon

upon mules, to lighten the chaiſes, we croſſed the Sierra Morena, at the paſs called *El Puerto del Rey*. The road is far from bad, though ſteep; but the mountain is as dreary and diſagreeable as any thing can well be. The heavy rain did not render us more indulgent to its ill-favoured aſpect. In Cervantes's days, there were perhaps noble woods to cover all this nakedneſs, as here and there ſome venerable pines and cheſnut-trees remain, ſad monuments of ancient foreſts.

All the Mancha before us ſeems to be a bare corn-country, ugly and tedious beyond expreſſion. For my part, unleſs it be to look out at a venta, or peep about for an adventure at the meeting of the croſs-roads, I intend ſleeping all the way to Madrid.

LETTER XXXVII.

Madrid, April 27, 1776.

WE perceived a very ſevere alteration in the climate as ſoon as we deſcended the Sierra Morena, and entered the Mancha: from the beginning of ſummer we were in a manner thrown back to the laſt months

months of winter. In Andaluſiá, the vines were all in leaf, and their fruit ſet; the flowers of the ſhrubs falling off to make way for the ſeed. On the northern ſide of the mountains ſcarce a freſh leaf was to be ſeen, or a bud in the vineyards; the poor ſtarved buſhes, with juſt a flower or two blown; the weather cold and raw: in a word, it is difficult to conceive ſo ſudden and ſo thorough a change of ſeaſons as that which we experienced in this journey.

The Mancha is an immenſe plain, interſected by different ridges of low hills and rocks: not an incloſure of any kind, except mud-walls about the villages: and really I can almoſt ſay, there is not a tree to be ſeen from the Sierra Morena to Toledo, nor from the banks of the Tagus to Madrid: a few dwarfiſh evergreen oaks, huddled together in nooks of hills, and ſome ſtumpy olive-plants, ſcarce deſerve the name of trees. All this vaſt tract of open country is cultivated in corn or vines: there cannot be an uglier. The villages are large; few or no ſingle houſes; and not a *venta* that I could fix upon for the ſcene of any action in Don Quixote. We lay at Puertolapiche, a ſmall village mentioned by Cervantes; but I think he omits telling us what adventure was atchieved there. In ſhort, with all the helps of imagination, and reading the book all the way, the country did not raiſe one agreeable idea, nor tempt me to take a ſingle

a ſingle ſketch of any part of it. The houſes are built with mud and gravel. The women cover their heads with coloured handkerchiefs, and their necks with laced palatines.

Val de Peñas produces a very pleaſant red wine, the moſt drinkable, for common uſe, of any in Spain. The proviſion of wine for the king is kept in hogſheads; the remainder of the vintage in ſkins. The beſt wine ſells at the rate of twenty reals the arroba.

The badneſs of the weather hindered us from riding a few miles out of the road to viſit *Los Ojos dela Guadiana*, where that river, after running eight leagues under ground, riſes up to day, and thence takes its courſe towards Eſtremadura. We paſſed over the ſubterraneous river at the Venta de Queſada, where the well in the yard communicates with it. Straw, or any kind of light ſtuff, dropped into the well, is hurried away with ſuch rapidity by the ſtream, that you will not bring up a ſingle ſtraw, though you let down the bucket almoſt inſtantaneouſly. The incurious Spaniards have made ſo few experiments upon this phenomenon, that we could procure no further intelligence on this head. The Manchegos have a pretty ſong about theſe eyes of the Guadiana, which, however, they declare to be much leſs wonderful than thoſe of their miſtreſs. At Conſuegra, a moſt beautiful gipſy girl, with the ſweeteſt eyes in the

the world, ſung it to us, and danced ſequidillas to the tune with admirable agility and expreſſion. She was quite *Precioſa the little gipſy*, with her ſoft voice and affected liſp. It is a pity her beauty was much impaired by her mode of dreſſing, which gave her a moſt prominent belly, a defect few Spaniſh women are free from, and a flat low breaſt, which they eſteem a great perfection in a lady's ſhape.

Toledo is the ſtrangeſt city you can imagine in point of ſituation; ſomething like Durham, or Richmond in Yorkſhire, but not equal to either in beauty, as it is totally bare of wood.

The Tagus, after winding at large through a fine plain, which a little more wood would render very agreeable to the eye, comes at laſt to be wedged in between two ramparts of high ſteep rocks: the paſſage is very narrow, and before the river gets out again into a broad bed and open ground, it almoſt returns to the place where it entered the defile. On this rocky peninſula ſtands the city, exceedingly ill built, poor, and ugly. The ſtreets are ſo ſteep, that no ſtranger in his ſober ſenſes would venture up or down them in a carriage.

The Alcazar, or ancient palace, which was burnt down by the allied army in the beginning of the century, is placed on the higheſt point of all. It is a noble

noble extenſive building, and has juſt undergone a thorough repair, at the expence of the archbiſhop, who has fortunately taken a turn towards employing ſome portion of his great revenues in works of public utility, ſuch as this palace, a new road to Aranjuez, and a ſtreet in the town [29]. It is ſuppoſed that the Alcazar will be converted into an hoſpital or orphan-houſe. The architecture is chaſte and unaffected; the inner court is very grand; its colonnade of granite columns, of the Corinthian order, makes a noble appearance; the chapel is lofty and narrow, which renders it convenient to attend divine ſervice, as there is a balcony in each ſtory of the houſe that leads into it. The ſtables are under the kitchens and offices, and are large enough to contain a very conſiderable number of horſes. The garret ſtory is one open gallery for playing in, above

[29] The ſee of Toledo is ſaid to be worth four hundred thouſand ducats a year; but there are large deductions to be made. Beſides the proportion the infant Don Lewis receives, and penſions to different people, it pays annually fifteen thouſand ducats to the monks of the Eſcurial, notwithſtanding Philip the ſecond granted to them no leſs than thirty villages in their neighbourhood. The Spaniſh court finds many ways of leſſening the revenues of the church, by penſions, donations to hoſpitals, charitable foundations, and premiums to the ſocieties of agriculture. There is not a biſhopric in the kingdom but has ſomebody or other quartered upon it; and I believe the ſecond-rate benefices are in the ſame predicament. Out of the rich canonries and prebends are taken the penſions of the new order of knights of Carlos tercero.

eighty yards in length. In the middle ſtories are ſeveral large halls, the moſt ſpacious of which meaſures about one hundred and ſixty feet by thirty-ſix.

The cathedral has nothing particularly beautiful on the outſide above the common run of Gothic churches: it is not to be compared with many we have in England. The ſteeple is in the ugly ſtyle of the Flemiſh and German ſpires, a heap of blue turrets piled one upon another. The inſide is well lighted and chearful, neither heavy, nor confuſed with too many ornaments: the decorations added of late years are not in the beſt of taſtes, but in richneſs of gilding without a competitor. The wealth of the archbiſhop and chapter diſplays itſelf in the profuſion of gold laviſhed on the walls; they have gilded the iron rails, the Gothic arches, and even drawn lines of gold to mark the joints of the ſtones with which the pillars of the choir are built.

The group of angels, called *El tranſparente*, which is fixed behind the choir, and eſteemed by the Toledans the glory of their church, is at beſt but a clumſy, ill-deſigned monument, remarkable for nothing but the fineneſs of the marble and other materials.

One of the greateſt vexations a curious perſon experiences in travelling through Spain, is the ſcarcity, the non-exiſtence of tolerable *Ciceroni*; thoſe you meet with are generally coblers, who throw a brown cloak over

over their ragged apparel, and conduct you to a church or two, where they cannot give you the leaſt ſatisfactory information concerning its antiquities or curioſities. This is literally the caſe at Toledo: but to make amends, they lead you to a hole in a pillar, where the hoſt was hidden all the time that the Saracens were in poſſeſſion of the city, though the whole fabric has been built from the ground ſince the expulſion of the Moors; for Saint Ferdinand laid the firſt ſtone of the preſent church in 1226. They alſo ſhew you the ſtone on which the Virgin Mary ſtood, when ſhe came to pay a viſit to Saint Ildephonſus, and which is worn through by the fingers of the pilgrims. Aſk them any thing about the Moſarabic chapel, and what is done there, they will tell you, as they did us, that maſs is ſaid there in Greek. That you may not accuſe me of being as barren of inſtruction as our conductors, I ſhall put together the chief points wherein the [30] Moſarabic rite differs from that of the Roman miſſal. The former liturgy was conſtantly uſed by the church of Spain, down to the pontificate of Gregory the ſeventh, in the eleventh century: it had been confirmed by ſeveral Spaniſh councils, commented upon and illuſtrated by Saint Iſidore of Seville: but the policy of the court of

[30] The Moſarabic rite is ſo called from its having been obſerved by the Chriſtians that remained in the provinces conquered by the Arabians.

Rome, and its influence over the mind of Alphonſus the ſixth, who had lately conquered Toledo, overcame the obſtinate attachment of the Spaniſh clergy. Notwithſtanding the proweſs of the Moſarabic champion, who came off victorious in the fight (for it was agreed to try the merits of the two liturgies by ſingle combat) notwithſtanding the flames were not more indulgent to the Roman than to the Gothic ritual, when, in hopes of a deciſive miracle, the two books were thrown into the fire before the king, notwithſtanding the clamours raiſed by the natives, the ancient rite was abrogated in the greater part of the kingdom. It ſubſiſted in ſix pariſhes of Toledo as late as the fifteenth century, but is now reſtrained to the ſingle chapel of St. Euſtatiá, in the cathedral, where Cardinal Ximenes, unwilling that his church ſhould loſe all remembrance of its ancient forms, made a foundation for thirteen prieſts and three clerks, who officiate every morning according to the Moſarabic manner.

In eſſentials this ritual agrees perfectly with Rome, but in many outward forms differs widely. I ſuſpect it varied much more in its original ſtate; for it is hardly credible the diſpute could have been ſo obſtinately maintained for ſuch trifling deviations as what now ſubſiſt. But indeed that would not amount to an undeniable proof; we know that the church has always looked

looked upon the reſiſtance to its authority to be of more conſequence than the difference in outward ceremonies.

The prayers before maſs are not the ſame; not always the ſame portions of ſcripture read on the ſame feſtivals. In the Roman miſſal are two leſſons, one from the Old Teſtament or the Epiſtles, and one from the Goſpels: the Moſarabic gives three, one from the Old Teſtament, another from the Epiſtles, and a third from the Goſpels. The Romans ſay the creed before the offertory, the others after the conſecration.

Toledo has lain in the route of moſt of thoſe travellers that have written on Spain; and in them you will find ample accounts of every thing remarkable. As I hate repetitions, and would willingly avoid them whenever it is poſſible, give me leave to refer you to the works of thoſe gentlemen. One circumſtance only I cannot refuſe myſelf the ſatisfaction of acquainting you with, though I make no doubt but it is an anecdote to be met with in twenty books of travels. In the convent of St. Francis, founded by Ferdinand and Iſabella, the firſt novice received was Ximenes, who, in the courſe of the ſame reign, roſe to be cardinal, archbiſhop of Toledo, and prime miniſter of Spain. His hiſtory, as well as that of Don Juan de Padilla, have lately acquired redoubled luſtre from the pen of Dr. Robertſon; in whoſe admirable

admirable life of Charles the fifth is to be found every neceſſary information relative to the revolt of Toledo.

From the ancient capital of New Caſtille to within half a league of Madrïd, the preſent ſeat of government, the roads are as bad as in any part of the kingdom, and the country extremely ugly. I do not imagine the moſt pitiful city in the peninſula can cut a more deſpicable figure than this metropolis of all the Spains does from the oppoſite hills, as you approach it on the ſouth ſide; neither tree, villa, nor garden, until you arrive at the avenues of the town; the corn-fields run up cloſe to the houſes; in ſhort, the whole landſcape round you is the bareſt and moſt melancholy I ever beheld: but as ſoon as the trees of the walks ſhut out the proſpect of the neighbouring country, the appearance of Madrid is grand and lively; noble ſtreets, good houſes, and excellent pavement, as clean as it once was dirty.

The court is abſent from Madrid, ſo that our ſtay here will be no longer than will be ſufficient to reſt ourſelves, and get our things put in order for our appearance at Aranjuez.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

Aranjuez, May 3d, 1776.

THIS place is twenty miles from Madrid; the road to it extremely fine; but the trees planted on each ſide are as yet too young to ſhut out the abominable country it paſſes through. The preſent king made it at the vaſt expence of one hundred and thirty thouſand pounds ſterling. The new bridge over the Xarama, at the deſcent into the plain, is very long and grand.

Aranjuez has great beauties, and would pleaſe you much; for here are numberleſs avenues of aged elms on a perfect level; green banks to reſt upon, near a fine meandring river; fountains and ſhady groves; plenty of milk and butter, and vegetables in great perfection.

The ſituation of this place renders it one of the moſt agreeable reſidences I know belonging to a ſovereign prince. It ſtands in a very large plain, ſurrounded with bare hills, which to be ſure, are exceſſively ugly; but they ſeldom appear, being very well hidden by the noble rows of trees that extend acroſs the flat in every direction. The compartments between the avenues are

railed

railed off, and laid down in paſture and meadow, for the ſupply of the large dairy of cows eſtabliſhed here by the preſent king. That part of the vale which ſtretches out towards the eaſt is left in a ruder ſtate, and, except ſome few fields of corn, is moſtly foreſt-land, through which the Tagus winds in a deep ſhady bed. The walks and rides along the banks, through the venerable groves, and under the majeſtic elms that overhang the roads, are luxuries unknown to the reſt of Spain. The beauties of the ſcenery are enhanced by the flocks of many-coloured birds that flutter and ſing on the boughs, by the herds of deer, which amount to no leſs than ſeven thouſand head, and by the droves of buffaloes, ſheep, cows, and brood mares, that wander uncontrouled through all theſe woods. The wild boars are frequently ſeen in the evenings in the ſtreets of the town.

The fineſt avenue, called the *Calle dela Reyna*, is three miles long, quite ſtrait from the palace gate, croſſing the Tagus twice before it loſes itſelf in the thickets, where ſome noble ſpreading elms and weeping poplars hang beautifully over the deep ſtill pool. Near this road is a flower-garden for the ſpring, laid out with great taſte by Mr. Wall during his miniſtry. The gay variety of flowers at this time of year is particularly pleaſing to the eye; but its beauty ſoon fades

on

on the approach of ſummer. As the weather grows hot, the company that chooſes to walk retires to a garden in an iſland of the Tagus, on the north ſide of the palace. This is an heavenly place, cut into various walks and circular lawns, which in their primitive ſtate may have been very ſtiff and formal; but in the courſe of a century, Nature has obliterated the regular forms of art; the trees have ſwelled out beyond the line traced for them, and deſtroyed the enfilade, by advancing into the walks, or retiring from them. The ſweet flowering ſhrubs, inſtead of being clipped and kept down, have been allowed to ſhoot up into trees, and hang over the ſtatues and fountains they were originally meant to ſerve as humble fences to. The jet-d'eaus daſh up among the trees, and add freſh verdure to the leaves. The terraces and baluſtrades built along the river, are now overgrown with roſes, and other luxuriant buſhes, hanging down into the ſtream, which is darkened by the large trees growing on the oppoſite banks. Many of the ſtatues, groupes, and fountains, are handſome, ſome maſterly, the works of Algardi: all are placed in charming points of view, either in open circular ſpots, at a diſtance from the trees, or elſe in gloomy arbours, and retired angles of the wood.

The weſt front of the palace is handſome: two new wings, which are to be brought out from the main

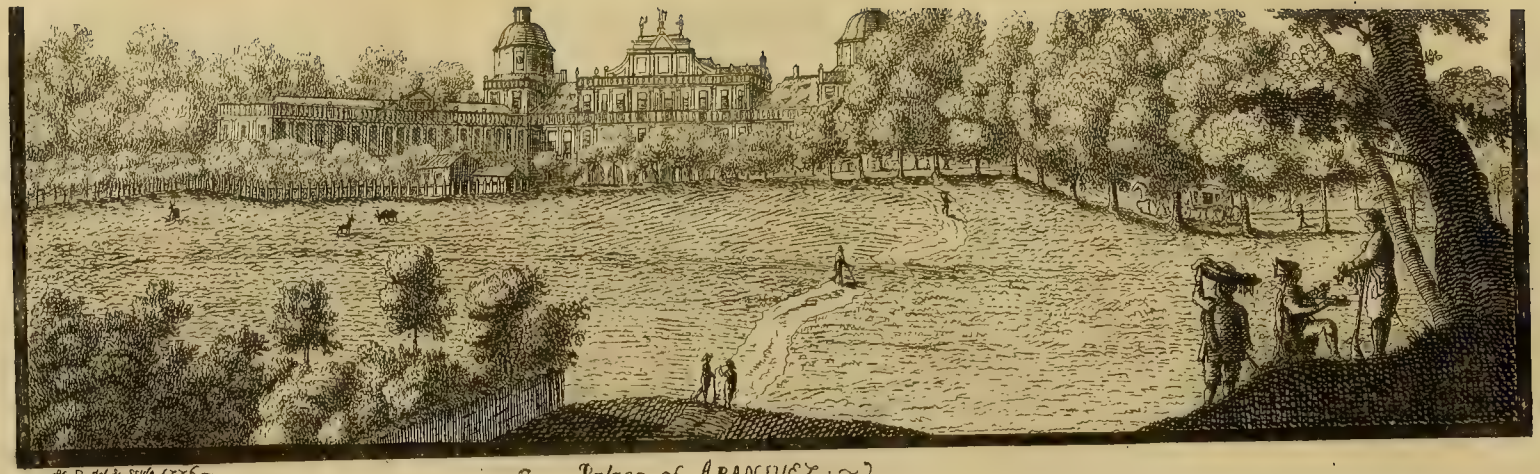
body, will increaſe its bulk, but, I am afraid, will not add much to its beauty. The firſt part of the building was erected by Philip the ſecond, who purchaſed the eſtate, planted many of the avenues, and, in order to extend his chace, or to indulge his ſplenetic diſpoſition, had all the vines that grew on the hills rooted up. By that means he drove away the inhabitants, and rendered the environs of his villa a perfect deſart. Theſe hills are full of ſprings, that throw up large quantities of a ſtrong purgative ſalt.

The apartments are good, but contain no great number of paintings or ſtatues. There is an Annunciation in the chapel, by Titian, and Mengs has painted ſome holy ſubjects in the bed-chamber, and an allegorical piece of Time and Pleaſure, in the ceiling of the theatre. In a Franciſcan church lately finiſhed, the picture of San Paſqual, by the ſame hand, is much admired.

The town or village formerly conſiſted of the palace, its offices, and a few miſerable huts, where the embaſſadors, and the attendants of the court, endeavoured to lodge themſelves, as well as they could, but always very uncomfortably; many of the habitations were vaults half under ground. What determined the king to build a new town, and to embelliſh the environs, was an accident that happened at the nuncio's; a coach broke

ARANJUEZ

Palace of ARANJUEZ



— H. S. del. & sculp. 1776 —

— Palace of ARANJUEZ. —

broke through the ceiling of his dining-room, and fell in upon the table. The court then began to apply very conſiderable ſums to the purpoſe of erecting proper dwellings, for the great number of perſons that flock to the place where the ſovereign reſides; near ten thouſand are ſuppoſed to live here two or three months in ſpring; the king keeps one hundred and fifteen ſets of mules, which require a legion of men to take care of them. Half a million ſterling has been laid out at Aranjuez, ſince the year 1763; and it muſt be acknowledged, that wonders have been performed; ſeveral fine ſtreets drawn in ſtrait lines with broad pavements, a double row of trees before the houſes, and a very noble road in the middle; commodious hotels for the miniſters and embaſſadors; great ſquares, markets, churches, a theatre, and an amphitheatre for bull feaſts, have been raiſed from the ground. Neatneſs and convenience have been more ſtudied and ſought for than ſhew in the architecture, but altogether the place has ſomething truly magnificient in the coup-d'œil.

This afternoon we had a very pretty entertainment on the river. The prince of Aſturias, and his attendants, embarked in a galley richly decorated, preceded and followed by other ſmaller barges, adorned in a leſs ſplendid, though ſtill a very gay manner. They rowed from his banqueting-houſe up into the woods, where

the meandrings of the river are exceedingly beautiful, forming fine ſweeps and reaches with green banks, ſhaded by aged trees that hang in various clumps over the ſtream. Crowds of holiday-folks in their beſt apparel, lined both ſides of the Tagus, and were no ſmall addition to the rural ſhew.

The pleaſures of Aranjuez are walking or riding in the morning, going to court, dining at ſome of the open tables kept by the great officers of ſtate, a game at cards, a drive along the avenue, and the Italian opera. The miniſters are quite eaſy in their behaviour, and their houſes free from ceremony and reſtraint; that of the prime miniſter, the marquis Grimaldi, is ſuperlatively ſo: he keeps an open houſe, where we are always ſure of meeting with a numerous company, cards, and converſation; the maſter of it is always glad to ſee us, and ſhew us every civility the place admits of: I am afraid we do not attend as much perhaps as we are in gratitude bound; for there are ſo many temptations at our own embaſſador's, that it is with difficulty we can bring ourſelves to ſacrifice the pleaſures we find at his houſe to the duties impoſed upon us by ſociety. The eaſy frankneſs, affability, and friendſhip, with which Lord G. treats us, make us loath to waſte elſewhere the hours we can paſs ſo agreeably under his roof.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

Aranjuez, May 6, 1776.

WE have juſt finiſhed our round of preſentations, which in ſo numerous a royal family, is a work of more days than one; as I know you expect a minute account of each of thoſe that compoſe it, I am ſorry I am incapable of ſatisfying your curioſity, in as ample a manner as I could wiſh; you ſhall have a deſcription of their perſons, and as much of their characters, as I have learned from well-informed people, in whoſe judgment I can confide. I beg you will conſider how hard it is to diſcern the true character of the great, as your intelligence can only flow to you through the ſuſpicious channel of many jarring paſſions and intereſts. It is impoſſible for a ſtranger to ſeize a good likeneſs in ſo ſhort a time, and to tranſmit to others a faithful repreſentation, of a prince, that does not admit him to a familiar intercourſe. I don't know but ſovereigns are the moſt difficult characters to define in a whole nation; for all princes appear pretty nearly alike; their mode of life is uniform; by ſeeing none but inferiors about them, they acquire a great indifference in their manner

manner, and ſeldom betray in their countenance any of thoſe ſtrong emotions that mark the various feelings of men obliged to buſtle through the world; their paſſions lack the reliſh which ariſes from delays and difficulties; what the French call *Ennui*, weariſomeneſs, is, methinks, the grand malady of princes, and therefore amuſement is their main purſuit in life. In the princes of the Houſe of Bourbon, the paſſion of fowling predominates; yet in the Spaniſh royal family, there are ſome who toil at the gun with more reluctance than the farmer's boy does at the plough; have a taſte for arts and ſciences, and wiſh for nothing more than to be freed from the obligation of following the diverſion.

The ceremony of preſentation is performed as the king riſes from table. Charles the third is a much better looking man than moſt of his pictures make him; he has a good-natured laughing eye; the lower part of his face, by being expoſed to all weather, is become of a deep copper colour; what his hat covers, is fair, as he naturally has a good ſkin; in ſtature he is rather ſhort, thickly built about the legs and thighs, and narrow in the ſhoulders. His dreſs ſeldom varies from a large hat, a plain grey Segovia frock, a buff waiſtcoat, a ſmall dagger, black breeches, and worſted ſtockings; his pockets are always ſtuffed with knives, gloves, and ſhooting tackle. On Gala days, a fine ſuit is hung upon his ſhoulders,

ſhoulders, but as he has an eye to his afternoon ſport, and is a great œconomiſt of his time, the black breeches are worn to all coats. I believe there are but three days in the whole year that he ſpends without going out a ſhooting, and thoſe are noted with the blackeſt mark in the calendar; were they to occur often, his health would be in danger, and an accident that was to confine him to the houſe, would infallibly bring on a fit of illneſs. No ſtorm, heat, cold, or wet, can keep him at home; and when he hears of a wolf being ſeen, diſtance is counted for nothing; he would drive over half the kingdom rather than miſs an opportunity of firing upon that favorite game. Beſides a moſt numerous retinue of perſons belonging to the hunting eſtabliſhment, ſeveral times a year all the idle fellows in and about Madrid, are hired to beat the country, and drive the wild boars, deer, and hares, into a ring, where they paſs before the royal family. A very large annual ſum is diſtributed among the proprietors of land about the capital, and near the country palaces, by way of indemnification for the damage done to the corn. I was aſſured that it coſts ſeventy thouſand pounds ſterling for the environs of Madrid, and thirty thouſand for thoſe of Saint Ildefonſo. In order to be entitled to this reimburſement, the farmers ſcatter juſt as much ſeed-corn over their grounds, as will grow up into ſomething like a crop; but

but they do not always give themſelves the trouble of getting in the ſcanty harveſt, being ſufficiently paid for their labour by the royal bounty.

Being naturally of an even phlegmatic temper, the king is ſure to ſee events on their favorable ſide only; and whenever he has determined in his own mind that a meaſure is proper to be purſued, he is an utter enemy to alteration. As far as I can judge, by comparing the different accounts I have had, he is a man of the ſtricteſt probity, incapable of adopting any ſcheme, unleſs he is perfectly ſatisfied in his conſcience that it is juſt and honourable; of ſuch immoveable features, that the moſt fortunate or the moſt diſaſtrous occurrences are alike unable to create the ſmalleſt variation in them: rigid in his morals, and ſtrenuouſly attached to his religion; but he does not ſuffer his devotion to lay him open to the enterprizes of the court of Rome, or the encroachments of his own clergy; on the contrary, they have frequently met with rougher uſage at his hands than they might have expected from a free-thinker. The regularity of his own life renders him very ſtrict about the conduct of his children, whom he obliges to be out fiſhing or ſhooting as long as he is abſent on the ſame buſineſs; this he does to prevent their having time or opportunity to harbour bad thoughts; and truly I believe he goes out ſo conſtantly himſelf, in order to keep

keep down the vigour of his own conſtitution. He ſeldom addreſſes himſelf to any young men of his court; but delights in converſing and joking with elderly perſons, and ſuch as are of his own age, eſpecially monks and friars. He is very partial to Naples, and always ſpeaks of that country with great feeling.

Since his acceſſion, many great works have been completed; noble roads made to all the palaces round the metropolis; ſeveral others undertaken in more remote provinces: he has finiſhed the palace at Madrid, and added conſiderably to thoſe of the Pardo and Aranjuez; built new towns at Aranjuez, the Eſcurial, and Saint Ildefonſo; and planted a great deal at Aranjuez. The marquis of Grimaldi has the merit of having ſuggeſted and conducted moſt of theſe improvements, and of having urged on the king, who, although he has naturally no great reliſh for the arts, thinks it the duty of a ſovereign to encourage them.

The prince of Aſturias is of an athletic make, his countenance rather ſevere, and his voice harſh. He ſeemed in a great hurry to get away from us; but the princeſs ſtayed chatting a great while. She is not handſome, being very ſickly, but ſeems lively, and genteely ſhaped, with a very fine hand and arm. If ſhe lives to be queen, I dare ſay ſhe will render this court a very gay one; for ſhe appears to like to go abroad, and con-

verſe with ſtrangers. When ſhe walks out, all perſons that have been preſented, and chance to be in the way, are expected to join her company, and eſcort her as long as ſhe thinks proper. Her mildneſs and good-nature have ſoftened much of her huſband's roughneſs of manner; and of late he ſeems to have more pleaſure in ſitting with her in a domeſtic way, than in trudging over the heath in queſt of game.

Don Gabriel is a tall well-looking man, but timid to exceſs. He poſſeſſes many talents, but his conſtant avocations out of doors prevent his applying to ſtudy as much as he could wiſh. I have ſeen ſome good pictures done by him with the flock of cloth, and have heard much of his claſſical learning, and turn for mathematics.

Don Antonio appears to be very well pleaſed with the active life of a ſportſman.

The Infanta Maria Joſepha has reaſon to envy every country wench ſhe ſees roaming at liberty; for confinement, etiquette, and celibacy, are likely to be her lot during life.

Don Lewis, the king's brother, after having been a cardinal and an archbiſhop, is now on the eve of matrimony with a pretty Arragoneſe girl, whom he took a fancy to laſt year, as ſhe was running acroſs the fields after a butterfly. As he has made a collection of natu-

ral

ral hiſtory, this ſimilarity of taſte made a great impreſſion upon him. This wedding, which the king has conſented to with reluctance, has produced a total revolution in the marriage-laws of Spain. A new pragmatica or edict is publiſhed, to prevent all matches betwixt perſons of unequal rank and quality; by this decree, the old cuſtom is abrogated. Heretofore it was out of the power of parents to hinder their children from marrying whom they liked, and the church interpoſed to oblige them to make a ſuitable ſettlement upon the young couple.

Don Lewis's bride is not to be allowed the title or rank of a princeſs of the blood, nor are her children to be deemed qualified to ſucceed to the crown; he is to reſide near Talavera, where I make no doubt but he will lead a happy life, as he has a great taſte for muſic and natural hiſtory; his cabinet already contains a very valuable collection of rarities, eſpecially ſuch as are found in the Spaniſh dominions. This prince is chearful, humane, affable, and full of pleaſantry; good qualities that render him the darling of the nation.

The king and all the males of his family wear the enſigns of a great variety of military orders. On their left breaſt is a row of ſtars like the belt of the conſtellation of Orion: they are alſo decorated with the blue ribband of the French order of the Holy Ghoſt, and

the inſignia of the Burgundian golden fleece. They have beſides the Neapolitan red ſaſh of Saint Januarius, the red croſſes of Calatrava, founded in 1158, of Saint Iago, dating from 1175, and of Monteſa, inſtituted in 1317, and the green croſs of Alcantara, invented in 1176. After all theſe badges, comes the blue and white ribband of the Conception or Carlos tercero, eſtabliſhed by the preſent king, on the birth of the late ſon of the prince of Aſturias.

LETTER XL.

Aranjuez, May 28, 1776.

IN the courſe of laſt week, we ſaw the king's ſtallions, ſome of which are beautiful creatures. Before I came into Spain, I thought handſome horſes were to be met with in every part of the kingdom, but to my great ſurprize, found them very rare in all the provinces; ſo little attention has there been paid to the breed of that generous animal, formerly the boaſt of Spain.

At Villamejor, a few miles from hence down the Tagus,

Tagus, his majeſty has a ſtable of a leſs noble, but not leſs uſeful race of ſtallions, that of Jack-aſſes. Theſe beaſts are of a ſhape and ſize you can have no idea of: they are fourteen hands high, and have ſuch monſtrous large heads, thick legs, and rough coats of long hair over their whole body, that ſcarce a trace remains of the figure of an animal. They ſay theſe *Garañones*, as the Spaniards term them, are extremely furious in the covering ſeaſon; I am ſure at preſent, they are the moſt ſtupid of their dull ſpecies. Each aſs covers twenty mares, and coſts near thirty thouſand reals, about two hundred and eighty pounds ſterling. They are bred in the mancha.

The way to Villamejor lies along the vale through a conſiderable new farm, called the *Campo flamenco*, lately taken in by the marquis Grimaldi, and laid out in a grand ſcale. On an eminence ſtands the farm houſe, with large rooms for the royal family to take a hunter's repaſt in. The road up to it is a ſhewy, royal work, but might have been ſpared had the building been erected a little lower, or had it been intended for the reception of none but common huſbandmen.

In our return in the evening we overtook the bulls intended for the next day's feaſt or fight. They appeared very peaceable and tractable. Whatever may be ſaid of their ferocity, when irritated in the *arena* by darts, fire, and lances, I am apt to think they can never

ver be ſo terrible or dangerous as our vicious bulls in England. Thoſe I have ſeen wanted ſize and weight, and did not appear to me to have any real fury in their nature, 'till it is raiſed by repeated provocations, and the deſultory attacks of ſo many adverſaries. To bring them quietly along the roads from their paſture, the drovers employ certain white oxen, trained up to be decoys; theſe go along with the bulls, 'till they lead them into the ſtables under the amphitheatre.

I have now been a ſpectator of ſeveral *Fieſtas de Toros*, but cannot bring myſelf to have any reliſh for the diverſion. Whatever they may have been in former times, they are certainly but a poor exhibition at preſent, though the crowds of people aſſembled in a circle, and agitated in a moſt tumultuous manner, muſt be allowed to be an intereſting and curious ſpectacle. None of the royal family ever appear at theſe favorite amuſements of the Spaniſh nation: the nobility no longer pique themſelves upon their ſtrength, courage, or dexterity, in theſe rough exerciſes; and the fair condeſcend to yield up their hearts and perſons to lovers that have given no proofs of their proweſs, but in combats of a ſofter nature: the conſequence is, a total want of emulation: no gentleman cares to hazard his life in a trial of ſkill that promiſes no advantage to him of any kind. The ſhew is conducted with great œconomy and niggardlineſs; none but the worſt of horſes are bought for the

the day; and the mercenary gladiators no longer ſtudy the moſt dexterous, but the moſt ſecure way of deſtroying the bulls, being allowed ſo much a head for each beaſt they ſlaughter. The money paid for boxes and ſeats, is appropriated to the building or endowing of ſome hoſpital.

The coup-d'œil of the amphitheatre, filled with ſo many ſpectators of all ranks, is very ſtriking. They are ſo very noiſy and impatient till the ſhew begins, and in ſuch violent commotion while it laſts, that one is kept in perpetual alarm and flurry of ſpirits for the firſt or ſecond time of aſſiſting at this diverſion. Contrary to the cuſtom of the ancient Romans, who placed the ſenators next to the *podium*, the nobility ſit here in wooden galleries and boxes, the mob on benches below, next the arena. A row of ſoldiers, behind the circular parapet wall, or paliſado, hold out halberts and bayonets, to keep the beaſts within the liſts: but it ſometimes happens that a bull, while yet in full vigour, will take a run, and leap over into the crowd on the benches. The confuſion it creates is very great; but as the bull is itſelf hampered and diſabled by the ſeats and woodwork, it can do but little miſchief before it is diſpatched [31].

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[31] In ſome of the liſts delivered out with an account of an approaching bull-feaſt, notice is given, that people are permitted to flap their hats in the ſun. Since the revolt of Madrid (when all hats were ordered to be worn

The common method of conducting a bull-feaſt is as follows: One or two *Toriadors*, dreſſed in rich jackets, broad-brimmed hats, and breeches and boots made of a tough, impenetrable leather, and holding under their right arm a long aſhen lance (tipped with a broad ſhallow-pointed head, that can only enter ſkin-deep) parade on horſeback round the liſts, and pay their devoirs to the governor of the place. They then retire to their poſt, almoſt in front of a large door, which is opened to let out the bull. The fellow that opens it takes care to climb up immediately into the gallery; for it is not unuſual for the bulls to ſtop ſhort as ſoon as they get out, and make a home-thruſt at the porter: ſome ruſh forth with the utmoſt impetuoſity, and run directly at the horſemen; others gaze around, and take their meaſures with more circumſpection.

The cavalier preſents the head of his horſe to the bull, and with the lance, which cuts along its ſhoulders, puſhes it away to the right, at the ſame time bearing off his horſe to the left: his antagoniſt is driven out of the line by the violence of the thruſt, and its horns paſs behind, without hurting either horſe or rider. When the man is mounted on a nimble, ſpirited,

worn cocked up, wherever the court reſides) the common hangman is commanded to wear his ſlouched, that others may not be tempted to let theirs down, for fear of being miſtaken for him.

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and docile ſteed, there is no difficulty in this evolution, as the motions of both animals coincide in giving additional force to the well-directed ſtroke: but if the horſe is numb or refractory, the bull is likely to ſtrike him in the flank, and throw both horſe and cavalier to the ground.

There is another way of attacking, with a kind of forked dagger. The horſeman ſtands cloſe by the door, and as the bull ſprings forward into the liſts, he plants the weapon in the back of its neck, and kills it on the ſpot. Should he miſs his aim, there is ſcarce a poſſibility of his eſcaping from the enraged animal; for which reaſon this mode of combat is ſeldom practiſed.

To take off the bull's attention, and to make ſport, ſeveral nimble fellows on foot run about and toſs darts with curled paper tied to them, which, ſticking in the head and ſhoulders, drive the poor creature to madneſs, and cauſe a great effuſion of blood. This light infantry is often in imminent danger, obliged to run for its life, and ſave itſelf by flying into the receſſes in the paliſadoes, or by jumping over the parapet: it ſometimes happens that neither the ſhouts of the multitude, nor the aſſaults of the other runners, can call off the bull from the purſuit of one particular fellow; who has then nothing to truſt to but his own agility, being totally unprovided with offenſive as well as defenſive weapons.

When the governor thinks a victim has afforded ſufficient diverſion, leave is given to put an end to its life. A well-made champion ſteps forth, with a ſhort brown cloak hung upon a ſtick held out in his left hand, and a ſtrait two-edged ſword in his right; the blade is always of the fineſt Toledo temper, and the hilt covered with leather. This *Matador* advances up to the bull, and provokes it to action; as the bull darts at him, and makes a puſh obliquely, with its eyes ſhut, he turns it off with the cloak, retiring a little on one ſide to be ready for the return. On the ſecond attack, he holds the ſword in an horizontal poſition, with ſuch ſteady aim, that the furious beaſt ruſhes upon the point, and by its own impetuoſity forces it up to the hilt. The ſword enters at the collar-bone, and either pierces the heart, or cuts the great artery. Sometimes the bull drops down dead inſtantaneouſly; ſometimes ſtands a few minutes, heaving and ſpouting a torrent of blood out of the mouth and noſtrils.

When the bull proves ſo cowardly, or ſo exhauſted with fatigue and loſs of blood, as to refuſe to run at the matador, it is diſpatched by ſtabs in any part of the body, or worried by bull-dogs. The laſt bull of each fieſta is *embobado*, that is, his horns are muffled, and all the mob is let in, with ſticks in their hands, to learn the trade, to beat the animal, or to be bruiſed and toſſed about

about themſelves. Three mules, adorned with ſtreamers and bells, draw off the ſlaughtered bulls and horſes between each battle.

I have been thus particular in my account of a bull-fight (though you may find deſcriptions of it in almoſt every book that treats of Spain) becauſe moſt of thoſe I have read talk of royal feaſts and exhibitions, which are very different things from the common ſhews now a days. Our laſt was a very bloody one: two bulls killed ſeven horſes, but luckily no men loſt their lives, though many had hair-breadth eſcapes. I never ſaw any thing ſo weak and inactive as the poor horſes were; they had not agility enough to avoid one ſtroke: and of all horrible ſights, that of the bull's tearing out their entrails, and toſſing them about with its horns, was the moſt nauſeous and ſhocking I ever beheld. Both the bulls were hacked to death in a very awkward manner; but the ſpectators were mightily delighted with the barbarity and bloodſhed. We were the other night at a puppet-ſhew, that ended in the repreſentation of a bull-fight; the mob in the pit was to the full as violently affected, as riotous, and noiſy, as they could poſſibly have been at the real ſpectacle.

Laſt year a negro from Buenos Ayres, where he had been trained up from his infancy to hunt the wild cattle of the deſart, exhibited ſome very extraordinary

feats of ſtrength and dexterity: he took a long rope, with a running nooſe, and throwing it over the horns of a bull, brought it cloſe to a ſtrong ſtake, fixed in the middle of the area, where he tied it tight, till he had faſtened a ſaddle on its back, on which he ſeated himſelf; he then cut the cord, and let the beaſt run about and exert ineffectual efforts to ſhake off ſo unuſual a load by the moſt furious movements. When fatigue had ſufficiently tamed it, he drove this uncommon ſteed againſt another bull, which he ſoon diſpatched, and then at one blow ſtruck the beaſt that he was mounted upon, dead. The violence of this exerciſe generally brought on him a dangerous ſpitting of blood.

The princes and their attendants are now very buſy preparing, by daily rehearſals, for the *Parejas*; which we cannot ſtay to ſee, as they are ſeldom exhibited till the middle of June.

Theſe Parejas are a kind of dance on horſeback, in imitation, perhaps, of the Trojan games deſcribed by Virgil in the fifth book of the Æneid; or more probably of ſome tournament in the times of Mooriſh chivalry.

The prince of Aſturias, Don Gabriel, Don Antonio, and Don Lewis, have revived them, and each heads a ſquadron of twelve young gentlemen, arrayed in the ancient Spaniſh dreſs; the diviſions diſtinguiſhed by the particular

particular colour of their cloaths, feathers, and horſe furniture. They parade with muſic before them in a large tilting yard near the palace; ſeparate themſelves into detachments, and perform various intricate figures, reſembling thoſe of a ſtage dance. The docility and elegance of the horſes, the ſplendour and gaiety of apparel of the riders, more than any thing there is in the game itſelf, render it entertaining for the firſt time of ſeeing; but it languiſhes from a want of that action, that ſpirit, which intereſts us ſo ſtrongly in all public ſports, when the actors exert uncommon ſtrength and ſkill, and are, or ſeem to be, in ſome kind of danger. However, it is a pompous ſpectacle, and may produce very ſalutary effects, by rouſing the nobility from their lethargy, and encouraging them to be a little more attentive to the breed and education of their horſes.

LETTER XLI.

Madrid, June 4, 1776.

SINCE our return from Aranjuez, the mornings have been employed in turning over a multitude of books and prints, and in taking extracts of ſuch parts as tend to elucidate the hiſtory, literature, or antiquities of Spain. In the afternoons, we have ſpent our time in viſiting the moſt remarkable edifices of the city; if you except the royal palaces, there are few buildings worthy of attention, nor do I believe there is in Europe a capital that has ſo little to ſhew as Madrid; having never been the ſee of a biſhop, it has of courſe no cathedral, nor indeed any church, that diſtinguiſhes itſelf much from the common herd of pariſhes and convents. Allowing ſome few exceptions, I think I may ſafely pronounce the outward architecture of them all to be barbarous, and their manner of ornamenting the inſide as bad as that of the worſt ages; moſt of them were erected or retouched during the term of years that elapſed between the middle of the ſeventeenth century and the year 1759, a period in the hiſtory of Spain,

Spain, when all arts and ſciences were fallen to the loweſt ebb of depravement; the effect of the degeneracy of manners, the want of public ſpirit, and the diſorder and weakneſs of a decaying monarchy. Theſe vices in the political ſyſtem under the three laſt princes of the Auſtrian line, could not be removed immediately on the acceſſion of another family; the wars that ſhook the very foundations of their throne for the firſt ten years of this century, kept all polite arts groveling in the duſt; and when they ventured to raiſe their heads again, and court the favour of the ſovereign, there ſeems to have been a total want of able profeſſors to ſecond their efforts, and aſſiſt them in returning to the paths of good ſenſe and true taſte. No mad architect ever dreamed of a diſtortion of members ſo capricious, of a twiſt of pillars, cornices, or pediments, ſo wild and fantaſtic, but what a real ſample of it may be produced in ſome or other of the churches of Madrid. They are all ſmall, and poor in marbles as well as pictures. Their altars are piles of wooden ornaments heaped up to the ceiling, and ſtuck full of wax lights, which more than once have ſet fire to the whole church. The convents which may be ſaid to poſſeſs a good collection of pictures, are thoſe of Saint Paſqual and of the bare-footed Carmelite nuns. The former has a fine Titian, a capital Guerchino, and many other pieces by

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eſteemed Italian maſters. In the ſacriſty of the latter, is a numerous collection of paintings by various hands, many of which are of ſuperior merit. The tombs of Ferdinand the ſixth and of his queen Barbara, in the church of the viſitation, are almoſt the only ſepulchral monuments of any conſequence.

The firſt king that made any long abode in Madrid, was Henry the fourth. Before his reign, this was but an inſignificant place, with a ſmall caſtle for the convenience of the princes that came to hunt the bear in the environs, which were then as woody as they now are naked. Its ſituation on a hill overlooking many leagues of country, open on every ſide to a wholeſome circulation of air, and abundance of good water, induced the emperor Charles the fifth to build an ample palace here, which he intended to make his chief reſidence, as he thought the climate beſt adapted to his conſtitution. The ſovereign being once fixed at Madrid, the nobility ſoon abandoned their hereditary caſtles and houſes in other cities, to follow the court. They were under the neceſſity of ſettling in the houſes they found ready built; and for that reaſon, added to the ſupine indifference that ſeized the Spaniards during the laſt two-thirds of the ſeventeenth century, and near half of this, moſt of the great families ſtill continue to inhabit vaſt ranges of ugly fabrics not diſtinguiſhable from the

the common houſes in the ſtreets, except by their larger dimenſions.

The palaces of the grandees that contain either ſtatues or pictures of value, are few in number.

In that of Medina Celi are many precious monuments of antiquity in marble, the remains of a great collection brought from Italy, by one of the Dukes of Alcalá.

The duke of Saint Eſtévan poſſeſſes many of the beſt works of Luca Giordano.

In the gallery of the marquis of Santiago, Murillo has painted the life of Jacob and a Madonna, which may be reckoned among the moſt capital of the Spaniſh ſchool.

At the Duke of Alba's is to be ſeen a very famous picture of Corregio, called the ſchool of Cupid; it repreſents Venus giving the God of Love to be tutored by Mercury. There is alſo an holy family, ſaid to be by Raphael; a charming Venus, by Velaſquez, lying half reclined with her back to the ſpectator, and her face reflected in a mirror ſhe holds in her hand. Among the portraits, the moſt curious are thoſe of Anna Bullen, and the great Duke of Alba. Here are alſo very fine hangings, executed after the Cartoons of Raphael, which, with the Venus of Correggio, once formed part of the collection of that nice connoiſſeur and unſkilful monarch, Charles the firſt of England.

Theſe pictures naturally lead me to ſpeak of the royal palace; which I ſhould have mentioned firſt, had I not wiſhed to diſpatch the leſſer objects, that I might have nothing to think of that could interfere with the deſcription of the noble collection in the new palace.

The old palace was burnt down to the ground in 1734, and Philip Juvara commiſſioned by Philip the fifth to give a plan for rebuilding it in the moſt ſplendid manner. The model he made is ſtill exiſting, but was rejected on account of the immenſity of the ſize, and the greatneſs of the expence, as well as of the want of ſufficient room to place it, the king being determined on account of the air, to have it rebuilt on the exact ſpot where the old one ſtood. Juvara dying before he could prepare a ſecond deſign, his diſciple Sachetti produced that which has been carried into execution; both his and his maſter's plans have the defect of being clumſy and confuſed in the windows, pilaſters, and ornaments; where they have aimed at ſimplicity, they have ſunk their architecture under a load of ſtone, and where they have ſtudied to be rich and light, they have generally given into the capricious rather than the beautiful.

It is all of white ſtone. Each of the fronts being four hundred and ſeventy feet in length, by an hundred high, this pile towers over all the country, where nothing intercepts the view for many miles. The entrances

trances and ground-floor appear more like thoſe of ſome mighty fortreſs, than of the peaceable habitation of a powerful monarch, an hundred leagues removed from his frontiers. The range of large glazed arches round the inner court, reſembles the inſide of a manufactory: this is the more unpardonable, as they had at no great diſtance in the Alcazar of Toledo, as elegant a colonnade as the niceſt critic could deſire. The beautiful circular court of Granada might have ſuggeſted noble ideas to the architect, but probably at that time, the very exiſtence of ſuch a thing was a ſecret at Madrid.

The ſtair-caſe was meant to be double, but it was afterwards judged more convenient to ſhut up one flight, as the remaining half anſwered every purpoſe. At the foot of the ſtairs I ſhall leave all my ſpleen, and prepare myſelf with unfeigned ſatisfaction to deſcribe to you the beauty and grandeur of the upper apartments. I know no palace in Europe, fitted up with ſo much true royal magnificence. The ceilings are chef-d'œuvres of Mengs, Corrado, and Tiepolo. The richeſt marbles are employed with great taſte in forming the cornices and ſocles of the rooms, and the frames of the doors and windows. What enhances the value of theſe marbles, is the circumſtance of their being all produced in the quarries of Spain, from whence

it is the opinion of a learned writer, that ancient Rome was ſupplied with many of the precious materials that enriched her porticoes and temples. At leaſt, there is no preſumption in aſſerting, that the bowels of the earth in Spain contain moſt of thoſe ſpecies of marbles, alabaſters, &c. that are to be ſeen in the ruins of the miſtreſs of the world, whatever might be the countries from which they were drawn. Porphyry is found near Cordova; the fineſt jaſper near Aracena; the mountains of Granada furniſh a beautiful green, thoſe of Tortoſa a variety of brown marbles; Leon and Malaga ſend alabaſter; Toledo, Talavera, Badajoz, and Murviedro, abound in marbles of different colours; and moſt parts of the kingdom afford ſome ſpecimen or other of jaſper, beſides the amethyſt and its radix, for which Spain is celebrated above moſt other countries.

The great audience chamber is one of the richeſt I know. The ceiling, painted by Tiepolo, repreſents the triumph of Spain; round the cornice the artiſt has placed allegorical figures of its different provinces, diſtinguiſhed by their productions, and attended by ſeveral of their inhabitants in the provincial habit; theſe form a moſt uncommon picture, and a curious ſet of *Coſtumi*. The walls are incruſtated with beautiful marble, and all round hung with large plates of looking-glaſs

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in rich frames. The manufactory of glaſs is at Saint Ildefonſo, where they caſt them of a very great ſize; but I am told they are apt to turn out much rougher and more full of flaws than thoſe made in France.

A collection of pictures, by the greateſt maſters of the art, adorns the walls of the inner apartments; but even this vaſt fabric does not afford room for all the riches his Catholic Majeſty poſſeſſes in this branch. The detail and catalogue of a number of paintings is ſure to fatigue a reader who has never ſeen, nor can ever rationally expect to ſee them; therefore it is incumbent upon me to ſelect only a few of my favorites from my memorandums.

The gallery of the Eſcurial is ſaid to be ſtill more valuable, eſpecially as the famous picture of Raphael of the carrying the croſs, called the Spaſimo di Sicilia[32], remains in this palace unplaced, and conſequently unſeen.

Of the works of Titian, the moſt remarkable are, a Bachanalian woman lying on her back, aſleep; the liquor has diffuſed a glow over her beautiful face, and her body is divinely handſome; one of the greateſt painters of the age has often declared, he never paſſed before this picture without being ſtruck with admira-

[32] Raphael painted it for the Church of the Madonna dello Spaſimo, or the mother of Dolours, in Sicily.

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tion. Some boys playing, full of grace and a charming variety of attitudes.

Rubens: Chriſt and St. John Baptiſt, lovely children. A prieſt on horſeback, carrying the viaticum to a ſick perſon, accompanied by Rodolph earl of Hapſburgh, one of the maſter-pieces of his pencil.

Murillo: A vintager, wineſeller, holy family, two boys; all in their different characters, excellently painted with a rich mellow colour.

Vandyke: The ſeizing of Chriſt in the garden, a ſtrong compoſition; ſeveral portraits abſolutely alive.

Spagnolet: Iſaac feeling Jacob's hands; very capital.

Velaſquez: Many portraits. His genius ſhines moſt conſpicuous in the equeſtrian figure of the Conde Duque Olivarés, prime miniſter of Philip the fourth, which I really think the beſt portrait I ever beheld: I know not which moſt to admire; the chiaro ſcuro, the life and ſpirit of the rider, or the natural poſition and fire of the horſe. Another of a young prince alſo on horſeback, is a beautiful piece: the little cavalier ſits upright, and ſeems proud of his exalted ſtation; but the fixed ſerious caſt of his features, betrays the apprehenſion he feels of his prancing ſteed. The water-ſeller of Saville, an admirable old figure; ſome women ſpinning; and Velaſquez himſelf drawing the portrait of an Infanta.

Mengs:

Mengs: Many fine things, which, even in this rare collection, do not ſeem intruders; moſt of them repreſent devout lugubrious events, the moſt gloomy of which, ſuch as the flagellation and crucifixion, have been choſen by the king to adorn his bed-chamber. Among the profane and allegorical ſubjects he has treated, I was much delighted with four light airy genii over the doors, repreſenting the different parts of the day.

The laſt pictures I ſhall mention, in order to cloſe my catalogue with eclat, are an holy family, and a Chriſt praying in the garden, by Correggio, not inferior to any of the ſmall-ſized works of that child of the graces. Of the laſt-mentioned piece I have ſeen more than one repetition. In the Capodimonte collection near Naples, is one exactly ſimilar.

I have paſſed over many excellent pictures by a crowd of Italian and Flemiſh painters, that would hold the firſt rank in moſt other galleries.

In the magazines and ſtore-rooms lie unſorted, a number of pictures, ſufficient to furniſh ſuch another ſuite of apartments.

At the bottom of the palace-yard is an old building, called the Armeria, containing a curious aſſortment of antique arms and weapons, kept in a manner that would have made poor Cornelius Scriblerus ſwoon at every ſtep;

no notable houſe-maid in England has her fire-grates half ſo bright as theſe coats of mail; they ſhew thoſe of all the heroes that dignify the annals of Spain; thoſe of St. Ferdinand, Ferdinand the Catholic, his wife Iſabella, Charles the fifth, the great captain Gonſalo, the king of Granada, and many others. Some ſuits are emboſſed with great nicety. The temper of the ſword-blades is quite wonderful; for you may lap them round your waiſt like a girdle. The art of tempering ſteel in Toledo, was loſt about ſeventy years ago, and the project of reviving and encouraging it, is one of the favourite ſchemes of Charles the third, who has erected proper works for it on the banks of the Tagus.

As the new palace ſtands on the brow of a ſteep hill, and is hemmed in very cloſe behind by the buildings of the town, it became neceſſary to open a communication with the vale of Mançanarés below, that his Majeſty might go into the country without paſſing through the whole city of Madrid. In order to effect this, they have cut a broad road, with an eaſy aſcent from the river to the palace, and adorned it at the foot of the hill with a kind of triumphal arch, dedicated to St. Vincent. This expence might have been ſaved, as well as the many thouſands of dollars buried in the vaults and ſubſtructions that ſerve as foundations to the ponderous maſs of buildings which compoſe the palace,

had

had the kings thought proper to re-build or embelliſh their houſe at the Buenretiro, on the hill eaſt of Madrid [33]. Inſtead of being crampt for room, even for a walk or a terrace, they would there have had a large garden ready planted, and ſpace behind to ſtretch out

[33] The finiſhing and fitting up of the new palace has, in all probability, ſaved Madrid from ruin, by fixing the court of Spain to this ſpot. The king intended to have removed it for ever to Seville and the ſouthern provinces, after the ſedition of Madrid, when the populace roſe in conſequence of the order for cleaning the ſtreets, and the prohibition of ſlouched hats and large cloaks. His ſurprize, reſentment, and indignation, would certainly have induced him to retire for ever from ſo barbarous a metropolis, to the milder climate of Andaluſiá, had not his miniſter, unwilling that ſo much treaſure ſhould have been laviſhed in the improvements of the palaces in Caſtile to no manner of purpoſe, and loath to abandon to deſtruction ſo many darling creations of his own, prevailed on his royal maſter to conquer his anger, and alter his determination. But the king ſtill retains ſo much ſpleen againſt Madrid, as to diſlike to ſojourn in it; and indeed, he eſcapes from it as often as decency will allow him. It was ſaid at the time, that many perſons of rank were mingled in diſguiſe among the mob, to encourage them to proceed to extremities; but this ſeems a groundleſs report. It is very remarkable, that during the greateſt ferment of the ſedition, all parties retired, as if by mutual conſent, about dinner-time, to take their uſual nap or meridiana; after which they returned to the charge with freſh vigour, and redoubled fury, reſumed their clamours, and repeated their outrages. The military force finally quelled the tumult, and the king carried his point. Every blackguard now loiters about with his hat pinned up triangularly; but the moment he gets out of town, and beyond the bounds of the proclamation, he indulges himſelf in flapping it down on all ſides.

their improvements as many miles as they could wiſh. The air in both ſituations muſt be equally good, and for any thing there is to ſee in the adjacent country, which is the only difference the new palace can boaſt of, I ſhould think it rather a diſadvantage than a recommendation: ſurely the view from the retiro towards the beſt part of the city, with a full command of the public walks, is much grander and more agreeable than a ſtretch over twenty leagues of ill-cultivated depopulated hills.

The palace of the Buenretiro is now ſtript of all its beſt pictures and furniture. The buildings are poor, and unworthy of a ſovereign, ſo that few parts of it could have been preſerved in any judicious plan. The only remarkable things about it are the theatre, where Farinelli ſang before a court, which he may be ſaid to have governed as prime miniſter; a bronze ſtatue of Charles the fifth; and an equeſtrian one of Philip the fourth, caſt by Tacca at Florence; the poſture of the horſe curvetting, ſupported by his hind feet and tail, is very ingenious; and it appears difficult to conceive how the artiſt could contrive to preſerve the equilibrium of ſuch a maſs, entirely thrown out of its perpendicular. The gardens are agreeable, and open to the public; one of the great ornaments of Madrid, is the fine iron railing that divides them from the walks

of

of the Prado, and the road up the hill to the gate of Alcala, a new arch deſigned by Sabatini; this gate is rather heavy, but perhaps its ſituation requires the parts to be very ſolid, in order to produce a grand effect from the proper point of view; at leaſt it enſures to them, an almoſt eternal duration.

In the ſhallow vale between the retiro and the town, which has not the leaſt ſuburb of any kind belonging to it, the preſent king has finiſhed the Prado, which in a few years, provided they manage the trees properly, will be one of the fineſt walks in the world. Its length and breadth are great, the avenues drawn in an intelligent noble ſtyle, the foot paths wide and neat, the iron railing and ſtone ſeats done in a grand expenſive manner. All the coaches in Madrid drive in the ring here; and though the abſence of the court leſſens the appearance more than two-thirds, yet laſt night I counted two hundred carriages following each other. On the declivity of the retiro, they mean to plant a botanical garden.

The view from this walk is, as it ſhould be, confined; for the winds are ſo ſharp and boiſterous, and the landſcape ſo horrid all round the city, that no place of public reſort could be comfortable, unleſs it were, like this, ſhut in from all diſtant views, and ſheltered by the hills from the blaſts that ſweep over the highlands of Caſtille. To

the weſt, it has the town, the three principal ſtreets of which terminate in the Prado; there are three noble openings, excellently paved, and clean even to a nicety, indeed ſo are moſt of the ſtreets of Madrid ſince the edict for paving and cleaning them; the foreigners that reſided here before that time, ſhudder at the very recollection of its former filth. Some of the natives regret the old ſtinks and naſtineſs, as they pretend that the air of Madrid is ſo ſubtile, as to require a proper mixture of a groſſer effluvia to prevent its pernicious effects upon the conſtitution. The extremes of cold and heat are aſtoniſhing in this place, and the winds ſo ſearching, that all the Spaniards wear leathern under-waiſtcoats to preſerve their cheſts, for they pervade every other kind of cloathing. In ſummer the duſt is intolerable.

To the eaſt and north the heights of the retiro defend the Prado from cold. The walk extends from the gate of Saint Barbara to that of Atocha, and there joins an older avenue of trees, which reaches down to the new canal and the banks of the Mançanarés. This canal is a late undertaking, that has hitherto anſwered very well: near two leagues of it down the valley is navigable; and the tranſporting of lime, ſtones, and other materials for building, the plantations of mulberries and other trees, and the ſale of a right of angling

angling, have already produced ſubſtantial advantages. The king has almoſt completed his communication highway between the Aranjuez road and the gate of Saint Vincent. It croſſes the ends of the bridges called, on account of the places they lead to, the bridges of Toledo and Segovia; they are long and lofty, but decorated in the moſt wretched of all taſtes; many writers have ridiculed them as immenſe piles of arches thrown over an inſignificant rivulet, but the truth is, the Mançanarés ſometimes ſwells to a great height, and pours down a terrible volume of water; the ſands it has already waſhed down have almoſt choaked up ſome of the arches, and theſe high bridges may in time prove too low for the little brook.

In the broken banks ſouth of the river are found large quantities of pebbles, called Diamonds of Saint Iſidro. They cut them like precious ſtones, and ladies of the firſt faſhion wear them in their hair as pins, or on their fingers as rings. They have little or no luſtre, and a very dead glaſſy water. The value of the beſt rough ſtone does not exceed a few pence.

Oppoſite the new gate below the palace, is the royal park of the Caſa del campo. The villa is a building of no conſequence; the woods are wild and pleaſant, though not ſo extenſive as they might be made with a little attention: in the court is a grand equeſtrian ſta-

tue

tue of Philip the third, by John of Bologna; and in the rooms are many pictures, among others the original of Callot's temptation of Saint Anthony. In the menagery are ſome Vicuñas or Peruvian ſheep, from whoſe wool a very fine ſilky cloth is woven, and made up into winter cloaths without being dyed; it is of a rich brown colour, and ſells very dear.

LETTER XLII.

Madrid, June 5, 1776.

IT has been my conſtant ſtudy, during our tour round Spain, to note down and tranſmit to you every peculiarity that might throw light upon the diſtinctive turn and genius of the nation. Experience has taught me to look upon this method as the beſt, and indeed the only ſure guide to the knowledge of a people; but at the ſame time, has made me ſenſible how imperfect an idea is to be acquired by a tranſitory view, in a progreſs of a few months. Cuſtoms that ſtruck me at firſt as unaccountable, from my ignorance of motives and ſituations, have frequently ſince appeared to me

me not only proper and rational, but abſolutely ſo much in the common courſe of things, that I have wondered how I came to put them down as extraordinary. The miſtakes I have found myſelf guilty of in ſeveral little remarks made in the firſt part of my journey, have rendered me very cautious of deciding upon matters, where I could not come at a knowledge of their cauſes. I therefore very early learned to miſtruſt my ſenſes, and applied where I expected to have my doubts reſolved, and the reaſons of modes and uſages explained to me. Accordingly I omitted no opportunity of drawing information from the natives of all ranks; from ſtrangers long eſtabliſhed in Spain, and from thoſe who having reſided but a few years here, were more likely to be ſenſible of the ſingularities of the national diſpoſition. I cannot ſay my endeavours have been crowned with much ſucceſs. Were I to draw the picture of the Spaniards from the manyfold ſketches traced by their countrymen, every province in the kingdom would in its turn appear a Paradiſe, and a Pandæmonium, a ſeat of holy ſpirits, and a receptacle of malicious devils; the moſt contradictory accounts, enforced by the moſt poſitive aſſeverations, have been repeatedly given me of the ſame places. I have often found the virtue one province prides itſelf in, as being the ſpecific mark of its inhabitants, not only refuſed them

them by a neighbouring country, but the very oppoſite vice impoſed upon them as their characteriſtic. The Engliſh, French, and other foreigners, living in Spain, are in general but indifferently qualified to decide upon theſe matters: as long as they retain the prejudics they brought from home againſt every thing that claſhes with their native cuſtoms, they are but partial judges; and when once they fall into the ways of the place where commerce has fixed their lot, they become ſuch thorough-paced Spaniards, that they can neither perceive the particularities you ſpeak to them of, nor aſſign reaſons for uſes that are grown habitual to them.

As I am not aſhamed to acknowledge my inſufficiency, I frankly confeſs it is not in my power to give what you may think a ſatisfactory character of the Spaniards. Were I inclined to flatter my ſelf-love, I might add, that I do not eſteem any of thoſe who have already written on the ſubject, much better qualified than myſelf. What I can venture to ſay, amounts to very little.'

The Catalans appear to be the moſt active ſtirring ſet of men, the beſt calculated for buſineſs, travelling, and manufactories. The Valencians a more ſullen, ſedate race, better adapted to the occupations of huſbandmen, leſs eager to change place, and of a much more timid, ſuſpicious caſt of mind than the former.

The Andaluſians [34] ſeem to me the great talkers and rodomontadoes of Spain. The Caſtillians have a manly frankneſs, and leſs appearance of cunning and deceit. The new Caſtillians are perhaps the leaſt induſtrious of the whole nation; the old Caſtillians are laborious, and retain more of ancient ſimplicity of manners; both are of a firm determined ſpirit. I take the Aragoneſe to be a mixture of the Caſtillian and Catalan, rather inclining to the former. The Biſcayners are acute and diligent, fiery, and impatient of controul; more reſembling a colony of republicans, than a province of an abſolute monarchy. The Galicians are a plodding pains-taking race of mortals, that roam over Spain in ſearch of an hardly-earned ſubſiſtence.

The liſtleſs indolence equally dear to the uncivilized ſavage, and to the degenerate ſlave of deſpotiſm, is no where more indulged than in Spain; thouſands of men in all parts of the realm are ſeen to paſs their whole day, wrapped up in a cloak, ſtanding in rows againſt a wall, or doſing under a tree. In total want of every excitement to action, the ſprings of their intellectual faculties forget to play; their views grow

[34] Andaluſiá is derived from the Arabic, and means a *dark evening weſtern country*. It was a name generally given by the Saracens to all Spain, and agrees with that of Heſperia, which it was known by among the Greeks.

confined within the wretched ſphere of mere exiſtence, and they ſcarce ſeem to hope or foreſee any thing better than their preſent ſtate of vegetation; they feel little or no concern for the welfare or glory of a country, where the ſurface of the earth is engroſſed by a few over-grown families, who ſeldom beſtow a thought on the condition of their vaſſals. The *poor* Spaniard does not work, unleſs urged by irreſiſtible want, becauſe he perceives no advantage accrue from induſtry. As his food and raiment are purchaſed at a ſmall expence, he ſpends no more time in labour, than is abſolutely neceſſary for procuring the ſcanty proviſion his abſtemiouſneſs requires. I have heard a peaſant refuſe to run an errand, becauſe he had that morning earned as much already as would laſt him the day, without putting himſelf to any further trouble.

Yet I am convinced that this lazineſs is not eſſentially inherent in the Spaniſh compoſition; for it is impoſſible without ſeeing them, to conceive with what eagerneſs they purſue any favourite ſcheme, with what violence their paſſions work upon them, and what vigour and exertion of powers they diſplay when awakened by a bull-feaſt, or the more conſtant agitation of gaming, a vice to which they are ſuperlatively addicted. Were it again poſſible, by an intelligent, ſpirited adminiſtration, to ſet before their eyes, in a clear and forcible

manner,

manner, proper incitements to activity and induſtry, the Spaniards might yet be rouſed from their lethargy, and led to riches and reputation; but I confeſs the taſk is ſo difficult, that I look upon it rather as an Utopian idea, than as a revolution likely ever to take place.

Their ſoldiers are brave, and patient of hardſhips; wherever their officers lead them, they will follow without flinching, though it be up to the mouth of a battery of cannon; but unleſs the example be given them by their commander, not a ſtep will they advance.

Moſt of the Spaniards are hardy; and when once engaged, go through difficulties without murmuring, bear the inclemencies of the ſeaſons with firmneſs, and ſupport fatigue with amazing perſeverance. They ſleep every night in their cloaks on the ground; are ſparing in diet, perhaps more from a ſenſe of habitual indigence, than from any averſion to gluttony; whenever they can riot in the plenty of another man's table, they will gormandize to exceſs, and not content with eating their fill, will carry off whatever they can ſtuff into their pockets. I have more than once been a witneſs to the pillage of a ſupper, by the numerous beaux and admirers which the ladies lead after them in triumph, wherever they are are invited. They are fond of ſpices,

and ſcarce eat any thing without ſaffron, pimento, or garlic; they delight in wine that taſtes ſtrong of the pitched ſkin, and of oil that has a rank ſmell and taſte; indeed, the ſame oil feeds their lamp, ſwims in their pottage, and dreſſes their ſallad: in inns the lighted lamp is frequently handed down to the table, that each man may take the quantity he chooſes. Much tobacco is uſed by them in ſmoking and chewing. All theſe hot drying kinds of food, co-operating with the parching qualities of the atmoſphere, are aſſigned as cauſes of the ſpare make of the common people in Spain, where the inn-keepers are almoſt the only well-fed, portly figures to be met with.

The Spaniſh is by no means naturally a ſerious, melancholy nation: miſery and diſcontent have caſt a gloom over them, increaſed, no doubt, by the long habit of diſtruſt and terror inſpired by the inquiſition; yet every village ſtill reſounds with the muſic of voices and guitars; and their fairs and Sunday wakes are remarkably noiſy and riotous. They talk louder, and argue with more vehemence than even the French or Italians, and geſticulate with equal, if not ſuperior eagerneſs. In Catalonia, the young men are expert at ball; and every village has its *Pelota* or ground for playing at fives; but in the ſouth of Spain, I never perceived that the inhabitants uſed any particular exerciſe. I am told,

told, that in the iſland of Majorca they ſtill wield the ſling, for which their anceſtors, the Baleares, were ſo much renowned.

Like moſt people of ſouthern climates, they are dirty in their perſons, and over-run with vermin.

The very mention of horns is an inſult, and the ſight of them makes their blood boil. As their conſtitution may be ſaid to be made up of the moſt combuſtible ingredients, and prone to love in a degree that natives of more northern latitudes can have no idea of, the cuſtom of embracing perſons of the other ſex, which is uſed on many occaſions by foreigners, ſets the Spaniards all on fire. They would as ſoon allow a man to paſs the night in bed with their wives or daughters, as ſuffer him to give them a kiſs; and indeed, I believe the ladies themſelves would look upon that favour as a certain prelude to others of greater conſequence. Next to accuſing a Spaniard of wearing horns, nothing can give him ſuch offence, as to ſuſpect him of having an iſſue.

I was ſurprized to find them ſo much more lukewarm in their devotion than I expected; but I will not take upon me to aſſert, though I have great reaſon to believe it, that there is in Spain as little true moral religion as in any country I ever travelled through, although none abounds more with provincial protectors,

tors, local Madonnas, and altars celebrated for particular cures and indulgences: Religion is a topic not to be touched, much leſs handled with any degree of curioſity, in the dominions of ſo tremendous a tribunal as the Inquiſition. From what little I ſaw, I am apt to ſuſpect, that the people here trouble themſelves with very few ſerious thoughts on the ſubject; and that, provided they can bring themſelves to believe that their favourite Saint looks upon them with an eye of affection, they take it for granted, that, under his benign influence, they are freed from all apprehenſions of damnation in a future ſtate; and indeed, from any great concern about the moral duties of this life. The burning zeal, which diſtinguiſhed their anceſtors above the reſt of the Catholic world, appears to have loſt much of its activity, and really ſeems nearly extinguiſhed. It is hard to aſcribe bounds to the changes a crafty, ſteady, and popular monarch might make in eccleſiaſtical matters. The unconcern betrayed by the whole nation at the fall of the Jeſuits, is a ſtrong proof of their preſent indifference. Thoſe fathers, the moſt powerful body politic in the kingdom, the rulers of the palace, and the deſpots of the cottage, the directors of the conſcience, and diſpoſers of the fortune of every rank of men, were all ſeized in one night, by detachments of ſoldiers, hurried like malefactors to the ſea-ports,

ſea-ports, and baniſhed for ever from the realm, without the leaſt reſiſtence to the royal mandate being made, or even threatened. Their very memory ſeems to be annihilated with their power.

We found the common people inoffenſive, if not civil; and having never had an opportunity of being witneſſes to any of their exceſſes, can ſay nothing of their violent love, jealouſy, or revenge, which are points moſt writers on Spain have expatiated upon with great pleaſure. I believe in this line, as well as in many others, their bad as well as good qualities have been magnified many degrees above the truth.

The moſt furious example of paſſion and cruelty that I heard of, happened a few years ago at San Lucas. A Carmelite friar fell deſperately in love with a young woman, to whom he was confeſſor. He tried every art of ſeduction his deſires could ſuggeſt to him; but to his unſpeakable vexation, found her virtue or indifference proof againſt all his machinations. His deſpair was heightened to a pitch of madneſs, upon hearing that ſhe was ſoon to be married to a perſon of her own rank in life. The furies of jealouſy ſeized his ſoul, and worked him up to the moſt barbarous of all determinations, that of depriving his rival of the prize, by putting an end to her exiſtence. He choſe Eaſter week for the perpetration of his crime. The unſuſ-

ſpecting

pecting girl came to the confeſſional, and poured out her ſoul at his feet; her innocence ſerved only to inflame his rage the more, and to confirm him in his bloody purpoſe. He gave her abſolution and the ſacrament with his own hands, as his love deterred him from murdering her, before he thought ſhe was purified from all ſtain of ſin, and her ſoul fit to take its flight to the tribunal of its Creator; but his jealouſy and revenge urged him to purſue her down the church, and plunge his dagger in her heart, as ſhe turned round to make a genuflection to the altar. He was immediately ſeized, and ſoon condemned to die; but leſt his ignominious execution ſhould reflect diſhonour on a religious order, which boaſts of having an aunt of the king of France among its members, his ſentence was changed into perpetual labour among the galley-ſlaves of Portorico.

The national qualities, good and bad, conſpicuous in the lower claſſes of men, are eaſily traced, and very diſcernible in thoſe of higher rank; for their educátion is too much neglected, their minds too little enlightened by ſtudy or communication with other nations, to rub off the general ruſt, with which the Spaniſh genius has, for above an age, been, as it were, incruſtated. The public ſchools and univerſities are in a deſpicable ſtate of ignorance and irregularity.

Some

Some feeble hope of future reformation is indulged by patriots; but time muſt ſhew what probabilities they are grounded upon [35].

The reigns of Charles the fifth and Philip the ſecond, were the times of great men and good authors, the Spaniſh Auguſtan age; and perhaps continued a few years under Philip the third. Since thoſe days, it is difficult to point out any original work of learning or merit, except thoſe of Cervantes and la Vega, who ſurvived the reſt of the geniuſes of that period.

Hitherto the academies, and ſocieties of *friends to*

[35] Since I left Spain, a reform has taken place in the great colleges, notwithſtanding a ſtrenuous oppoſition. In 1771 Cedulas had already been iſſued out for viſiting and examining the great foundations; as his majeſty had been informed of the decline of the Univerſities for above a century, of the great diſorders that had crept into their conſtitutions, and of the contagion which had ſpread among other literary bodies, to the great prejudice of public education, and of the ſtate. The Cedula for the reformation is ſigned in April 1777. The colleges to be reformed are, Santa Cruz in Valladolid, Saint Ildefonſo in Alcala, Saint Bartholomé, San Salvador de Oviedo, Santiago de Cuenca, and Santiago del Arzobiſpo, in Salamanca. Theſe ſix colleges were linked together in a ſtrict union, and formed a more powerful and compact body than the Jeſuits. They had ſufficient intereſt to procure for their own members moſt of the good things in church and ſtate, and had a majority in every council and tribunal of Spain. Inſtead of maintaining poor ſcholars and profeſſors, their immenſe rents, tythes, and dues, were portioned out among themſelves. They are reduced to their original inſtitutions: their old ſtatutes are confirmed, or new modelled to the times; and poverty, which for many years had been a ſure plea for excluſion, is reſtored to its primitive claim.

their country, the *Amigos del pais*, have gone on but ſlowly in their improvements in literature and agriculture. I doubt they have not yet got into a proper method; for they undertake many things, and finiſh none. Their great dictionary is a glaring proof of my aſſertion. They have now in hand an edition of Don Quixote, with prints taken from original drawings of the dreſſes and landſcapes of the country, which has employed all their engravers for ſome time paſt; but they will, in all probability, be called off to ſome new ſcheme before this be ready for publication. The works of Calderon have been lately reprinted; and they have begun a new edition of Lopez de la Véga, on excellent paper, and with very fine types; Printing ſeems of late, to be the branch they moſt excel in.

The catalogue of living authors is confined to a very ſmall number.

Don Franciſco Perez Bayér, preceptor to the infants and archdeacon of Valencia, may be placed in the firſt line of Spaniſh literati. He is author of a diſſertation on the Phenician language, added to the tranſlation of Salluſt by the infant Don Gabriel. He is a man of learning, a very good Greek and Latin ſcholar, well acquainted with the Hebrew and Arabic tongues, and moreover a modeſt man, of a friendly and communicative diſpoſition; he has travelled through Italy,

and acquired more enlarged notions with reſpect to foreigners, than uſually fall to the ſhare of the Spaniards.

Don Gregorio Mayans y Siſcar, of Valencia, formerly librarian at Madrid, and now an honorary *Alcalde de corte*, is likewiſe a ſcholar of great knowledge and liberal ſentiments. He has publiſhed ſeveral editions of claſſic authors, grammars, diſſertations, tracts and commentaries on the civil law, a life of Cervantes, of Dean Marti, and others.

Don Miguel Caſiri's Bibliotheca Hiſp. Eſcurial, certainly entitles him to ſome merit in the knowledge of Oriental literature. He is of a Syromaronite family, from mount Libanon, but born at Tripoly, and educated in the Maronite college at Rome.

Don Pedro Rodriguez Campomanés, fiſcal of the council of Caſtille, is likewiſe a man of letters. He has publiſhed ſomething on moſt ſubjects in and out of his profeſſion, from *Guias de poſtas y caminos*, to tranſlations of Arabic and Greek. He aſſiſted the Conde de Aranda in expelling the Jeſuits, and ſeems well inclined to reform the other religious ſocieties. This has made him many eccleſiaſtical enemies; [36] and it is ſaid,

[36] Freedom of ſpeech on religious matters had riſen to ſuch an height in the coffee-houſes of Madrid, that at laſt it reached the ears of the king, who ſent for the inquiſitor general, whom he reproached with his ſupine-

he has been admoniſhed by the inquiſition, which to the great aſtoniſhment of all the world, has lately acquired freſh ſtrength, when moſt people were tempted to think it had loſt its ſting. Perhaps it is but a laſt effort before its final diſſolution. The fiſcal is of an active enterpriſing genius; he has lately publiſhed five or ſix volumes of ill-digeſted materials for the improvement of his country. Many of his ſchemes are good, but he laſhes away at every thing in a bold looſe manner. The origin of theſe books was a ſmall tract, called Induſtria popular. which has brought forth four others, each three times as big as its parent, under the denomination of *appendixes*, *education*, and *ſecond appendixes*. He is perhaps the ableſt and moſt diſintereſted lawyer

neſs in a concern of ſo important a nature. The biſhop anſwered, that he looked upon his office as next to a ſinecure; not having any expectation of ſupport from government, ſhould he attempt to exert his authority. The king gave him ſuch aſſurances of being ſeconded by the ſecular arm, that the holy office ſeized upon an advocate, tried him for ſpeaking againſt purgatory, and condemned him to eight years impriſonment in a convent. They might as well have hanged him; for the infamy that follows every accuſation before that tribunal, even when the accuſed is declared innocent, is ſo great in the eyes of all perſons whatever, that a man of any ſpirit had better be dead than thus loſt in the eſteem of the public. In order to make a diſplay of their revived power, the inquiſition ſummoned many great officers and others, ſuſpected of free-thinking, to attend the trial, and be witneſſes of the impartiality and candid behaviour of the court, and at the ſame time, of its reſolution to enforce its authority by chaſtiſement.

in

in Spain, a country where every civil and criminal proceſs is determined by weight of metal and intereſt, which they term *Empeños*. When a ſervant of Lord G's was wantonly murdered by an invalid ſoldier, the ſecretary of ſtate told his lordſhip, that if he choſe to have the offender hanged, there would be no difficulty, as a poor ſoldier could have no friends to apply or make empeños for him. In caſes like theſe, juſtice may ſometimes take its courſe, if they are not too lazy to execute it.

Don Antonio Ponz is publiſhing a tour through Spain, in which he enters into very prolix details; but as he writes for the inſtruction of his countrymen, whom the objects he treats of ought principally to intereſt, his minuteneſs cannot be imputed to him as a fault. His obſervations have already produced ſome good effects in correcting abuſes, ſuggeſting uſeful works, and reforming the vicious taſte of the Spaniards in many points of architecture.

Don Antonio Ulloa, who in company with the late Don George Juan, travelled into Peru to aſſiſt the French academicians in aſcertaining the figure of the globe, publiſhed an account of their tour; he has alſo given a treatiſe upon the native Indians of South America; in which he has degraded their capacities and ſentiments almoſt to a level with the inſtinct of the brute ſpecies.

Mr.

Mr. Bowles, though not a Spaniard, is certainly to be ranked among the Spaniſh writers; his natural hiſtory of Spain, though rather an introduction, and an aſſemblage of diſſertations, than a complete work, has opened the career, and I hope will excite other perſons learned in the ſecrets of Nature, to impart to the public their diſcoveries in the ſame ſtudy. Spain is ſo rich in all articles of natural hiſtory, that it alone affords as much matter for ſuch a work as many other kingdoms put together.

I do not know whether I ought to mention Medina Conti, though a very learned man. He began his excavations in 1734, and all the inſcriptions he publiſhed, except a few Roman ones, are arrant forgeries. Bayer, and the French Benedictine monks of Saint Maur, helped to detect him. I do not find he had any other object in view, than hopes of preferment; to ſecure the king and his confeſſor, he forged the ſentiments of the ancient council, which eſtabliſhes the doctrine of an immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary. He was alſo concerned for the clergy in the famous law-ſuit of the Voto de Santiago, of which the following is a ſuccinct account. In the year 938 Abdoulrahman, the third king of Cordova, made an irruption into Caſtille, and by the rapidity of his progreſs, and the multitude of his troops, threatened the Chriſtians with utter

utter deſtruction. In this emergency Ramiro the ſecond, king of Leon, implored the ſuccour of Saint James the apoſtle, and viſited his tomb at Compoſtilla, in ſolemn penitential proceſſion. The clergy have, by *all manner* of ways, endeavoured to prove, that in thankful remembrance of Santiago's kind aſſiſtance, by means of which he obtained a complete victory over the Moors, Ramiro the ſecond obliged all his ſubjects to pay a portion of the produce of all their lands to the church of Compoſtilla, or, as it is worded in Spaniſh, *A la paya de cuſta medida de pan, vino y de mas ſemillas por cada junta que tubieren de labranza.* All this is flatly denied by the adverſe or lay party, on the ſtrength of the negative argument, that there is no proof; nay more, they call in queſtion the very exiſtence of the battle. The demand of the church is pretty large, for they pretend that not only what Ramiro then poſſeſſed, but alſo all that his ſucceſſors have acquired ſince, becomes ſubject to the tax. On the other hand it is contended, that allowing all the eccleſiaſtical aſſertions to be true, the poſſeſſors of land of thoſe times only would be liable to ſuch a tribute, as it would be abſurd to ſuppoſe Ramiro could have a right to give away what did not belong to him. The proceedings are already ſwelled to the ſize of a folio volume, and probably will increaſe, for it is not likely there ſhould be an end put to the litigation,

gation, as long as the firſt place in the council of Caſtille is filled by a canon of Santiago.

It is not in my power to extend the liſt of writers. The common education of an Engliſh gentleman would conſtitute a man of learning here; and ſhould he underſtand Greek, he would be quite a phænomenon[37]. As

[37] Though I make no doubt but the nation is much improved ſince 1722, yet I don't think it will be improper to tranſcribe ſome of the Dean of Alicant's ſtrictures upon his countrymen at that period, as a Spaniard is very good authority, when he finds fault with Spaniards. Theſe are his words in a letter to Count Scipio Maffei of Verona: "No country, except Italy, abounds more with ancient monuments than Spain: in every province you meet with remnants of bridges, aqueducts, temples, theatres, circuſſes, amphitheatres, and other public edifices; moſt of which have been reduced to their preſent deplorable condition by the outrages of the inhabitants, rather than by the injuries of time. Such is the nature and ſpirit of the Spaniards, that to overthrow the monuments of the Pagans or Romans, is accounted among them one of the moſt meritorious acts of piety, and moſt efficacious in drawing down upon them the bleſſing of the Almighty. Alas! ſuch prepoſterous devotion! But how can it be otherwiſe in a kingdom which is ruled by the ſtupid idle monkiſh tribe; where it is thought a crime to deviate an inch from the rules laid down by the hooded blockheads. Whatever they ſputter out, is revered as oracles of old, iſſuing from the Delphic tripod. The ſluggards, puffed up with this nauſeous adoration, thunder out the pains of hell againſt all ſuch as ſo much as look with attention on an ancient ſtatue. When any thing of the kind is dug up, their barbarous hands ſeize, break, deface it; and, leſt the pure light of the ſun ſhould be defiled by the ſight of ſuch an abomination, it is burnt to lime, or buried again in the ground. If the buſt of an emperor, a philoſopher, or an orator, ſhould happen to be diſcovered, they cry out, "'tis an idol! away with it! deſtroy it!" and inſtantly it undergoes the fate

As to the nobility I wonder how they ever learned to read or write; or having once attained ſo much, how they contrive not to forget it. It is difficult to ſay what they paſs their time in; or what means, beſides inattention to buſineſs, they employ in running through their immenſe incomes. In the great houſes one cuſtom may contribute to extravagance; a ſervant once eſtabliſhed is never diſcharged, unleſs for ſome very enormous offence; he and his family remain penſioners as long as they live: the Duke of J. pays near ten thouſand pounds ſterling a year in wages and annuities to ſervants. The Grandees, one or two excepted, are diminiſhed by a ſeries of diſtempered progenitors to a race of pigmies, which dwindles away for lack of heirs, and tends gradually to an union of all the titles and eſtates upon the heads of one or two families. I think

fate of Dagon. The vulgar demoliſh all inſcriptions, as they believe their characters are deſigned to confine ſome unclean ſpirits as guardians over hidden treaſures. Immenſe are the quantities of inſcriptions that have been defaced, or thrown back into the holes where they had lain hidden for ſo many ages. Superſtition and ignorance combine to demoliſh every thing of the kind. Many were ſent to France; and during the late war of the Succeſſion, two Engliſh travellers freighted two ſhips with ancient monumental and hiſtorical inſcriptions, which they had collected near Terragona."

Since the time of Dean Marti, Don John Celaya, rector of the univerſity of Valencia, directed a number of Roman inſcriptions to be buried in the foundations of the bridge of Serranos; and a much later inſtance of barbariſm of the ſame kind, was exhibited by the Franciſcan friars of S. Maria de pina, at Oliva.

the Conde de Altamira has no leſs than nineteen Grandeeſhips centered in his perſon. Though they all ſtyle themſelves *de primera claſſe*, as it were, by way of diſtinctive pre-eminence over others of a lower degree; yet I believe no ſecond or third claſs exiſts, and it would be a very groſs inſult to ſuppoſe any of them were of an inferior rank to the reſt of the *corps:* ſome difference may perhaps be made in the degrees of popular reſpect paid to the deſcendants of the heroes that make a figure in the Spaniſh annals, and ſuch Grandees as have been honoured with the dignity in later times. A Grandee can marry none but his equal. They all *thou* each other; and affect to appear backward in mixing in other company.

The Spaniſh women are in general little and thin; few are ſtrikingly beautiful, but almoſt all have ſparkling black eyes, full of expreſſion. It is not the faſhion here, as in France, to heighten their *eclat* with paint. They are endowed by nature with a great deal of wit and lively repartee, but for want of the poliſh and ſuccours of education, their wit remains obſcured by the rudeſt ignorance, and the moſt ridiculous prejudices. Their tempers having never been faſhioned by polite intercourſe, nor ſoftened by neceſſary contradiction, are extremely pettiſh and violent. They are continually pouting for ſomething or other, and put out of humour by the mereſt trifles. Moſt of the ladies about

court

court are the reverſe of handſome, and do not ſeem to have any ambition of paſſing for clever or accompliſhed; not one talent do they poſſeſs; nor do they ever work, read, write, or touch any muſical inſtrument; their *Cortejo*, or gallant, ſeems their only play-thing. I believe no country exhibits more bare-faced amours, and ſuch an appearance of indelicate debauchery as this. The account given me of their manner of living in their family way, as ſoon as they come out of the convent, and before they have fixed upon a lover to fill up their time more agreeably, is as follows: they riſe late, and loiter away the remains of the morning among their attendants, or wear it out at church in a long bead-roll of habitual unmeaning prayers; they dine ſparingly, ſleep, and then dreſs to ſaunter for a couple of hours on the Prado. They are never without ſome ſort of ſugar-plumb or high-ſpiced comfit in their mouths. As ſoon as it is dark, they run to the houſe of ſome elderly female relation, where they all huddle together over a pan of coals, and would not for the world approach the company that may occaſionally drop in; it would throw them into the greateſt confuſion, were they to be requeſted to join in the converſation. The hour of the aſſembly paſſed, they hurry home to their maids, and with their help ſet about dreſſing their own ſuppers by way of amuſement.

LETTER XLIII.

Segovia, June 10, 1776.

PREVIOUS to our departure from Madrid, we received from the miniſters, by the particular order of his majeſty, every permit and paſſport that could conduce to the comfort of our journey to the frontiers of France. We have leave to take out with us what ſpecie we pleaſe, and the mules and horſes we have purchaſed in the kingdom; our baggage is to paſs unſearched. I think it my duty to acknowledge, with a grateful ſenſe of the diſtinction, that during our ſtay near the court, the king ſhewed a very flattering anxiety that we ſhould meet with no difficulties of any kind; and more than once enquired whether we had been ſhewn ſuch and ſuch things, and whether we were pleaſed with our reception, or in want of any thing to render the place agreeable. We are not a little proud of the honour; and I hope you will think our vanity too excuſable to be any impeachment of the ſoundneſs of our underſtanding.

On the ſixth we left Madrid. As we paſſed through the ſtreets, we found great preparations made for the proceſſion

proceſſion of Corpus Chriſti; among the reſt, ſets of girls dreſſed out in ribbons, dancing round may-poles.

We travelled through the park of the Caſa del Campo, and over a bare corn country, leaving the foreſts of *El Pardo* and *La Sarſuela*, two royal hunting ſeats, on the right hand. The laſt miles of the road to the Eſcurial, which is exceedingly good, is alſo uncommonly pleaſant, being carried through a very noble wood, where the deer are continually croſſing and recroſſing before you.

The aſpect of this celebrated convent, ſituated in a corner of a lofty ridge of mountains, ſtruck us with awe and pleaſure. As we could not ſee the inſide that evening, we enjoyed ourſelves in walking round the gardens and fields. The landſcape is very grand, for at a ſingle view you command one of the largeſt edifices in the world, a boundleſs extent of woodlands, and a clear proſpect of Madrid; and beyond all a vaſt tract of country that loſes itſelf gradually in the horiſon.

There are many minute deſcriptions of the [38] Eſcurial

[38] Etymology of the word Eſcurial as explained by Caſiri in his Bib. Hiſp. Eſc. "This is an Arabick word, meaning a place full of rocks, and the nature of the country agrees perfectly with it. It is to be written with an U and not an O, as the common way is. Thoſe that derive it from the Scoria of iron forges, have no authority for ſuppoſing that there ever were any ſuch iron works in that neighbourhood. Sarmiento very ſtrangely interprets it, a Beech-grove, *Eſculetum*."

extant

extant in all languages; let it therefore ſuffice to give you a general idea of this ſtupendous fabric and its treaſures.

You have read that it was built by Philip the ſecond, in conſequence of a vow he made to Saint Laurence before the battle of Saint Quintin, which was fought on the tenth of Auguſt 1557. Though this ſtory of the vow ſeems a little apocryphal, it may be ſuppoſed that Philip, in memory of ſo ſignal a victory gained by his troops over the French, might chooſe to dedicate to Saint Laurence, the patron of that day, the mauſoleum he intended to erect in conſequence of his father's dying requeſt, therein to depoſit the bones of that emperor, and of the empreſs Iſabella. It was begun in 1562, and conſiſts of ſeveral courts and quadrangles, which altogether are diſpoſed in the ſhape of a gridiron, the inſtrument of the martyrdom of Saint Laurence: the apartment where the king reſides forms the handle. The building is a long ſquare of ſix hundred and forty feet by five hundred and eighty; ſo that allowing beſides four hundred and ſixty for the projection of the chapel and king's quarter, the whole circumference comes to two thouſand nine hundred Spaniſh feet. The height up to the roof is all round ſixty feet, except on the garden ſide, where the ground is more taken away. At each angle is a ſquare tower two hundred

hundred feet high. The number of windows in the weſt front is two hundred; in the eaſt front, three hundred and ſixty-ſix. The orders employed are Doric and Ionic; but the outward appearance of this vaſt maſs is extremely plain, and I am ſorry to ſay, in my eyes, very ugly. With its narrow high towers, ſmall windows, and ſteep ſloping roof, it certainly exhibits an uncouth ſtyle of architecture; but the domes, and the immenſe extent of its fronts, render it a wonderful grand object from every point of view. The beſt ſide to ſee it from, for I tried them all, is about half a mile down the hill on the Madrid road, as you are then ſo much below it that the building hides the bleak mountain, which preſſes very cloſe upon it behind; the green fields and woods behind it, and the place you ſtand in, make a good contraſt, and ſet it off to the beſt advantage.

The church, which is in the center of all, is large, aweful, and richly, but not affectedly ornamented. The cupola is bold and light. The high altar is compoſed of rich marbles, agates, and jaſpers of great rarity, the produce of this kingdom. Two magnificent *Catafalques* fill up the ſide arcades of this ſanctuary: on one the emperor Charles the fifth, his wife, daughter, and two ſiſters, are repreſented in bronze, larger than life, kneeling; oppoſite are the effigies of Philip the ſecond, and of his three wives, of the ſame materials, and in the ſame devout attitude.

Underneath

Underneath is the burial-place of the royal family, called the Pantheon. Twenty-five ſteps lead down to this vault, over the door of which is a very claſſical inſcription, denoting that

Hic locus ſacer mortalitatis exuviis Catholicorum Regum, &c.

was intended by Charles the emperor, reſolved upon by Philip the ſecond, begun by Philip the third, and compleated by Philip the fourth. The mauſoleum is circular, thirty-ſix feet diameter, incruſted with fine marbles in an elegant taſte. The bodies of the kings and queens lie in tombs of marble, in niches, one above the other. There are twenty-ſix of theſe urns, but as yet only thirteen are filled; the two laſt kings, and all the queens that died without iſſue, being buried elſewhere. The plan of theſe ſepulchres is grand, and executed with a princely magnificence; but I own I could not help finding them too gay, too light, and too delicately fitted up for the idea we are apt to form of a chapel deſtined for the reception of the dead. Accuſtomed to feel a kind of horror on our approach to any place that reminds us of the painful diſſolution of our being, we naturally expect ſomething ſerious and aweful in the appearance of ſuch a repoſitory.

The princes and princeſſes of the royal family lie in two ſide-vaults near the entrance of the Pantheon.

The collection of pictures diſperſed about various parts

parts of the church, ſacriſty, and convent, ſurpaſſed my expectations; and I think I may venture to pronounce it equal, if not ſuperior to any gallery in Europe, except that of Dreſden. Formed out of the ſpoils of Italy, and the waſted cabinet of that unfortunate dilettante Charles the firſt of England, it contains ſome of the moſt capital works of the greateſt painters that have flouriſhed ſince the revival of the art. It would be a very uſeleſs trouble for me, and no entertainment to you, were I to copy out a catalogue of them, as you may find it at full length in many books. I ſhall juſt note down ſome of the principal pictures in the order we ſaw them, under the guidance of one of the Hieronymite monks.

In the Aulill. A glory by Titian, in which he has introduced Charles the fifth and Philip the ſecond, as ſuppliants, not as ſaints: there is a great and noble effect in this large compoſition. By the ſame hand, a burial of Chriſt, and a Saint Margaret, which they have ſpoilt by painting a cloth to cover her naked thigh, which the ſcrupulous thought an indecent and dangerous ſight in a convent of the votaries of penance and chaſtity: theſe are high coloured and ſtrongly painted. A very fine piece, by *El Mudo*, of ſome Chriſtians coming by ſtealth in the night to carry off the body of Saint Laurence; the fears, caution, and ſilence, of

thoſe employed, are admirably expreſſed; and the light given by a ſingle torch is diſtributed with great judgment over the whole; the ſaint's body ſeems to be roaſted to a turn.

In the Chapter-houſe. By Spagnolet, a Saint John playing with a lamb, and ſmiling with exquiſite grace. An annunciation, a chef-d'œuvre of Baroccio. Chriſt giving his bleſſing, a fine half length, by Titian.

In the Vicar's Hall. Jacob's ſons ſhewing him Joſeph's bloody garment, eſteemed the beſt picture of Velaſquez: indeed the compoſition, expreſſion, and intelligence, of Chiaro-ſcuro are wonderful; the agony and ſurprize of the father is life itſelf.

In the Prior's Hall. A dead Chriſt, by Rubens; the figure of Mary Magdalen, and the dead body are painted in his beſt manner. The Centurion kneeling to Chriſt, by Paul Veroneſe; the beſt picture of the Venetian ſchool in the Eſcurial: the characters are noble, the architecture magnificent. The crowning of thorns by Vandyke, in which the tents, ſemitents, and tranſparency of colour, are more admired than the choice of his figures; the boy peeping through a grate, is incomparable, almoſt a deception. An holy family, by Rubens; which would ſtrike one more were it not ſo near another on the ſame ſubject, by Raphael, which by its grace and beauty eclipſes all the merit of the

Ultramontane

Ultramontane maſter. Another Madonna in glory, by Guido; one of the moſt precious pictures in the collection: the Virgin is full of ſoft majeſty, the Chriſt ſupernaturally penſive. The ceilings of theſe rooms are executed with great airineſs, taſte, and beauty, after deſigns made in imitation of thoſe of the Vatican.

In the Outward Sacriſty. The piece that pleaſed me moſt, is a Ripoſo, by Titian; in which the back-ground is one of the fineſt landſcapes imaginable.

In the Sacriſty are ſo many capital pictures, I ſcarce know which to give the ſecond place to, for the firſt is undoubtedly due to the *Madonna della Perla*, by the divine Raphael. This was part of the ſpoil of the Engliſh royal collection; the king of Spain was ſo much enchanted with it, when it was brought to him, that he gave it the name of *Perla mia*, by which it has been diſtinguiſhed ever ſince. The Virgin Mary is preſented, ſitting with her right hand, holding the infant Jeſus under the arms, who has one leg upon her knee, and the other reſting upon ſome white linen thrown careleſsly over a cradle. The Virgin's left hand repoſes on the ſhoulder of Saint Anne, who kneels by her daughter's left ſide, and forms a moſt perfect groupe, with the figures and the cradle; the old ſaint leans upon her hand, which is ſupported on the knee of the Madonna. Saint John Baptiſt advances on the other

ſide to offer ſome fruit in a ſkin; Jeſus reaches out his hand to take it, but at the ſame time turns round to look at his mother, with all the joy and graceful ſimplicity natural to a beautiful child of that age. Behind is a ſmall figure of Saint Joſeph among ruins; the fore-ground is rich in flowers, the back-ground in variegated landſcape; the characters of face divine; the folds of the drapery large and flowing; the colours harmonious; the lights thrown in admirably; and the figures and attitudes beyond all powers of deſcription[39]. After this, I can with difficulty bring myſelf to remember or reflect on the other valuable pictures in the hall, ſuch as a Madonna giving ſuck, by Guido; an apparition of Chriſt to Mary Magdalen, by Corriggio; Chriſt and the Phariſee, by Titian; another holy family, by Raphael; another, by Andrea del Sarto (which for deſign, compoſition, and beauty of tints, may be ranked with his maſter-pieces); a viſitation, by Raphael; a waſhing of the feet, by Tintoret. I ſhould never have done if I were to deſcribe minutely the beauties of the above-mentioned pieces; I muſt content myſelf with ſaying, that they are chef-d'œuvres of thoſe divine maſters; and that any one of them would give a

[39] Raphael is thought by many to have painted the Madonna, and his Scholars the reſt upon his deſigns.

name

name and relief to the beſt private collection. At the end of the Sacriſty is an altar, called *La ſanta Forma*; this is a kind of Tabernacle or *Cuſtioda*, of gems, marbles, woods, and other precious materials, inlaid in gilt bronze; in which, rather than in the excellence of the workmanſhip, or taſte of the deſign, conſiſts the merit of this rock of riches. Before it hangs a curtain, on which Coello has repreſented Charles the ſecond, and all his court in proceſſion, coming to place this *Forma*. This is undoubtedly one of the moſt curious collections of portraits in the world; for all the perſons are drawn with the greateſt ſtrength of colour and truth of expreſſion, and are ſaid to be perfect reſemblances not only of the monarch and grandees, but even of the monks, ſervants, and guards.

In the Old Church, ſo called, becauſe divine ſervice was performed in it while the other was painting; a martyrdom of Saint Laurence, and a Mater Doloroſa, by Titian, are capital. Here alſo hangs the celebrated *Madonna del Peſce* of Raphael, one of the moſt valuable pictures in the world. I do not know how Amiconi came to doubt of its originality; but his arguments are ſufficiently refuted, and juſtice done to the picture, in a letter from Mr. Henry, publiſhed three years ago, in the Viago de Eſpaña, by Ponz. The perſonages that compoſe the ſubject are the Virgin Mary ſeated, with her

ſon

ſon in her arms; on her right, the angel Raphael introduces Tobit, who kneeling preſents the fiſh, which gives name to the whole; on the other ſide, ſtands Saint Jerome, in the habit of a cardinal, kneeling near a lion. This picture was brought from Naples, by order of Philip the fourth. Mr. Henry rates it above all the reſt of the collection. Some connoiſſeurs have preferred the *Perla*, but I believe without ſufficient cauſe.

The ſtatues, buſts, and medallions of the Eſcurial, are not in any great number, nor very remarkable for their excellence. The ſtatue of Saint Laurence in the church is good and ſimple. Many have taken it for an antique, but the only part likely to be ſo is the head, and that I ſuſpect to have belonged to a Bacchus; were it the ſtatue of Saint Denis, this would not ſurprize me, as in the many ſtops he made to reſt himſelf, when he carried his head about, he might be ſuppoſed to have miſlaid his own, and taken up another in its ſtead.

They ſhewed us ſome original writings of ſaints; among the reſt a wretched ſcrawl of Saint Tereſa, the myſtical reformatrix of the Carmelite nuns.

The Library contains a moſt precious collection of manuſcripts, many fine drawings, and other curioſities, which we had not leiſure to peruſe as much as we could have wiſhed.

Notwithſtanding

Notwithſtanding the coldneſs of the expoſition of this convent, the king, for the ſake of hunting, paſſes here ſeveral months of the year. To make the place leſs inconvenient to his attendants and the nobility, he has built an entire new town adjoining to it; but in ſpite of all he can do, the Eſcurial will always remain a moſt uncomfortable habitation for winter reſidence.

From the Eſcurial we came along the ſouth foot of the mountains that ſeparate the two Caſtilles, croſſed the great Burgos road, and took up our night's quarters at a venta in the heart of the rocks and mountains, among foreſts of aged nodding pines. Next morning, we travelled many hours over the woody heights of the *Puerto* or paſſage of *Fuenfrio*, where the ſnow was ſtill very deep on the ſummits of the mountains. Some of the turns and views through the groves are charming; now and then ſuch proſpects over the plains of Old Caſtille, the town of Segovia, and the palace of Riofrio[40], opened upon us, as aſtoniſhed us by their beauty and novelty. We arrived for dinner at Saint Ildefonſo, and found orders had been ſent before for our immediate admiſſion to the palace, water-works, and other curioſities of the place.

[40] Begun, but never finiſhed, by Elizabeth Parneſe, Queen Dowager of Spain.

This palace was much embelliſhed and favoured by Philip the fifth, who ſpent much treaſure in forcing Nature, and rendering it in ſome ſort an imitation of what he remembered to have ſeen in the garden of Verſailles. His ſon Ferdinand abandoned it to his mother in law. The court now comes here in the hot months of ſummer, as it is a remarkable cool ſpot, being fenced from the hot ſouth winds by a ridge of very high ſnowy mountains, and ſituated in the bottom of a vale open to the north. But this ſituation expoſes it to ſuch ſudden and frequent changes of temperature and ſeaſons in the courſe of a few hours, that it is often neceſſary to ſhift from cloth to ſilk, and from ſilk to cloth, twice or thrice a day; and theſe tranſitions are ſometimes productive of colics, and other ſerious diſorders.

A romantic brook rolls over the rocks at no great diſtance from the town, through a large tract of thickets, and ſerves his majeſty as a fiſhing-place. A walk is cut along the ſides for a mile or two, and very much reſembles modern Engliſh improvement. The quantity of fine water is one great recommendation to Saint Ildefonſo. The palace is patch-work, and no part of the architecture agreeable. In the apartments is a very numerous collection of pictures; but that we had juſt left at the Eſcurial made us perhaps undervalue theſe.

theſe. I took notes of ſome that pleaſed me, but I will not pretend to ſay they are the only ones worthy of admiration. A ſmall head of Portia, by Guido, a moſt pathetic countenance. Saint Anne teaching the Virgin Mary to read; a charming picture, by Murillo, mellow, true, and expreſſive. A Magdalen's head, by M. Angelo; S. Francis Xaverius, by Spagnolet; a Boy, by Murillo; a Roman Charity, by Spagnolet; Landſcapes, by Claude Lorrain and Wouvermans; Animals, by Roſa di Tivoli.

In the Gallery below are many fine ſtatues, buſts, and baſs-reliefs. The beſt are, a groupe of Caſtor and Pollux ſacrificing; one of them has his left arm over the ſhoulder of his brother, and with his right pours ſomething out of a patera on an altar, where the other twin is lighting a torch with his right, while he brandiſhes another with his left hand; this is a noble piece of antiquity. A Venus kneeling on a tortoiſe, and anointing her head with a phial of ointment. Seneca ſeated. Mercury with a boy. A buſt of Alexander dying, and another of Antinous.

The gardens are in the formal French ſtyle; the trees are poor ſtarved limes, for the ſoil is ſo ſhallow, and the rocks ſo compact and near the ſurface, that they can ſtrike no root. To plant them, the old king had ſquares in the rock blown out with gunpowder, and worked with tools, then filled with earth. You

may eaſily imagine they have not thriven much, and indeed they are with difficulty kept alive by frequent renewals of ſoil and waterings.

The water-works ſurpaſs all thoſe I ever ſaw, not excepting the fineſt at Verſailles. Not having any memorandums of their different heights, I do not know but thoſe in the French king's gardens may throw the water up higher; but I very well recollect, that the Seine-water, which they ſpout out, is of a muddy colour, falling down like a ſtinking thick fog. Theſe jet-d'eaus of Saint Ildephonſo, ſend forth a ſtream as clear as cryſtal, whereon the ſun-beams play in the moſt beautiful priſmatic tints; it falls around like the ſweeteſt fineſt dew. The deſigns of the fountains are elegant, eſpecially that of the Frogs; a centrical one, where ſixteen ſpouts play in a regular combination; the great caſcade; the baſket, remarkable for its idea and ſymmetry; it delighted us much: but the fountain of Diana ſurprized us with the richneſs of its decoration, and the fulneſs of its ſtream; the lofty column of water iſſuing out of the trump of Fame, exceeded all our conceptions of the power of hydroſtaticks; the gardener mentioned a height to us that I durſt not commit to paper on his authority, but I confeſs the water went up to ſuch an extraordinary elevation, that it was no longer in my power to gueſs at the number of feet. Theſe fountains are ſupplied by two

reſervoirs

reſervoirs at the foot of the mountain. One of them is allotted ſolely to the fountain of Diana. The larger which is emphatically called *El Mar*, is a very pretty lake, which with the hanging woods and a ſmall building on the edge, forms a very pleaſing ſubject for a landſcape painter.

On our return to our lodgings, we were not a little entertained with the modeſt requeſt of a friar, juſt alighted with ſome company from a carriage. He deſired we would order the water-works to be played off again immediately for them, as it had not been poſſible for them to arrive in time to go into the gardens with us, and they intended travelling that night as far as Segovia. It was with great difficulty we could convince him, that it was a thing not to be done that evening, for want of time, and that the keepers would expect a very handſome preſent, if they ſet them agoing without orders from court.

Below the town is the manufactory of plate-glaſs belonging to the crown, carried on under the direction of Mr. Dowling; two hundred and eighty men are employed. The largeſt plate they have made is one hundred and twenty-ſix Spaniſh inches long; the ſmall pieces are ſold in looking-glaſſes all over the kingdom; but I am told the king makes no great profit by it; however it is a very material point to be able to ſupply his

ſubjects with a good commodity, and to keep in the country a large ſum of money that heretofore went out annually to purchaſe it from ſtrangers. They alſo make bottles and drinking-glaſſes; and are now buſy erecting very ſpacious new furnaces to enlarge the works. To provide fuel for the fires, they have put the pine-woods under proper regulations and ſtated falls: twenty-ſeven mule loads of fir-wood are conſumed every day; and four loads coſt the king, including all the expences of cutting and bringing down from the mountains, about forty reals.

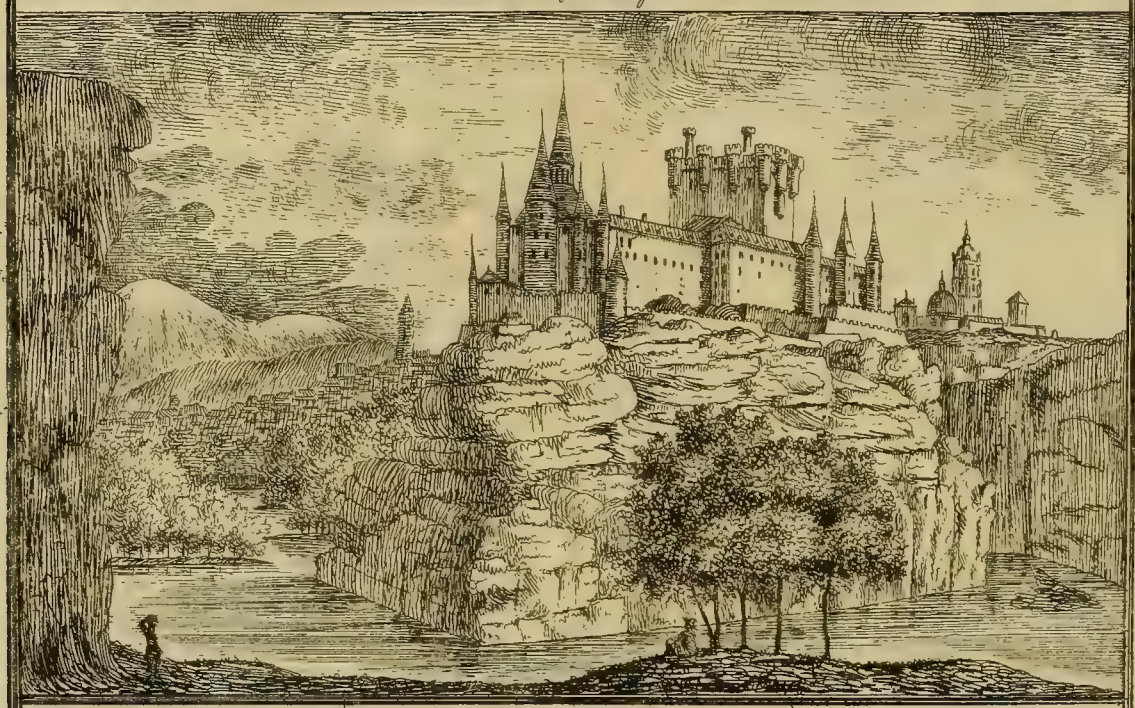
LETTER XLIV.

Saint Jean de Luz, June 19, 1776.

THE firſt object in Segovia that attracts the eye, is the Aqueduct; as the road from Saint Ildefonſo runs near it a conſiderable way through the ſuburbs. It is perfectly well preſerved, and does not ſeem leaky in any part. From the firſt low arches to the reſervoir in the town, its length is two thouſand four hundred Spaniſh feet; its greateſt height (in the Plaza del Azo-

bejo

Castle of Segovia.



Paſſage of the Bidaſſoa.

1. River Bidassoa. 2 Island of Conferences 1659. 3. Passage. 4. Spain. 5 Spanish custom-house. 6. France 7. French custom-house.

bejo at the foot of the walls) is one hundred and four; it is there compoſed of a double row of arches, built of large ſquare ſtones without mortar, and over them a hollow wall of coarſer materials for the channel of the water, covered with large oblong flags. Of the lower range of arcades, which are fifteen feet wide by ſixty-five high, there are forty-two. The upper arches are one hundred and nineteen in number; their height twenty-ſeven Spaniſh feet, their breadth ſeventeen; the tranſverſal thickneſs or depth of the piers eight feet. This Aqueduct is not only an admirable monument of antiquity for its ſolidity and good maſon's work, which have withſtood the violence of ſo many barbarians, and the inclemencies of the ſeaſons during ſo many ages, but alſo wonderfully beautiful and light in its deſign. I do not think the Pont du Gard equal to it in elegance of proportions. Antiquaries have not agreed upon the epocha of its erection; ſome attribute it to the time of Trajan, and others are willing for the honour of their country to give the credit to Hercules. The Romans certainly were the builders of it, but no inſcription leads to the knowledge of the preciſe period of their empire, in which it was conſtructed: perhaps a perſon accuſtomed for years to ſtudy among the ruins of Rome, the different modes of building adopted in different ages by that people, might be able from an inſpection of the ſtone-

ſtone-work, to determine the æra. It is likely to remain in its preſent ſtate as long as Segovia exiſts; for the ſituation of that city on a dry rock renders this ſupply a thing of indiſpenſable neceſſity.

The Cathedral, dedicated to Niceſtra ſeñora de la Paz, is one of the handſomeſt churches in Spain, in the lateſt Gothic manner. The inſide is majeſtic, and remarkably clear of the embarraſſments of altars and chapels ſo common throughout the kingdom. The high altar is rich and ſhewy.

The Alcazar, or Caſtle, ſtands in one of the fineſt poſitions poſſible, on a rock riſing above the open country; a very pretty river waſhes the foot of the precipice, and the city lies admirably well on each ſide on the brow of the hill; the declivity is woody, and the banks charmingly rural; the ſnowy mountains, and dark foreſts of Saint Ildefonſo, compoſe an aweful back-ground to the picture. Towards the town there is a large court before the great outward tower, which you are as well acquainted with as I am; the priſon of Gil Blas is ſo well deſcribed by Le Sage, that the ſubject requires no farther explanation. The reſt of the buildings form an antique palace, which has ſeldom been inhabited by any but priſoners ſince the reign of Ferdinand and Iſabella, who were much attached to this ſituation. There are ſome magnificent halls in it, with much

much gilding in the ceilings, in a ſemi-barbarous taſte. All the kings of Spain are ſeated in ſtate along the cornice of the great ſaloon; I know not whether they are like the princes whoſe names they bear, but if that reſemblance be wanting, I am ſure they have no other merit to claim. The royal apartments are now occupied by a college of young gentlemen cadets, educated at the king's expence in all the ſciences requiſite for forming an engineer. The grand maſter of the ordnance reſides at Segovia, which is the head eſtabliſhment of the Spaniſh artillery.

Another court of the palace is allotted as a priſon to eleven Algerine Reis, or captains of ſhips. Their crews work in the arſenal of Carthagena. Theſe Turks are very handſome portly figures, with clean looks, and well-combed beards; they are well treated, and left to themſelves. Moſt of their time is ſpent in converſation, walking up and down a long gallery, ſmoking, and playing at cheſs, except when they go down at ſtated hours to fetch water for their own uſe. Confinement apart, their lives paſs in eaſe and tranquillity. As ſoon as they ſaw us walking about the court, they immediately knew us to be Engliſhmen, moſt of them having been ſeveral times at Gibraltar, and being well acquainted with the Britiſh character of face; it being the hour of fetching water, and the door open, they flocked

flocked about us with great demonſtrations of joy, and tears of pleaſure ſtarting into every eye. They kiſſed our hands, and called us *Ingles buens bueno Amigos*, over and over again, with difficulty prevailing upon themſelves to leave us to go about their work at the well. My man S. G. by our orders, followed one of the principal men among them, and in lingua Franca, which indeed is the common jumble of tongues he makes uſe of at all times, gave him an account of the Spaniſh defeat before Algiers. They had heard of the preparations for the expedition, and had been much caſt down with the thoughts of it, but had begun to entertain ſome hopes of a miſcarriage, as many months had elapſed ſince they knew of the departure of the fleet, and not a ſyllable concerning its ſucceſs had dropped from any of their guards. The venerable old Muſulman raiſed his hands to heaven, and ſeemed to look upon the pains and irkſomeneſs of ſlavery, to be more than repaid by the exquiſite ſenſations he enjoyed in this happy moment. When his informant added, that the Algerines had loſt a great number of camels, the Turk turned upon him with a, "What talk ye to me of Camels? had they killed thouſands of them, there would ſtill remain enough, and the beaſts themſelves muſt be proud of dying to ſave their country." After ſhaking them all by the hand, and leaving a preſent to buy

buy tobacco, we took our leave of our *allies*, who followed us down the portico with longing eyes and a thouſand benedictions; which, if their prophet has any juriſdiction over the roads, will preſerve us from overturns and broken limbs.

The mint is below the Alcazar, a large building, the moſt ancient place of coinage in the kingdom. The machines for melting, ſtamping, and milling the coin, are worked by water. I believe that of Seville has at preſent more buſineſs, as being nearer the ſource of riches, the port of Cadiz, where the lingots of America are landed.

The unevenneſs of the crown of the hill, gives a wild look to this city. Moſt of the ſtreets are crooked and dirty; the houſes wooden and very wretched: nor do the inhabitants appear much the richer for their cloth manufactory. Indeed it is not in a very flouriſhing condition; but what cloth they make is very fine.

The country hereabouts has the reputation of being the beſt for feeding the kind of ſheep that gives the celebrated wool; but as thoſe flocks wander over many other parts of the kingdom, and are not bred here, I do not ſee any right Segovia has to this excluſive claim. A ſmall quantity of it is manufactured in the country, and through miſmanagement, lazineſs, or lack of hands, the greateſt part of the wool is carried to

France; and, at Orleans and other places, made up into caps and cloths, many of which return to Spain for ſale.

The country grew ſandy as we advanced into Old Caſtille. In general it is extremely open, but now and then we came to woods of pine-trees, eſpecially near the rivers. It appears much better land, and more populous, than New Caſtille, for the villages ſtand pretty thick in moſt parts of it. At Villa de Santa Cruz, the only thing we remarked was a cow's tail, in which the hoſteſs ſtuck her combs; as this was the firſt inſtance we had met with of a cuſtom which prevailed in Sancho Pança's time, and was of ſuch ſervice in furniſhing the barber with a falſe beard, we took particular notice of it. You know how fond I am of the fat fellow, and how happy I muſt be to find any thing that explains and exemplifies the traits of his inimitable hiſtory.

Olmedo, which I think is a place that occurs in Gil Blas, is a ruined town in a fine plain, rich in corn and paſturage, in droves of brood mares, and flocks of black ſheep; ſome pine woods, in one of which is a grand monaſtery of Bernardines, bound the horizon very agreeably. We ſlept on the tenth at Hornillo, a ſmall village on the river Aldaya, the banks of which are prettily wooded, and form many intereſting points of view.

The

The next morning we came through a very ſandy tract of foreſt land, to a hill from which we diſcovered the plains of Valladolid, and the courſe of the Duero; a fine river, that falls into the ocean at Porto, in the kingdom of Portugal. Beyond a chain of bare white hills, at one of their angles, ſtands the town of Simancas, where, in 938, was gained that ſignal victory over the Moors, which gave riſe, as is pretended, to the voto de Santiago. The archives of the realm were depoſited, by Philip the ſecond, in the caſtle of Simancas, where they ſtill remain. Valladolid is a very large rambling city, full of edifices; which, during the reign of Philip the third, who made it his conſtant reſidence, were the palace of his great officers and nobility. Being abandoned by their owners, who have followed the court in all its different emigrations, they are fallen to decay, and exhibit a picture of the utmoſt deſolation: the palace of the king is ſo ruined, that I could with difficulty find any body to ſhew me the ſpot where Philip had reſided. The private houſes are ill-built and ugly. The great ſquare, ſome ſtreets built upon porticos, many colleges and convents, are ſtill grand, and denote ſomething of the magnificence of a place that had been long honoured with the preſence of its monarch; but in general, Valladolid has the appearance of having been run up in a hurry

to receive the court, and that it was meant to be rebuilt afterwards at leiſure, of more durable materials than bad brick and mud, the compoſition of moſt of its preſent houſes. The Dominican convent, a gothic edifice, is the moſt remarkable in the city. The univerſity is in the laſt ſtage of a decline, and trade and manufactures at as low an ebb. It is melancholy to behold the poverty and miſery painted in the meagre faces, and diſplayed in the tattered garments of the common people; the women go quite bare-headed.

We paſſed the river Puiſerga at Cabeçon, which has the reputation of producing the beſt wine in the province. The ſoil is clay mixed with ſand, and moſt of it planted with vines. The hills are compoſed of ſtrata of clay and marle; great ſcarcity of wood; but a much more chearful look in the country than in any part of New Caſtille: the number of ſmall towns or large villages rather conſiderable; on moſt of the hills, ruined towers and remains of ancient caſtles. We travelled up the Puiſerga for many miles, through a broad vale, bare of trees, but tolerably well cultivated; we croſſed and recroſſed the river ſeveral times; the largeſt bridge is near Torquemada, of twenty-two arches. The houſes hereabouts are built with pieces of clay ſquared and baked in the ſun, but their concoction is very imperfect.

On

On the 13th we came to a much more agreeable country, better provided with wood, and more thronged with habitations; on every ſteeple one or two ſtorks' neſts; thoſe birds ſeem to be held in the ſame veneration here as they are in the Low Countries. That morning we arrived at Burgos, the ancient capital of the kingdom of Caſtille, but long ſince abandoned by its princes to obſcurity and decadency. The approach to it, up a long valley, is rather pleaſing: the caſtle, the ancient broken walls ſloping down from it, and lower down the cathedral, terminate the proſpect in a pictureſque manner. The dreſs of the women differs from all thoſe we have ſeen elſewhere; and were there any ſmartneſs in their manner, any beauty in their faces, or even the uſual bright Spaniſh eye to peep out from under their veil, it would be a very becoming garment for a country girl: but all thoſe we ſaw were the ugliеſt awkward hoydens in nature; they wear large clumſy ſhoes, almoſt as bad as the French ſabot, a brown gown thrown back and tied behind, a blue and white apron, and a large flowing white veil faſtened with blue ribands. The montero caps of the men are all faced with red or blue.

Before we entered Burgos, we paſſed by the famous Abbey delas Huelgas, one of the beſt endowed in Spain. Its nuns are all noble, and the abbeſs almoſt a ſove-

reign

reign princeſs, by the extent of her territories, the number of her prerogatives, and the variety of her juriſdictions. The convent is not a ſhewy building; the ſituation is low and unpleaſant. The little river Alarcon ſeparates the ſuburbs from the city; which is built in a very irregular manner, on the declivity of a ſteep hill, commanded by an antique caſtle, once the abode of the counts, and afterwards of the kings of Caſtille.

As ſoon as the petty ſovereigns of Aſturias ventured to ſteal out of their mountainous faſtneſſes and retreats, to extend the limits of their little kingdom at the expence of the Mahometan caliphs, their conqueſts ſeem to have been entruſted to the care of generals or counts. As the kings of Leon and Aſturias were always buſied in warfare, if men of ſtrong bodies and valiant ſpirits, and if princes of a weak conſtitution and an unwarlike turn, were unable to form any ſtrong oppoſition, theſe counts gradually encroached upon the royal perogative, and converted a precarious delegated command into the ſolid eſtabliſhment of hereditary power. By theſe means, about the cloſe of the tenth century, the counts of Caſtille became entirely independent of the crown of Leon, in the time of Ferdinand Gonzales, and during the minority of Ramiro the third, king of Leon. Some authors have advanced, that the Caſtillians at one time had formed themſelves into

into a commonwealth, governed by two judges, one appointed to ſuperintend all civil affairs, and the other to command the troops. But the proofs alleged to ſupport this opinion, are extremely weak and ſuſpicious; it is however a favourite ſtory in Caſtille.

The male line of Gonzales failed in the perſon of Garcias Sanchez, who was murdered by ſome exiled noblemen; and his ſiſter Munia transferred the ſovereignty to her huſband Sancho the Great, king of Navarre. This prince was the common ſtock of all the princes that afterwards governed the ſeveral monarchies of Spain. The title of king of Leon was ſoon abſorbed, or at leaſt ſuperſeded in point of rank, by the new one of Caſtille.

Over the city gate are ſome ſtatues of the judges or counts, ſtill objects of great veneration in the eyes of the patriotic Caſtillian.

The cathedral is one of the moſt magnificent ſtructures of the gothic kind, now exiſting in Europe; but although it riſes very high, and is ſeen at a great diſtance, its ſituation in a hole cut out of the ſide of the hill, is a great diſadvantage to its general effect. Its form is exactly the ſame as that of York-minſter, which I look upon to be the criterion according to which the beauties or defects of every Gothic church are to be eſtimated. At the weſtern or principal front are two

ſteeples

ſteeples ending in ſpires, and on the center of the edifice riſes a large ſquare tower, adorned with eight pinnacles; on one ſide of the eaſt end is a lower octagon building, with eight pyramids, which correſpond exactly to the Chapter-houſe at York. We were ſtruck with the reſemblance between theſe buildings; both were embelliſhed with a profuſion of ſtatues; moſt of thoſe at York were deſtroyed in the firſt emotions of iconoclaſtic zeal; thoſe of Burgos are ſtill in full poſſeſſion of the homages of the country, and conſequently entire; ſeveral of them are much more delicate than one would expect, conſidering the age they were ſculptured in. Santiago, the patron of this cathedral, ſtands very conſpicuous on his war-horſe among the needles of the main ſteeple; and the Virgin Mary is ſeated in ſolemn ſtate over the great window of the weſt porch. The foliage-work, arches, pillars, and battlements, are executed in the moſt elaborate and finiſhed manner of that ſtyle which has uſually been called *Gothic*; of late this appellation is exploded, and that of *Arabic* ſubſtituted for it. I confeſs, I ſee ſome reaſon to doubt of the propriety of this ſecond epithet. In the buildings I have had opportunities of examining in Spain and in Sicily, which are undoubtedly Saracenic, I have never been able to diſcover any thing like an original deſign, from which the

the Gothic ornaments might be ſuppoſed to be copied. The arches uſed in our old cathedrals are pointed; thoſe of the Saracens are almoſt ſemi-circular, whenever they are not turned in the form of an horſe-ſhoe. The churches of our anceſtors ſhoot up into ſpires, towers, pinnacles and filigree work, and no ſuch thing as a cupola ſeems ever to have been attempted; the moſques and other buildings of the Arabians, are rounded into domes and coved roofs, with now and then a ſlender ſquare minaret terminating in a ball or pine-apple; the Arabic walls ſhine with painted tiles, moſaics, and ſtucco, none of which ever appear in our ancient edifices; the pillars in the latter are generally grouped many together, and from a very ſmall member of an entablature ſprings one or two arches; in the former, the columns ſtand ſingle, and if placed more than one together to ſupport ſome heavy part, they never touch, or as it were grow into each other; there is always a thick architrave at leaſt to ſupport the arch, and commonly an upright piece of wall to reſiſt the lateral preſſure. Whenever it happens, as in the great diviſions of the moſque at Cordova, that four pillars are joined together, it is by means of a ſquare wall or pier, at the four angles of which are placed the columns, perfectly ſeparated and diſtinct. In all the varieties of capitals I have taken drawings of, I never found one ex-

actly the ſame in deſign or proportions, as our Gothic ones in the churches of England, or in thoſe of France, at leaſt ſuch as I have examined; viz. Saint Denis, Amiens, Rouen, Bordeaux, Tours, and others. The Chriſtian ſtructures are extremely lofty, and full of long windows with painted glaſs; the porches and doors are deep receſſes, with ſeveral arches one within another, crowded with little ſaints and angels. Now every thing is different in the moſque of Cordova, the only one I have ever ſeen, but which I think may be fairly deemed a proper ſample of Arabian ſacred architecture, to eſtabliſh a judgment upon; whether we conſider its antiquity, being built before the ninth century; its preſent ſtate, which, ſome parts excepted, is exactly as it was a thouſand years ago; or laſtly the princely hands that raiſed it. It was erected by Abdoulrahman the firſt, probably upon the deſigns, and under the inſpection of the ableſt architects of the age, and according to the method of diſtribution obſerved in holy edifices built in Arabia and Egypt. Here, and I have reaſon to think it is ſo in moſt, if not all, moſques, the elevation of the roof is trifling, not a ſeventeenth part of the length of the iles; there are no windows of any ſize, and what there are, are covered with filigree-work in ſtone, ſo as never to admit any great quantity of light, which was received from ſky-lights and cupolas,

polas, and from the occaſional opening of the doors: the ſinking back of the arches over the gates is ſcarce perceptible, as they are almoſt of an equal projection with the wall of the building. From all theſe differential marks, I am inclined to ſuſpect that our old ſtructures have been new-named, and Mahometaniſed without ſufficient proof of their Arabic origin. At the ſame time I acknowledge it is difficult to find them a more ſatisfactory and genuine pedigree.

The beſt age of that ſtyle of conſtruction began in England in the reign of Henry the third, for till then we built in the clumſy manner called Saxon, deſtitute of every recommendation but ſolidity; the new taſte came in all probability from France, introduced by ſome Provençals that followed the queen. If you ſuppoſe it imported into that kingdom by thoſe that returned from the cruſadoes, we muſt of courſe ſet it down as an eaſtern invention. The queſtion is what part of the eaſt it came from, and whether it was the ſame as that employed by the Arabians. If there were clear proofs of its being a branch of the Arabic architecture, it would ſtill appear extraordinary, that its very firſt introduction into Chriſtendom ſhould be attended with ſo great a variation from the models it was meant to imitate; and that any prince or learned prieſt

that thought it worthy of being employed in his country, ſhould immediately ſet about new faſhioning it in all its points. We may, if we pleaſe to indulge our fancy, ſay that ſome ſublime genius ſtarted out from the duſty gloom of a monaſtic library, altered and improved upon the hints he found in books of Arabian architecture, ſubſtituted bold and aſtoniſhing ideas of his own; found biſhops, princes, and abbots, willing to adopt them; and built churches in a ſtyle entirely new, and apparently original. We may ſuppoſe him to have formed a ſchool of other monks, the only architects of thoſe ages among the Chriſtians; and that theſe pupils gradually new modelled the precepts of their maſter, and reduced his method to certain rules; which afterwards ſerved as guides through all the fantaſtic mazes of our eccleſiaſtical architecture. Some perſons have ſuſpected it to have been the manner practiſed by the eaſtern Chriſtians, and not adopted by the Arabs; who might diſdain to have any thing ſimilar in their places of worſhip, with thoſe of a conquered people. Others have been of opinion, that it comes originally from Perſia, or further eaſt; and ſome again maintain it to be an European invention, or at leaſt a barbarous mode of building brought by ſome great genius to the elegant perfection we behold in our cathedrals.

thedrals. The argument would require a great number of compariſons, confrontations, and combinations, to find out the connection between the two manners: ſuch a diſquiſition belongs more properly to a treatiſe than to a letter, of which it has already engroſſed too large a ſhare.

In a narrow lane near Burgos we were detained for ſome time by the paſſing of many ſmall carts, coming down from Aragon with ſpears for bull-fighting, iron, and chairs. Theſe are the carts that ſuggeſted to Cervantes the idea of Merlin's chariot in the ſecond part of Don Quixote. Their wheels make a creaking or grinding, which I can compare to nothing but the noiſe of iron mills and fire engines. It is the loudeſt and moſt piercing ſound imaginable; and before you are acquainted with the cauſe, it is not poſſible to gueſs what produces it.

We proceeded along the river ſide, through a well wooded handſome vale. The Carthuſian convent ſtands beautifully on a round hill; its old chapel anſwers the idea of a fine object in an Engliſh garden. Behind it riſes a long ridge of green hills, over which appear the ſnowy ſummits of ſome very diſtant mountains. We ſlept at a poor place, where we were much diverted with the head attire of the married women; it conſiſts of a black periwig, faced all round with the wool of a black lamb, ending behind in two long plaited treſſes, that

that reach down to their rumps. Previous to their nuptials, they are obliged to make up this elegant kind of helmet, which renders their natural uglineſs ſtill more horrible.

All the fourteenth we travelled from vale to vale, over the bare hills that ſeparate them. The moſt fertile is the vale of Saint Mary, where the corn was uncommonly ſtrong and healthy, but the roads ſo bad as to put us frequently in danger of an overturn. At length all theſe alternate plains and hills brought us to the foot of the Sierra del Oca; a lofty ridge of mountains that runs from weſt to eaſt, and ſeems to block up all further progreſs. As our muleteers had informed us that we were not to climb the mountain, we were long conſidering where the paſs could poſſibly be. Pancorvo proved to be the place; a long village in a defile that winds through the Sierra, with immenſe piles of rock impending on every ſide. It wears a moſt aweful tremendous aſpect, which was heightened by the black clouds that hung upon the ſummits of its cliffs, and ſoon after burſt in a violent ſtorm of thunder and rain.

On the fifteenth having paſſed through with great eaſe, as the road is extraordinarily good, we deſcended into the fruitful plains of the Ebro. This noble river did not appear to us much leſs here at Miranda, than it did above two hundred and thirty miles lower, at Tortoſa,

Tortoſa, where we croſſed it eight months ago. The bridge was deſtroyed laſt year, and a ferry now ſupplies its place; and is likely to do ſo long, for this is not the country for ſpeedy repairs. Miranda is well ſituated, but its buildings are poor, and its gates and ſtreets ſo narrow that a carriage cannot paſs through them. The plain is of great extent, bounded to the weſt by the blue mountains, where the Ebro takes its riſe. In theſe flats, which are frequently overflowed, the ſoil is a rich loam, where they cultivate a large quantity of oats, a grain not much ſown or uſed in the ſouthern provinces. We aſcended the hills to a gravelly country planted with vines, and at Puebla de Triviño, bade adieu to all bad roads, and villainous inns; for here we entered Alaba, a diviſion of Biſcay, and immediately came to the fineſt road imaginable, made at the expence of the province, and carried through the whole ſignory of Biſcay, to the frontiers of France. Their only fault is being rather narrow in ſome places, which indeed is excuſable from the mountainous and difficult paſſes they have been conveyed over, where more ſpace is ſcarce to be contrived. Every thing round us now aſſumed a different appearance; inſtead of the bare depopulated hills, the melancholy deſpondent countenances, the dirty inns, and abominable roads, that our eye had been accuſtomed to for ſo many months;

we

we here were revived by the ſight of a rich ſtudied culture, a clean-looking, ſmiling people, good furniture, neat houſes, fine woods, good roads, and ſafe bridges.

Biſcay is the country of the ancient Cantabri, ſo imperfectly ſubdued by Auguſtus, and ſo ſlightly annexed to the Roman empire. Their mountains have in all ages afforded them temptations and opportunities of withdrawing themſelves from every yoke that has been attempted to be impoſed upon them. Their language is accounted aboriginal, and unmixed with either Latin, French, or Spaniſh. It is ſo totally different from the Caſtillian, that we ſeldom met with any of the peaſants that underſtood one word of Spaniſh. The Biſcayners are ſtout, brave, and choleric to a proverb. The beſt ſailors in Spain belong to the ports of Biſcay, and its mountains produce a very valuable race of ſoldiers. Their privileges are very extenſive, and they watch over them with a jealous eye. They have no biſhops in the province, and ſtyle the king only *Lord of Biſcay*. The men are well-built and active, like all mountaineers. The moſt ſingular thing in their dreſs is the covering of their legs; they wrap a piece of coarſe grey or black woollen cloth round them, and faſten it on with many turns of tape; it anſwers preciſely the idea I have of Malvolio's croſs-gartering in the Twelfth-night. The women

women are beautiful as angels, tall, light, and merry; their garb is neat and paſtoral; their hair falls in long plaits down their backs, and a veil or handkerchief, twiſted round in a coquetiſh manner, ſerves them for a very becoming head-dreſs: on Sundays they generally wear white, tied with roſe-coloured knots.

The firſt Biſcayan inn we ſtopped at, is delightfully ſituated near the banks of the romantic Sahorra. We were very laviſh of our praiſes upon the ſmart habiliment of the landlord's daughters, his own civility, and the cleanlineſs of every thing in his houſe.

We came in the evening an eaſy journey to Victoria, through the fineſt plains perhaps in Europe. I cannot find words to expreſs its wonderful fertility, the crowds of villages in ſight on all the little eminences, the noble woods that ſtretch round the corn-lands, and the happy buſy looks of the crowd which we met returning from market; every cottage has its little garden, neat and flouriſhing.

Victoria is placed on a hill, and makes a figure from all the environs; but the ſtreets are narrow and gloomy, the houſes being built of a very dark-coloured ſtone.

Having traverſed the rich plains beyond the capital of Alava, we aſcended the hills into the woods, which conſiſt of oak, beech, and cheſnut. They purſue here the ſame method as the inhabitants of the French ſide

of the Pyrenees, that of planting their timber-trees; wherever an old one is felled, they take care to replace it with a young ſet about four feet high.

Near Salinas, a village inhabited by the workmen of the iron forges, we entered the very heart of the mountains; which would be impaſſable from the ſteep aſcents and rapid ſlopes, had they not leſſened the difficulties by proper windings of the road, and by great attention to the keeping of it in perfect repair. The tops of all theſe mountains are crowned with foreſts, or covered with paſtures; the acclivities cultivated as far as their nature will allow, and the deep vallies thronged with villages, hamlets, iron-works, orchards, and gardens. The timber of the mountains, and the iron ſmelted in the forges, employ a great number of hands, and give life and ſpirit to the whole province. The little towns are full of good houſes, built by thoſe whoſe induſtry and enterprizes have been rewarded with ſucceſs. Theſe manufactories and undertakings diffuſe opulence among the middle claſs of men, and enable them to indulge the patriotic vanity of ſettling comfortably in their native hamlet.

Having winded along a charming valley for many hours, and repeatedly croſſed a beautiful river, we paſſed over a high chain of mountains at the Puerto de Villareal. We there enjoyed fine but not extenſive views

views of a mountainous well-wooded country. We then deſcended into the charming valley of Toloſa, a large town, which like all thoſe we paſſed through, ſwarms with inhabitants. The landſcape on every ſide is divine, and approaches the neareſt to thoſe of La Cava in the kingdom of Naples, or thoſe of Tivoli in the Roman ſtate, of any I recollect having met with in the courſe of my travels.

Early on the eighteenth we gained the ſummit of a woody hill, from whence we overlooked the Bay of Biſcay, Fontarabia, Andaye, the courſe of the Bidaſſoa, the province of Labour in France, and a prodigious range of the Pyrenees. A more delightful proſpect never exiſted, even in the divine imagination of Claude Lorrain.

About eleven we arrived at the Bidaſſoa; a broad clear ſtream, that iſſues with great majeſty out of a valley among the mountains, and flows through the marſhes into the ſea. The water was ſo low that the carriages paſſed through the river; but we took the ferry-boat, and landed in France.

THE END.

Moorisch architecture are illustrated by accurate drawings taken on the spot. – London, P. Elmsly, 1779. L. 120.000

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